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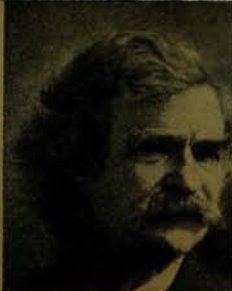
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AUGUST

ATLANTIC

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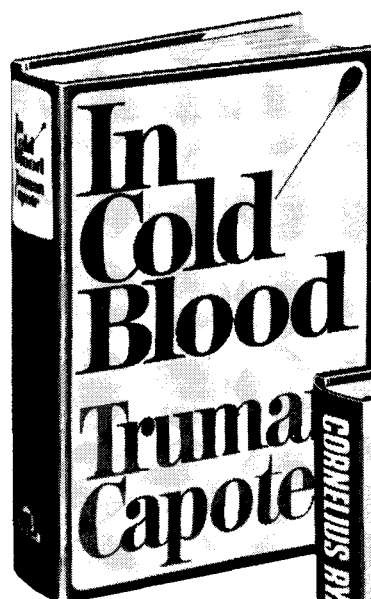
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, August, 1966, Vol. 218, No. 2. Published monthly. Editorial, Circulation, and Advertising Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass., 02116. Published at The Rumford Press, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H., 03302. This issue is published in National and Special editions. 75 cents a copy, \$8.50 a year in the United States, United States Possessions, and Canada; \$9.00 a year elsewhere. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Second-class postage paid at Concord, N. H. Printed in the U.S.A. by Rumford Press, Concord, N. H. Copyright © 1966, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan American Copyright Convention.

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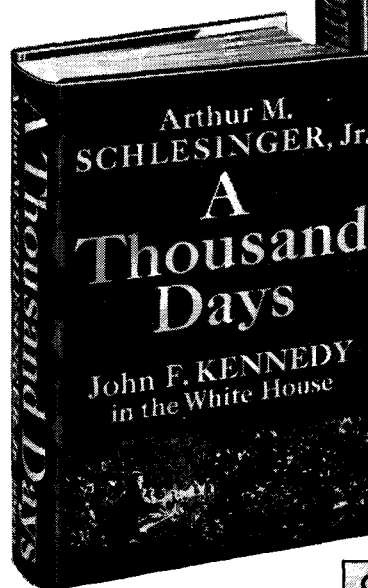
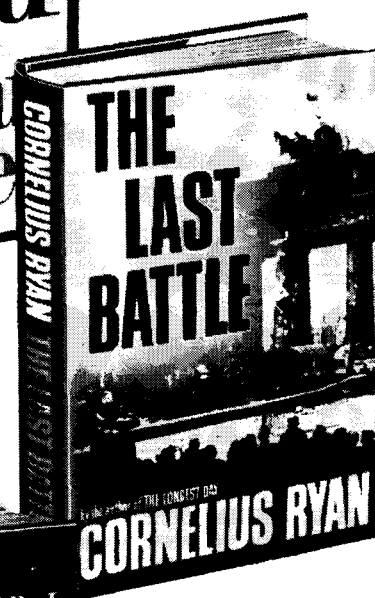
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The three recent Club Selections pictured on this page are among the most widely discussed books of the year. ☞ If you have been intending to read them, but have so far failed to — through oversight or overbusyness — why not try the **SHORT EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP** suggested on the next two pages? ☞ These three outstanding books are just a few of the many you can choose from in order to demonstrate through actual experience how membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club insures you against missing the particular new books you have promised yourself to read and own.



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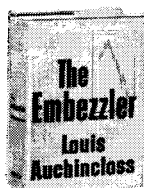
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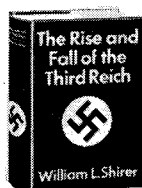
The 1966 Pulitzer Prize Biography

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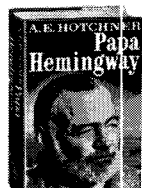
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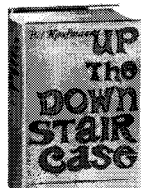
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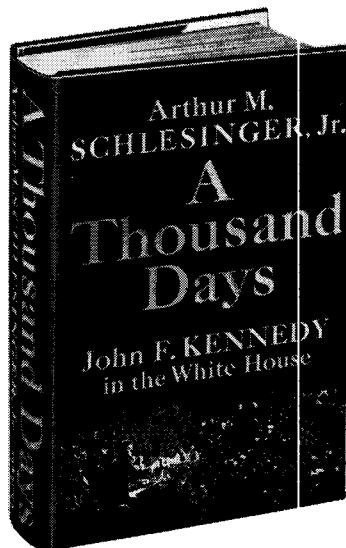
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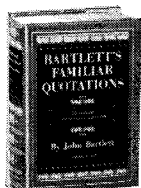
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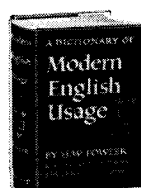
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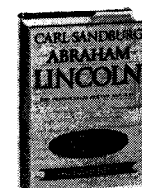
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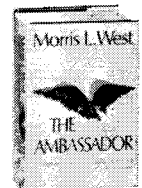
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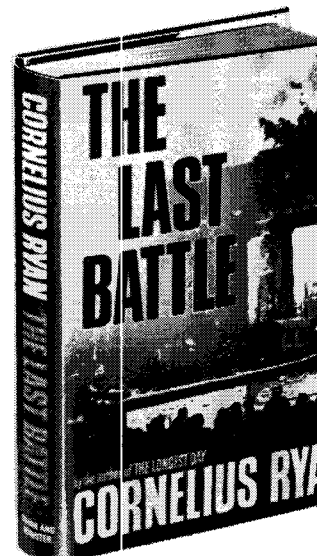
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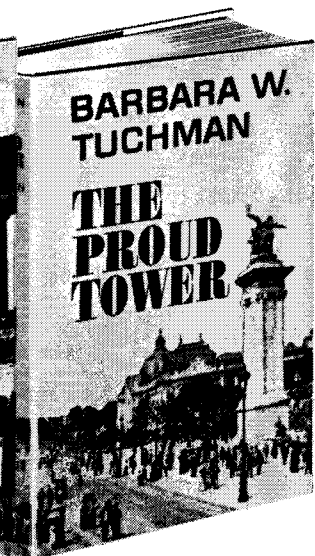
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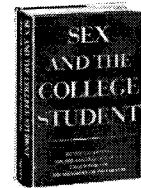
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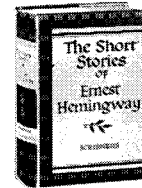
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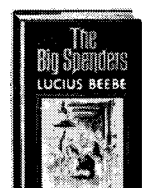
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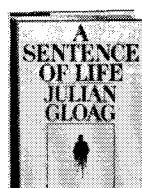
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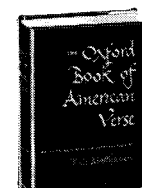
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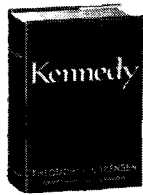


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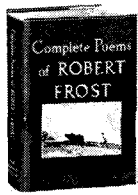


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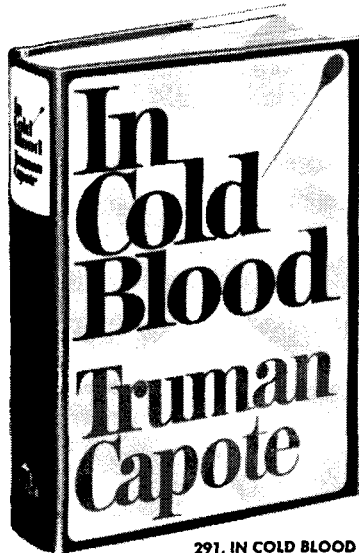
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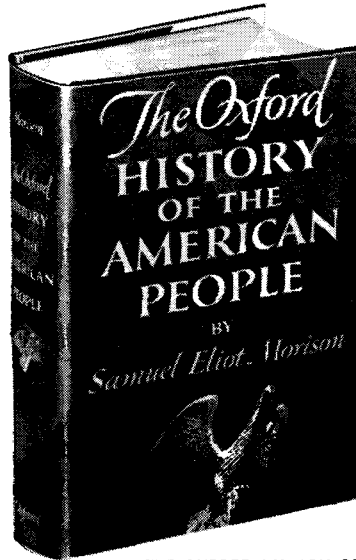
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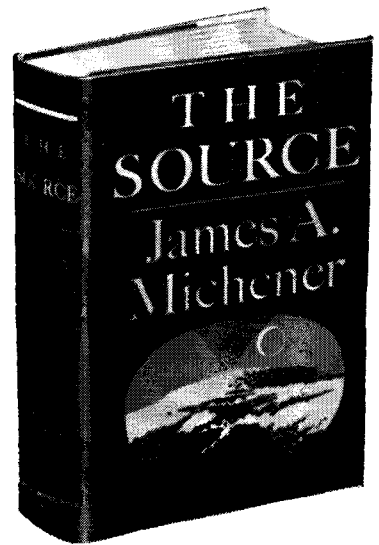
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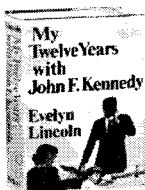
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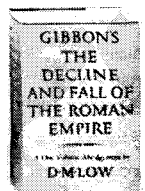
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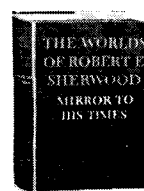
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6-55



SUEZ

JUST ten years after events in Suez shook the whole of Europe and the Middle East, and caused Nikita Khrushchev to warn of a third world war, the canal zone is as tranquil a part of the world as any. Despite the dire predictions of its previous British and French owners, the canal functions more efficiently than it did before, and because it has been both widened and deepened, it can take far larger ships (including the new American supertankers) than it could in the past.

Even the most die-hard British captains obediently hand over their commands in Port Said Harbor to the very Egyptian pilots who, they confidently asserted in 1956, would drive the ships into the fragile sandbanks and block the canal. Along the banks, industrial plants, whose construction has been financed by the canal's earnings, are beginning to operate: a shipyard, an electronics plant, and an oil refinery. The Canal Authority's employees are better paid than most workers in Egypt. They live, at uneconomically low rents, in villas and apartments provided by the Authority. They and their families are given subsidized medical and educational facilities, and if they are Muslims, they can take paid leave for pilgrimages to Mecca.

Symbol of self-respect

To modern Egypt, the Suez Canal has an importance which is greater than a Westerner can easily understand. It is not simply that its complex operation has been run smoothly by its new management since it was reopened in 1957 after the Anglo-French invasion, or that it has replaced tourism as the nation's second largest foreign currency earner after cotton exports, or that its traditions of managerial efficiency and employee welfare are beginning to influence other, more disorganized branches of Egyptian enterprise. Suez is to Egyptians what the first

Sputnik was to the Russians: a major and much needed symbol of national self-respect.

At least in their own eyes, it has proved that Egyptians are not the primitive "wogs" their colonizers took them to be, and that they are capable not only of running their own affairs in the face of British and French derision but of running them well. In a country which is in a state of almost continual financial crisis, it is premature to talk of national renaissance. But the achievement of President Nasser and his Suez Canal Authority has been to give Egyptians the self-confidence they need for one. Superficially, it is difficult to see many positive results of this today. There has certainly been a considerable amount of industrial development since 1956. The Aswan Dam has been built (President Nasser originally nationalized the canal to pay for it, but in the end the Soviet Union provided most of the necessary foreign exchange). A new town, named Nasr City (meaning "victory," not the Egyptian leader), is nearing completion just outside Cairo. The beggars and prostitutes who used to plague foreigners during the British occupation have been swept off the streets and into trade schools.

But disease and malnutrition are still primary problems. The grossly excessive birthrate is already threatening to nullify the beneficial effects of the Aswan Dam on the agricultural economy. Few people are noticeably better off than they were under the British, and the middle classes seem to be worse off. There is an atmosphere of political unease, and jokes hostile to Nasser are rife, though usually concealed from foreigners.

The success of the Suez experiment rests in improvements which are hard to define. If one

6 out of 7 could not answer this question correctly. How about you?

**In the past 7 years, the cost of
living has gone up 11.4 percent.
In the same period, the average
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- ☐ **increased 25%**
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- ☐ **stayed steady**

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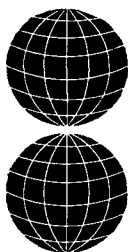
At the end of May, 1959, that index stood at 102.2. By the end of May this year, it had risen $2\frac{1}{4}$ percent compared with an 11.4 percent increase in the Consumer Price Index.

So the average price of other representative things we buy has gone up five times as much as the cost of steel.

Contributing to this significant record of steel price stability is U. S. Steel's large and continuing investment in research and in new, more efficient facilities.



Report on Suez



takes, for example, the frequency of Egyptian threats to invade Israel and “drive the Jews into the Mediterranean” as an indicator of internal unrest and of the government’s need to provide the populace with distractions, one finds a marked improvement. At the last Independence Day celebrations in Cairo, President Nasser warned against “hotheads” who were pressing for an early attack on the Zionists; they were only playing into the latter’s hands. When the appropriate moment came, the Egyptian government would announce it, he said, but it would probably not come for a long time. It is inconceivable at present that an Egyptian leader should actually propose peace with Israel, but many of his audience thought that Nasser was going as far as he could, short of that.

Ministers are becoming increasingly frank in their speeches about Egypt’s problems and shortcomings. Officials are slowly emerging from the bureaucratic maze in which they have hidden themselves since independence, and are becoming less bellicose and more pragmatic in their dealings with foreigners. All this can be reasonably attributed to the new national self-confidence.

No denial of access

One of the worst fears of the British and the French when the canal was taken from them — that Nasser would use it as an instrument of his outspoken foreign policy — has not been realized. At a recent international maritime conference, an Egyptian official heatedly rebuked a delegate who described the canal as “an international waterway,” insisting that it was a solely Egyptian one. Yet in spite of the Egyptian government’s pronounced views on the subject, British warships still pass freely on their way to Aden, as do French ones carrying equipment for the nuclear tests in the Pacific. Two nations are refused passage for their ships: Israel, with whom Egypt is still technically at war, and Rhodesia, which, overtly at least, owns no ships.

On July 26, 1956, when Nasser abruptly announced the Egyptian nationalization of the Suez Canal, the British and French authorities, who between them owned most of the shares in the controlling company, reacted, it will be remembered, first hysterically and then violently.

They felt themselves faced not only with the expropriation of foreign assets valued at more than \$75 million but also — and much more important — with the denial of access to an international waterway vital to their future as trading and military powers.

In their respective parliaments, both the British and the French leaders denounced the young Egyptian President — “that weak, blustering troublemaker,” one British Cabinet minister called him — as an international thief. They derided his promise to compensate the shareholders according to the price of their shares on the Paris Bourse immediately before his unexpected decree. Most of all, they asserted that the Egyptians would be incapable of running such a complex undertaking as the Suez Canal.

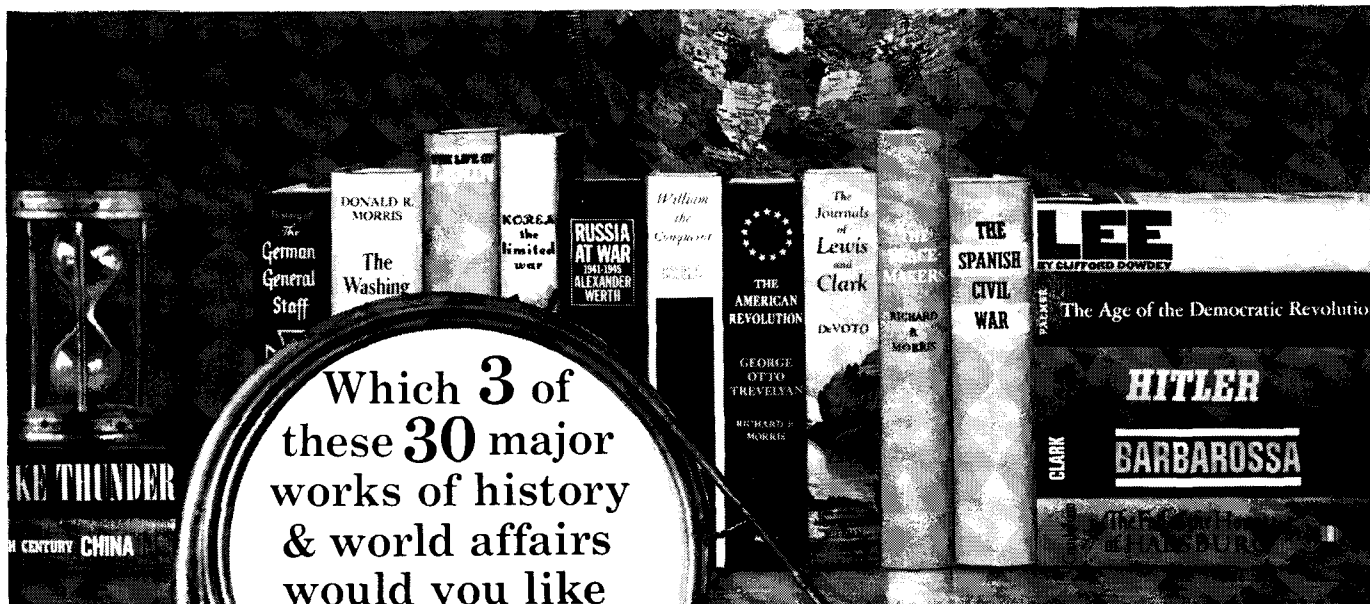
Even those liberals who saw no reason why Egypt should not take over a waterway running through its territory, and who were soon to protest violently against the Anglo-French invasion which was then being planned, doubted the Egyptians’ abilities to run the canal, and suggested that it should be put into the hands of the United Nations.

Like all occupied peoples, the Egyptians under the British appeared in their worst light. British barracks dominated all the main towns, including Cairo, where they stretched along the banks of the Nile including the present site of the Hilton Hotel. An army makes specific and often unsavory demands on the local population. It wants prostitutes, servants, laundrymen, clerks, chauffeurs, and interpreters who are willing to work for an occupying power in their own country. Frequently despised by their hirers, they are understandably tempted to do the minimum of work for the most money, and whenever possible, to cheat. “You have your wog who lives in the towns,” ran one of the military clichés of the time, “and your Arab who lives in the desert. The latter is a fine man. Never confuse the two.”

It was the “wogs,” and the aristocracy, led by the corrupt and gastronomically and sexually depraved King Farouk, that gave the European colonizers their impression of the Egyptians. As a white Rhodesian today cites his cook or his garden boy as evidence that Africans are incapable of taking over the machinery of government, so the British officers and their wives in Cairo and Alexandria pointed to theirs and asked one another how such a man could run a canal, let alone a country.

The middle class takes over

The people whom they largely ignored — and who also ignored them, at least socially — were



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Report on Suez

the Egyptian middle classes, rapidly expanding as education became more widespread, of which Colonel Nasser was a member. As students, they became a generation of rioters against the monarchy and the British occupation that propped it up. But they passed their examinations, many of them at the privately endowed American University at Cairo, and filtered into the professions and the commissioned ranks of the army. It is they who took over Egypt in the almost bloodless revolution of 1962 and who, three years later and after much agitation, negotiated the withdrawal of the British troops.

One of them was Mahmoud Younes, an engineer who became the canal's first Egyptian chairman. When, in July, 1956, he walked into the canal's headquarters in Ismailia, Younes immediately guaranteed the contracts of all the company's foreign employees. Many of these were minor French officials who could easily have been replaced by Egyptians, but about two hundred of them were pilots trained in the intricacies of canal navigation, without whom the ships could not pass. And these, under pressure from their local consuls, walked out at midnight on September 14.

In Port Said, eleven pilots — ten Egyptians and one American, Jim Estes, who is still there — remained on duty out of a total of twenty-six. The rest crossed the harbor to the Canal Company's yacht club to await the expected disaster. The daily convoy from the south was due at nine the next morning. Nine o'clock came, but no ship was in sight. The foreign ex-pilots, now standing on the club's lawn by the waterside, jumped in the air and cheered. Ten minutes later, the convoy appeared in good order, and no less punctual than usual. The pilots, instead of being relieved at Ismailia, had taken their ships all the way through, standing for sixteen hours on the bridge. After two hours' sleep, they returned with the southbound convoy; and so it went during the ensuing weeks.

In one way, the Anglo-French invasion of Port Said in November

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Report on Suez

came as a relief. Within a few days, the Egyptian authorities had blocked the canal with sunken dredgers and hulls, in retaliation. And when peace returned and a United Nations team started to clear the canal, Younes and his staff had time to recruit pilots from abroad — the countries they came from included the United States, Russia, Spain, Poland, and Yugoslavia — and to train Egyptian mariners for the job. Since then, it has been a story of gradual improvement: a new piloting system in the Suez roads has halved the accident rate; there has been widening and deepening; new dredgers have been commissioned; and there is now a hydraulic research institute in Ismailia.

From garrison to nation

Egypt itself has become a duller place since its victory. New housing is rising around Port Said, but its old reputation as one of the world's great "swinging" towns is almost dead. Few tourists ever call these days. The nightclub hostesses who remain are gone fat and weary. The dirty-postcard vendors of old now mostly sell views of the harbor. The Casino Palace Hotel, whose tea dances were famed throughout British India, is closing this year, and an antiseptic government-owned establishment is taking its place.

Cairo is making efforts to clean itself up for the tourists. New hotels are being opened every year, but the standards of food and service they provide would have outraged the British officers of the days before 1956 as much as the closing of the brothels would have outraged their soldiers. Cairo is becoming a utilitarian rather than a romantic place, where the foreigner is no longer so shielded from the poverty and the shortages around him.

But Europeans and Egyptians can now meet each other, without the one feeling condescending and the other ashamed. It may not seem much progress to achieve in ten years of freedom since Suez; but few of the British or French who lived there before 1956 would have believed it possible. The Suez Canal has changed Egypt from a garrison into a nation.



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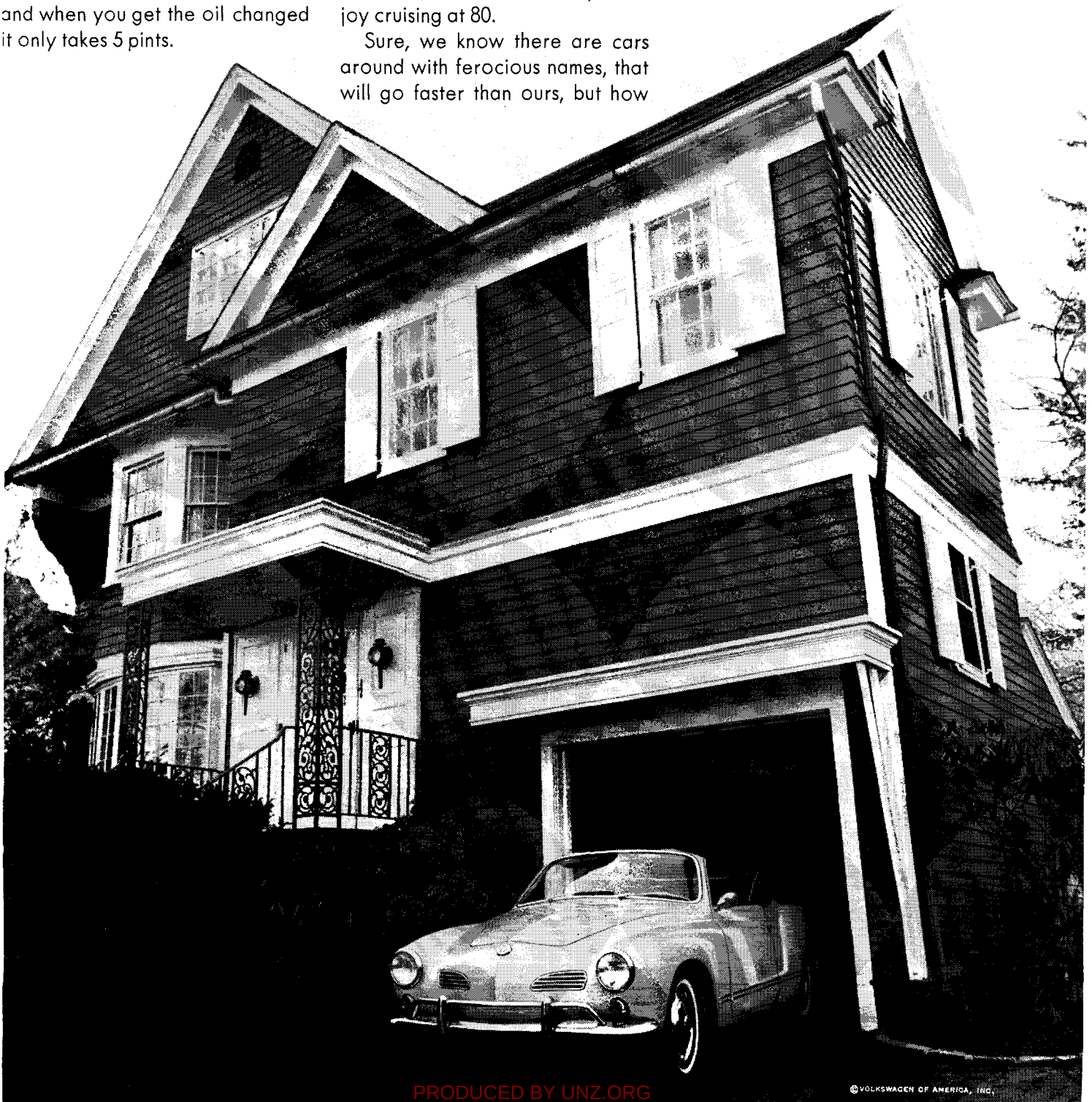
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RACIALISM and poverty are the big issues as the twenty-first General Assembly of the UN approaches. With 117 members, 36 of them independent African states, the political emphasis is now on the problems of new countries, rather than on the ideological quarrels of the major powers. Great power confrontations, which provided the hectic dramas of earlier years, have given place to the preoccupations of small powers trying to achieve self-determination.

This shift in emphasis means that political situations will be less clear-cut and predictable. The past does not provide a basis for judging how to deal with the postcolonial era and the appearance of minuscule independent states, or with the relationship of regional groupings to the UN. What does appear on the horizon is a more clinical view of political arrangements. The problems of the so-called third world are so urgent as to make the old quarrels seem old-fashioned.

The latest, possibly the last, open big-power confrontation at the UN was that over control of peacekeeping operations. When the U.S.S.R. and France insisted that only the Security Council could control these operations and levy assessments for them, a major crisis arose in 1964. Accumulated unpaid assessments for the emergency forces in the Middle East and in the Congo had put the UN seriously in debt. The United States and the United Kingdom held that states in arrears were subject to loss of voting rights in the Assembly. The two powers in default maintained that they could not pay for operations not exclusively under control of the Security Council, where they had veto power.

The dispute rocked the UN, frightened the smaller powers, and hobbled the entire nineteenth Assembly. While the arguments went on, the U.S.S.R. indicated informally that it would make some contribution on a voluntary basis, and France did make a contribution to the expenses of forces in the Middle East. Eventually, neutrals devised a rescue fund to receive such tokens of goodwill, and the Assembly set up a Special Com-

mittee on Peacekeeping Operations. A year ago Ambassador Goldberg announced that the United States was abandoning its legalistic interpretation of the issue but would reserve its own position on whatever future expenses it did not approve.

No one today expects to see another improvised fire brigade on the Middle East model. Its undoubted value in sterilizing the Gaza and Sinai frontiers for ten years has been demonstrated, but that was a unique effort in response to a unique situation. The other current peacekeeping force is in Cyprus. It comprises 5591 military men and 175 civilian police from ten countries and has operated since 1964 on funds donated by thirty-eight countries. Even so, more and more frequently the question arises whether the success of such interpositions has had the effect of postponing actual peacemaking efforts.

At work on this entire question is the Special Committee, chairmaned at the moment by Mexico. Canada has urged that measures toward settlement be invariably associated with any further policing, and that the Security Council propose specific means of financing in each case. Sweden has proposed more responsibility and higher assessments for the five permanent members of the Security Council, but would make it possible for countries politically opposed to an operation to opt out. Sweden would have the Council authorize peacekeeping but have it recommend the means of financing to the Assembly.

The poverty gap

The entire dispute has highlighted the role of the Assembly, which has been enhanced at the expense of the Security Council. Newer UN members, if they work together in groups, do make their influence felt. Now it is they who must be consulted and persuaded. First on the list is their need for economic viability. Political independence is hollow without a mastery of modern skills or access to capital and markets. These have-nots believe that their progress is blocked by trade relations inherited from their colonial past. They are aware that

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investment from the West in 1965 totaled \$8 billion and was still well under one percent of GNP for the investing countries.

Moreover, the load of public debt for poor countries is on the order of \$28 billion. Latin Americans must pay out about 14 percent of their export earnings for interest each year. The figure for Africa and Asia is between 7 and 8 percent.

Secretary-General U Thant has warned the Western world of the potentially disastrous political consequences of its "prosperous provincialism" in economic matters. In another speech to an American labor audience he suggested that if we can conquer the atom and outer space, it is absurd not to conquer urban misery and increase food production. He is pressing now for a five-year survey of natural resources in undeveloped countries.

The results of UN multilateral assistance are measurable and encouraging. But the great, dangerous gap between poor countries and the rich remains. The Special Fund, under Paul Hoffman's guidance, has for a total cost of \$33.6 million engendered investment of \$1.185 billion in poor countries. The Expanded Program of Technical Assistance (EPTA), now merged administratively with the Special Fund, has, since its inception in 1950, spent over \$500 million on such vital efforts as manpower training (ILO, UNESCO), agricultural development (FAO), and health education (WHO). Its whole emphasis is on the transference of skills and knowledge to local technicians. The budgets of both the Special Fund and EPTA are raised by contributions from member states.

Committee labyrinth

Altogether, fifteen autonomous intergovernmental agencies operate within the UN framework in the economic and social field. Any catalogue of them soon becomes out of date. The latest addition, United Nations Organization for Industrial Development (UNOID), was created at the last General Assembly session; it now joins the company of the Center for Industrial Develop-

ment (CID), the Institute for Training and Research (UNITAR), and the two-year-old Conference on Trade and Development (UNCTAD). Old hands at the UN naturally regard this proliferation of committees and boards with skepticism. The late Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld deplored the "labyrinth" of organizational structures. Each year an effort is made to streamline meetings and reduce verbiage.

There are congressional murmurs in Washington when UN contributions are due. Lately there have been indications that Moscow also questions the high cost of organizational life at the UN. Items like the \$200,000 trip to Africa for the Committee on Decolonization this summer, complete with UN television coverage, have caused the sort of criticism that similar congressional tours stir in Washington. Yet realists at the UN also must weigh the emotional and political values to the participants in some of these peripatetic sessions.

The same human assessments are being applied to the economic emancipation act which brought UNCTAD into being. A hard-boiled view would be that GATT is already dealing with the possible means of integrating the developing countries into the world trading system. But to the new states GATT is the establishment. Even though many of them are members, it does not speak for them. They believe that they are at the mercy of the industrialized world, and that only by banding together as they have, in a bloc — the "77" — can they achieve any bargaining power.

Like revolutionaries everywhere, they are in a hurry. Some expect a magic formula to relieve them of their anxiety, their load of debt, and their hunger. Testing the political ropes as they move from committee to committee, they seem to hope to uncover the secrets of productivity and trade by some miraculous shortcut. Thus the organizational cost of UNCTAD, \$5,971,500 in the regular UN budget this year, is easily justified in their eyes.

They realize, however, that passing resolutions will not bring them more trade. They have devised a

conciliation procedure during debate and before voting in UNCTAD. By this means they hope to operate as a bloc, but to avoid open confrontations with the industrialized countries.

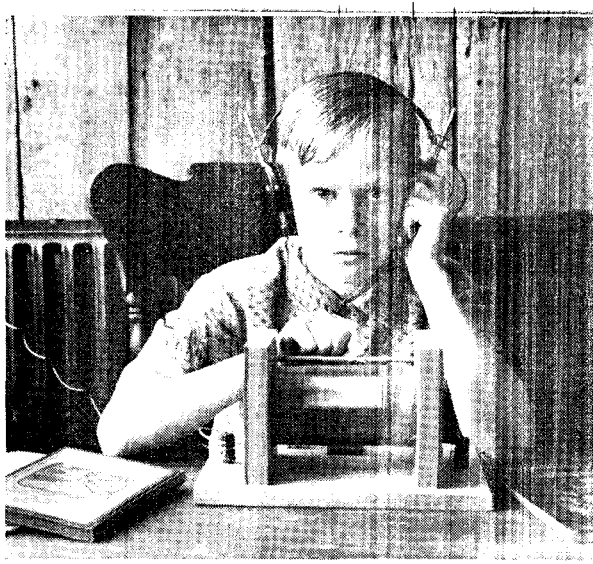
The question of color

The Rhodesian dispute, in which the African states want force used to unseat Ian Smith's all-white regime in that British colony, raises the burning issue of racialism. The independent Africans are convinced that if the Smith rebellion had been led by black Africans it would have been forcibly suppressed. Nothing the Western powers can say will help. If oil continues to reach Rhodesia through South Africa and the Portuguese territories without enforcement of sanctions, an explosion may rock Africa.

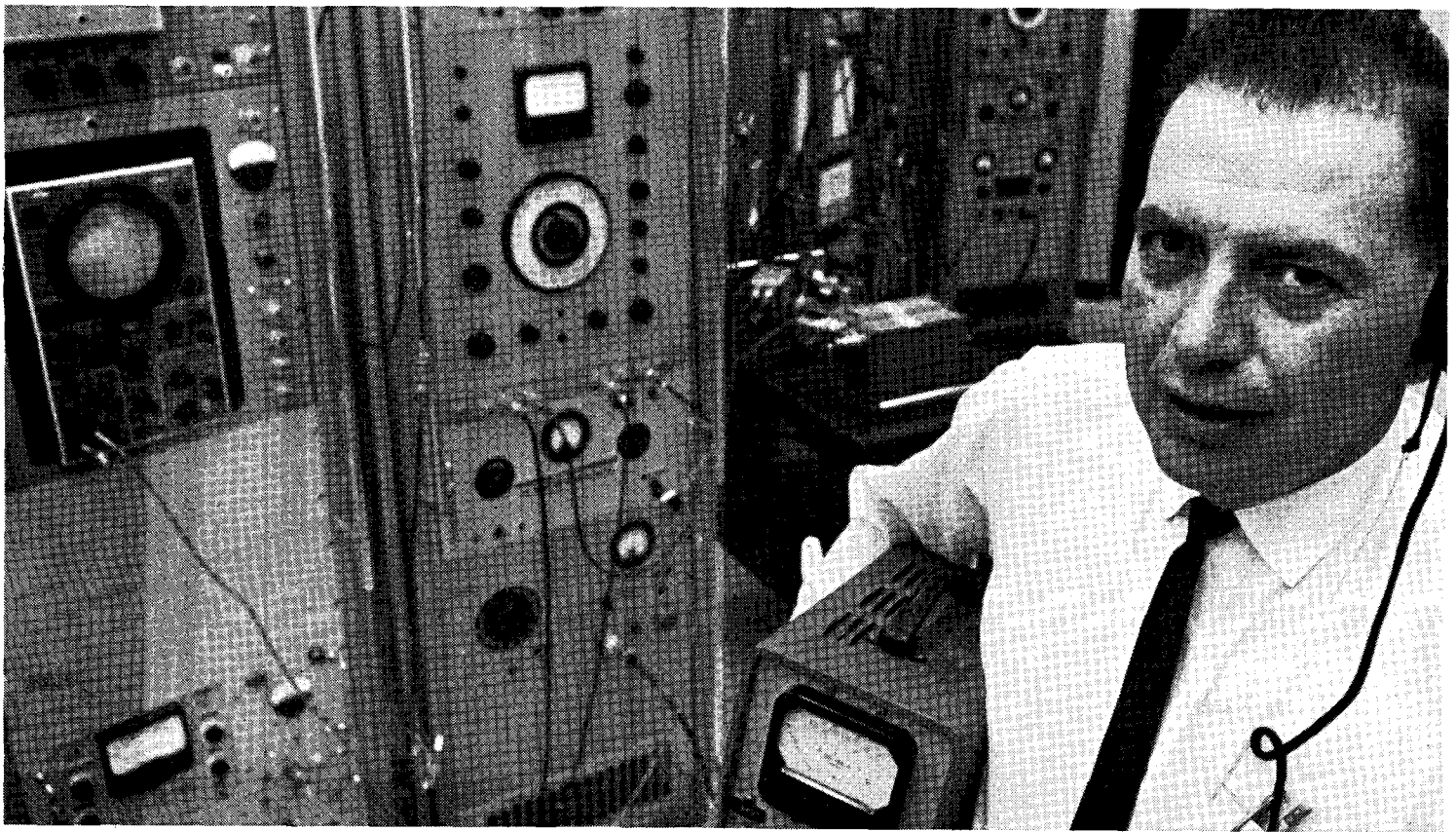
The racial question is likely to be underscored by impending events. One of the most important is a forthcoming ruling by the International Court of Justice on South Africa's mandate over Southwest Africa. Two applicants to the Court, Ethiopia and Liberia, have asked it to uphold the continuing validity of the conditions imposed by the League of Nations mandate given South Africa over this adjoining territory. They hold that South Africa has violated these conditions by its policy of apartheid, and that it has failed to cooperate with the UN, the League's successor as a supervisory power.

If the Court decides against South Africa, the Security Council could then be called upon to decide how to enforce the judgment. At worst this could mean severe sanctions. At best South Africa could accept defeat and relinquish the mandate. In either case the resort to the Court may set a valuable precedent.

Inevitably, forthcoming sessions of the Security Council and the Assembly will revolve around the racial issue. The Africans now treat the territories administered by the British and by the Portuguese as part of a package, along with South Africa. In thus lumping all of them together as imperialist and racist, African leaders seem to be missing a chance to play Britain off against Portugal. In voting for an "Algerian" solution to the colonial issue,



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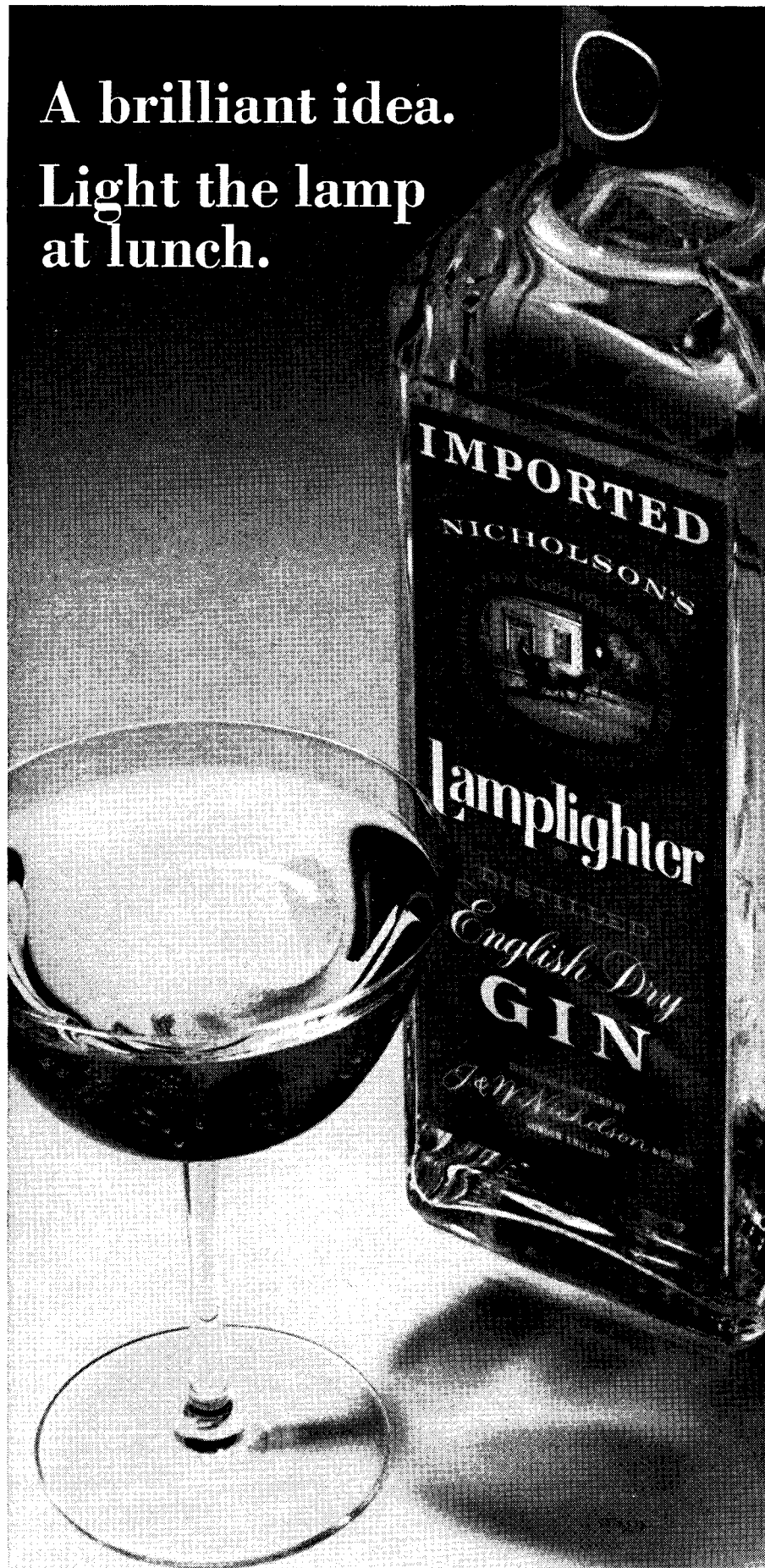
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The United Nations

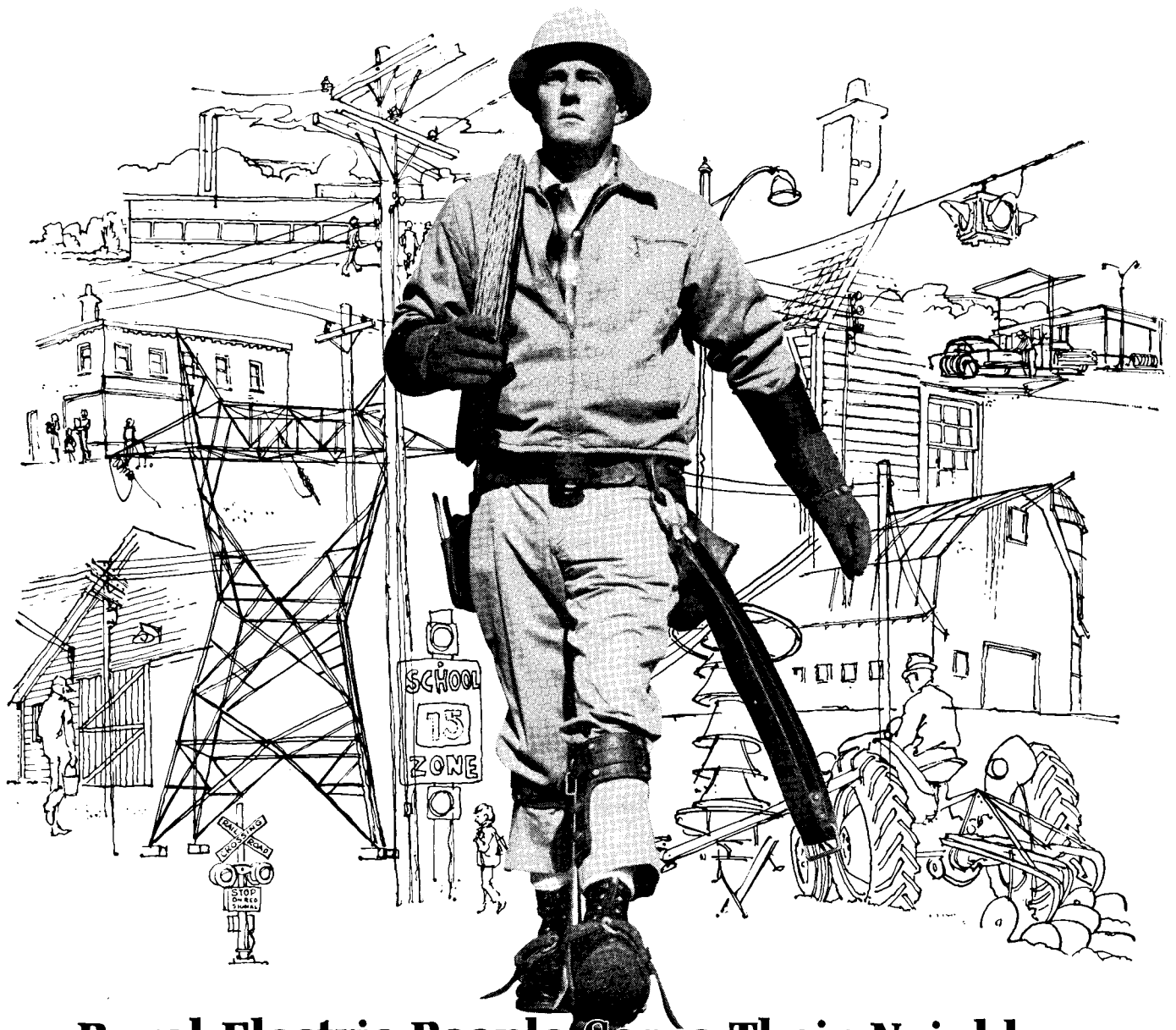
they also risk further rifts within the rather shaky Afro-Asian bloc. This larger entity, already divided on many questions, cannot be expected to support African violence. Nor can the UN in its present state of caution about peacekeeping be expected to resume interposition in Africa.

The prospect of another term of office for Secretary-General U Thant is reassuring. There is literally no other figure who could command the same support on all sides. The job of preventive diplomacy evolved by Dag Hammarskjöld suits U Thant. In his own fashion he has exercised initiatives in peacemaking and in the big issues of development and racialism. He wants the UN to produce a thorough study of the probable effects of a nuclear war. He wants all of Indochina neutralized. He wants the modern world "to reap the harvest of our extraordinary inventiveness," and to focus on a future beyond ideological quarrels.

The art of the possible

The position of the United States in the UN reflects its position in the world at large. It is economically paramount but can no longer command automatic political support. The issue of China and the UN illustrates the American situation. Last year only a 47-47 Assembly vote denied Peking its claim to represent China. Since that time American policy has started to shift. Washington has begun publicly to accept the fact of the Chinese People's Republic's existence as a permanent feature of the Asian scene. It seems possible therefore that the United States will cease trying to block resolutions opening the UN door to Peking. The onus for failure can rest elsewhere.

On other matters the United States is discovering the advantages of letting the UN rescue it from conflicting commitments. The India-Pakistan dispute over Kashmir is a conspicuous case. Any unilateral moves by Washington which favored either country would have resulted in great damage to wider objectives. For in Washington's view, India's integrity and advance-



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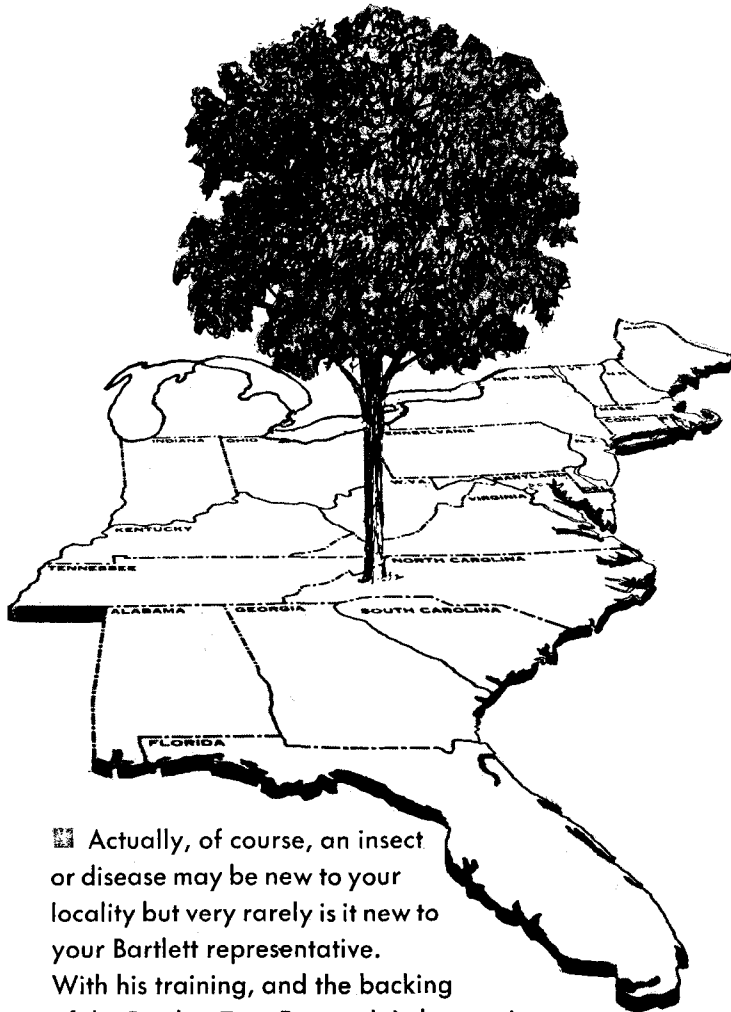


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The United Nations

ment are a vital counterweight to Peking's authoritarianism. Yet Pakistan's alienation and possible defection from neutralist ranks to China's side in Asia would have shattering repercussions in the Islamic world. In this instance, resort to the UN provided an alternative approach which spared Washington an agonizing choice.

The case of Indonesia, which returned to the UN on its own initiative without any big-power maneuvering, seems to point up the advantages of not assuming roles which others can and will carry. In these cases the United States has found that UN machinery can provide alternatives not open in direct binational dealings.

The new voices and priorities of Africa and Asia reach Washington as insistently as they do Turtle Bay. The Washington reply is to support the UN financially; to extend communication with new groups, as President Johnson tried to do with OAU leaders in Washington in May; to work toward a rule of law, as Ambassador Goldberg pleads, without expecting to reach it by shortcuts. Joseph Sisco, Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization Affairs, whose job is UN affairs, calls himself a "possibilist." This is the tone of the U.S. approach to the UN today.

In dollar terms, Washington provides under \$40 million a year to the regular UN budget of \$121,567,420 this year, plus \$180 million to the cluster of specialized agencies. The amounts channeled into multilateral aid are a fraction of those which Washington dispenses unilaterally.

For his part, that loquacious "possibilist" Ambassador Goldberg tries to convey Washington's genuine concern for the small countries, for the principle of collective security, and in the case of Vietnam, for the right of self-determination. But the ambassador's role in defending the U.S. position is a lonely one. It is obvious that until a cease-fire can be brought about, only the most oblique and quiet diplomatic soundings can be taken through the UN.

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IT SEEMED something of a joke on California two years ago when George Murphy turned Republican politician and put on a performance that scuttled White-House-wise Pierre Salinger right off the political set and sent an amiable Hollywood hooper to the U.S. Senate.

But nobody in California is joking this year about the star performance Ronald Reagan is giving as Republican candidate for governor, least of all the startled Democrats. The role has captured the man. Months of persuading audiences "It is time for an ordinary citizen to bring the fresh air of common sense to government" have transmuted Ronald Reagan. Gone is "Ronnie, baby," the Hollywood "personality," the television host of *Death Valley Days*, the genial dispenser of urbanity on the General Electric Theater. The new creation is an adroit, quick-thinking, deft, and personable political candidate.

The significant transformation is not in the man but in the message. Goldwater conservatism has been mellowed by Reagan until it sounds like comfortable American folklore. Reagan's aim is consensus. He is not drawing lines and daring voters to step across; there are no "either with me or against me" imperatives. "Just hear me out," he begs. Then, with his most winsome actor's gesture of appeal he tempers the hard core of conservatism with his own personal assertion of goodwill, his earnest assurance that we can indeed, all of us, just by working together, somehow solve the problems of this old world. His reassertion of old-fashioned American optimism has managed to sweep the skeptical moderates of the Republican Party in California overwhelmingly into his camp.

Reagan exudes the appealing fantasy that the great dilemmas of American society can be resolved around the conference table of an afternoon if a fresh and willing novice is leading the "best minds" — drawn, of course, from business. "The best minds are not in government," Reagan recently stated. "If any were, business would hire them away." Government, he suggests, is just

not all that difficult. The resolute mind and the ready heart can find the way. Interweaving sweeping attacks on welfare dependency, extravagance in the poverty program, vice on the campuses, indolence among the unemployed, unemployment insurance as a "prepaid vacation plan," and government intrusion into private freedoms, Reagan evokes a tantalizing reincarnation of the old, authentic American derring-do, translated to the political scene. The Good Guys always win. It may very well be that he conjures up precisely the world of make-believe that most Americans yearn for, to escape the unlovely urban-life realities of the 1960s, with their smog, high taxes, brotherly hate, and gap between rich and poor.

Escapism, not extremism

This is not to say that extremism has somehow evaporated from California or that the John Birch Society, which Reagan refuses to criticize, is diminished as a threat. He has only swept it under a rug. The money for his venture comes from the same sources that funded the Goldwater movement. Blatant extremists lead most GOP organizations in California, if not the official state party, and Reagan's nomination renews right-wing hopes from Arizona to Vermont. What is more ominous, Reagan has more skillful campaign management than any other Republican, including Goldwater, has enjoyed within memory.

In addition, Reagan is bulwarked by a state organization which has steered a careful middle course for four years and concentrated on precinct work. Its state chairman, a Los Angeles obstetrician, Dr. Gaylord B. Parkinson, enforced an "Eleventh Commandment" through the primary: "Republicans shall speak no evil of other Republicans." It was most helpful to Reagan. It aerosoled away his previous reactionary positions. Almost the only California Republican not now osterized into the new mushy model of reaction is standoffish Senator Kuchel.

The senator, sole liberal carry-over in office from the Earl Warren Republican days, drew Dr.

We'd like you to meet some new members of our family

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2-man space vehicle (Lunar Excursion Module) headed for America's landing on the moon. Ford's subsidiary, Philco, is assisting Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corporation in developing instrumentation for it now.

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New Philco visual display device for use by students from kindergarten to graduate school. "Read" permits student to "talk" with a computer, and learn by using information—words, numbers and graphs—stored in the computer's brain.

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An electronic reading machine that is helping to speed the mail to you. This Philco machine can read 36,000 zip-coded addresses an hour. Even "cleans up" smudged type to improve readability.

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A new anti-tank guided missile developed by Ford, now undergoing service tests by the U. S. Army. This highly accurate weapon system is the first guided missile capable of being fired from a gun that also fires conventional ammunition.

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Rendezvous in space—with heart beats and pulse beats flashed back to NASA's Mission Control Center in Houston. Ford's Philco scientists designed and equipped Gemini Control.

"Mariner IV"



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It's Mustang's little brother... Ford's 4-wheel-drive fun car for fishing, mountain climbing, snowplowing or just driving.

"Microfilm Recorder"



So fast it records up to 4 million characters a minute on microfilm. Another advance from Ford's subsidiary, Philco.

Report on California

Parkinson's rebuke for indicating he was not interested in campaigning this fall for the GOP ticket. "Who the hell is Parkinson?" Kuchel exploded, in the only robust blow any California Republican has delivered since niceness got to be the new, calculated formula for victory.

The alarming element in the Reagan phenomenon is the possibility that the artificiality of his new role as star in the Republican show matches the mood of the American public. In California at least, the response Reagan engenders suggests that a surfeit of insurmountable domestic problems coupled with the baffling Vietnam war has so confused the American conscience that it is ready for retreat. The actual threat may not be extremism but escapism.

The reality which wishing will not dispel is that the forces and communal problems with which political leadership must deal are accelerating in gravity, explosiveness, and cost. California only exemplifies pressures the rest of the nation knows. This state does not have the burden of old cities, but it carries its special burden of fast growth heavily freighted with the poor and the dependent, young and old. It has its special costs in king-size public works and its special shame in the spoliation of natural beauty by spreading "slurbs." It has its rich but dangerously uncertain economy, dependent on defense and aerospace jobs. It has its special time bomb in Watts, scene of the worst racial riot the nation has experienced.

Reagan against the Great Society

This reality finds the California Democrats sorely in need of some means to infuse a new sense of mission, a new confidence in direction, a new zest into the assault government makes on such problems. It has implications as serious for the national Administration as for the bewildered Democrats of California. Even before President Eisenhower and Ray C. Bliss and the Republican National Committee gave Reagan a hero's welcome, he had contrived his central attack around the phrase "Creative So-

ciety." It is his tag for free enterprise. With it, Reagan makes clear he is tilting not with a mere state structure but with President Johnson's "Great Society." The state Democratic organization is quaking.

In a state particularly susceptible to the fabricated "image," Democratic Governor Edmund G. ("Pat") Brown must now pose his tired two-term Mr. Bumble public figure against a glamorous new political find who is a professional in the "image" business. It is a frightening prospect for a man who has never looked a hero, even to himself. But one must not underrate the Brown political acumen. He does best when he comes from behind. And the scare thrown into his team by the June primary may convert his unimaginative assault upon Reagan into a new thrust. Rethinking has been ordered. Fear may be Governor Brown's best ally.

The burning issues

If indeed the burden of today's problems weighs overheavy on the general public — and pollsters, politicians, and dissent votes all seem to indicate as much — the Brown administration is in a sorry predicament. It must campaign on what is happening; its appeal is mired in the stuff of life. And two cruel issues dominate political thinking in California: Watts and Proposition 14.

Watts's tragic riots are a year past. Proposition 14 — a California constitutional amendment devised by real estate interests to ensure each person's right to sell or rent his own property "as he in his own discretion chooses" irrespective of discrimination — was on the ballot two years ago. Despite overwhelming voter approval it has recently been ruled unconstitutional by the state Supreme Court.

These are, then, one might assume, old issues, over with. By no means. They are the liveliest in California today, each an extension of America's inability to settle with its conscience about race. Watts, the ghetto striking back, burning, killing, defiant and vengeful, has laid the edge of fear against every Californian. And Proposition 14 gave each voter a chance to slam his own door upon demands for equality if such demands seemed importunate.

To four and a half million Californians, 65 percent of those voting in 1964, they did.

Every political campaign this year must be run in the context of these two concerns, and the candidates for governor divide on them, with Reagan on the popular side. Governor Brown bluntly opposed Proposition 14 from the start. Reagan draws a special bead on fair housing laws as a threat to basic freedoms. He is playing upon the public attitude that makes Congress hesitant this year to embrace new civil rights proposals aimed at ending discrimination in housing. On the race issue, Reagan walks a careful line, aware that Watts is no subject for demagoguery. Prodded about the likelihood that his campaign might gain from white backlash, he affects a skillful dodge: he blasts "white supremacy."

Black scorch

Watts cannot be erased. A visit to this dreary poverty-scape in south Los Angeles today is like entry into a war zone. Nerves are that much on edge. On the surface, life looks normal enough in the endless blocks of tawdry housing. This is no teeming tenement district. It does not at first glance look dangerous, with its wide streets, its knots of loiterers, and its air of just going no place. But black scorch is like a scar on countless buildings. Weed-filled empty lots were last summer's supermarkets put to the torch. Many structures stand idle because banks will not lend money for their reconstruction and insurance companies will not underwrite their future safety. Most nights have small ugly "incidents," and every person in the area — resident, welfare worker, bus driver, employment official, minister, policeman — is tense with the constant apprehension that each incident may fan a new riot. Some 318 schoolteachers have rebelled against going back there next month.

In Watts-like ghettos elsewhere in the state the same alert is on. Recent hearings by advisory committees to the U.S. Civil Rights Commission noted more, not less, hostility between Negroes and police in other core cities. In San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento, Bakersfield, and San Jose, and even in the agricultural centers of the Central Valley,



Stand where the Dead Sea Scrolls were hidden 1900 years ago

Here, in white cliffs shaped like soap-bubbles, were hidden the famous Dead Sea Scrolls, the earliest of all biblical manuscripts. Their existence remained unknown for some 1900 years. They were discovered only 18 years ago. In Jordan today, you may explore the secret caves.

Atop the cliffs, in Khirbet Qumran, you may also visit the ruins of the Essene monastery, where the Scrolls were written. There is evidence that Christ Himself was an Essene. You may actually be standing where He prayed.

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HISTORIC **JORDAN** THE HOLY LAND

Report on California

where Mexican-Americans are learning to stir out of their passivity, there is perpetual wariness lest mounting despair and idleness light new fires. To greater or less degree this vast unease haunts every Californian. Among the keenest young Democratic officeholders it is assumed that a riot of serious proportions anywhere this summer will be the party's undoing. Voting against the Brown administration would be the public's way to strike back.

It is not easy to discover improvements in Watts, though a commendable effort and considerable millions have been spent in the last year and a spirit of concern has been mobilized among previously indifferent parts of the Los Angeles community. Those working in the area consider that there is actually greater dissatisfaction and more potential for explosion today than last year. Expectations of quick help were raised by headline promises of \$24 million in federal poverty funds, by private agency commitments, labor union pledges to assist, bond issue proposals for a hospital in the region and for school improvements. Most of the schools are on half-time schedules. But school and hospital bonds were defeated in June by a tax-burdened Los Angeles electorate.

Labor unions are still groping for contacts in the region. And although poverty money has established projects for youngsters, a skills center for job training opened only last April. It will be another year and maybe more before physical evidence of help is appreciable in Watts and two or three years before schooling pays off for the undereducated. No one is sure there is that much time.

New leadership from business

The most striking assistance so far, remarkable because it reflects a new type of leadership in Los Angeles business, has come from the Chamber of Commerce. Led by H. C. ("Chad") McClellan, paint company magnate who was Assistant Secretary of Commerce in the Eisenhower Administration, a Chamber committee met and accepted responsibility to consider basic remedies before the riot fires were cool.

They focused on jobs. To the credit of the 100 largest Los Angeles firms, which plunged into prompt "affirmative recruitment" with personnel men at the tables on the sidewalk of Watts for all to see, this Chamber-led activity directly brought about employment of 5000 Negroes from the "curfew area," but 25 percent of Watts men still do not have jobs.

An aggressive drive continues among restaurants, motels, auto-repair shops, and other industries to force employment and advancement. The Chamber's hurried committee has matured into an endowment-supported separate Management Council, activist and well-staffed, a prod to governmental efforts. It has established good teamwork with the "service center" which government has set up in Watts.

Nothing so clearly fixes the dimension of Watts abandonment as realization that before the riots there was no employment office in the area and getting to the nearest required one and a half hours travel via three separate bus lines. A McCone Commission's staff member, investigating causes of the riot, tagged along with one Watts resident who was seeking welfare. They traveled fifty-four miles by bus just to find the proper headquarters. It took five hours. Most of the new arrivals lack the tenacity, the ingenuity, and the bus fare that could lead to work, and if they found it they could not get there and back within a day, so inadequate is Los Angeles public transportation. Governor Brown recently obtained a large emergency federal transportation grant to cope with the abysmal system by supplying some direct service from Watts to major employment sectors. It has not started rolling yet.

The new governmental service center does have visual impact. Another has been established in the impoverished Mexican-American sector of east Los Angeles. The purpose is to assemble all government agencies, federal, state, and county, which directly affect these residents into one recognizable, easy-to-find headquarters, to make possible coordinated assistance. The state now has employment office, welfare headquarters, public health clinic, veterans' office, public housing head-

quarters, and other agencies assembled at a common address and has persuaded some federal agencies to join. It is a concept Governor Brown thinks must be adapted to every core city.

"If we could only stop them at the border, we'd get someplace," remarked a discouraged young Negro employment office worker in Watts, appalled at the unending influx of new families. Los Angeles had 25,000 Negroes before World War II. It has 600,000 now, and minorities figure large in California's annual population increase of 600,000. Los Angeles is everybody's utopia. It is inhabited by wave after wave of new arrivals, drawn by the region's warmth, travel-poster allure, easy living, and by its employment opportunities in the defense and aerospace industries. Los Angeles' population has grown to 7 million people, all seekers of a better life—for themselves, not for their neighbors.

Los Angeles versus the state

Los Angeles' 2,900,000 voters have decided California elections for a long time, carrying the state for Nixon over Kennedy and for Murphy over Pierre Salinger, though the Democratic majority and President Johnson's acumen overcame the Goldwater fever. Reckoning with the population preponderance, San-Francisco-born Governor Brown found it necessary to establish his "vacation" residence in Los Angeles for the past six years. It wasn't enough. Los Angeles and Orange counties alone carried Brown to the brink of disaster in June. In every other part of the state he topped Mayor Yorty of Los Angeles two to one.

The wellsprings of liberal thinking which have shaped California for half a century have centered in the north since the Hiram Johnson era and had effective reinforcement from northern Californians in the administrations of Governor Earl Warren and Governor Brown. Today there is general assumption that reapportionment, removing the last northern impediment to political dominance by Los Angeles and her southern sister counties, Orange, Riverside, San Diego, and Imperial, has ushered in a new historic period which will be characterized by extreme conservatism.

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Report on California

Another reality which encumbers Governor Brown is the rebellion of the young; 20 percent of California's civilian voting population is between twenty-one and twenty-nine years of age. This group has known no symbol of state authority except Governor Brown and no party in power except the Democrats. Reagan, at fifty-five, is only five years younger than Brown, but he is new, he has buoyancy and thrust, where the governor personifies middle-aged substantiality.

Governor Brown lacks "style," and there is impatience among the electorate as well as among his friends with the unrehearsed malapropisms which have become his principal political trademark. His two major accomplishments have been, first, securing statewide consent to the water plan which manages the salvation of southern California by piping to it an ample portion of surplus water from northern California; and second, achieving a "master plan" for California's Topsy-grown schools of higher education which established harmony instead of competition among the nine campuses of the state university, the eighteen four-year state colleges, and the two dozen junior colleges.

Money problems

Fiscal burdens are California's most serious present concern. They differ from those in most other states only in magnitude and in reach. This year's budget exceeds \$4.5 billion. California has a tradition of moving out to meet state needs. Its \$2 billion water plan, now halfway built, is just one indication. Its expansive system of education has no parallel. Last June California had 4,500,000 in school. That number alone is more than the population of Connecticut or Wisconsin, or indeed of thirty-seven other states. There will be 200,000 more youngsters at the principal's door next month. Every year the state needs 6000 more classrooms, 6000 more teachers.

The state also needs an expanding economy able to provide 200,000 new jobs each year if its overhigh 5 percent unemployment is not to mount. To such concerns as these

Governor Brown has been alert, persuasive, effective. Taxes are high in California, but so are earnings. Now the time for new taxes is unavoidably around again.

If this is conveyed to the public, the difference between less government or more government can be put in very personal terms to great masses of Californians, for services and welfare aids will drop if taxes are not increased. Biggest hurt, however, will be in schools. Local property-tax payers are demanding the shift of some further school costs to the state to ease the local tax burden, in some cases risen 300 percent in ten years. There must be in California next year a state fiscal overhaul of a scope that comes along only once in a decade.

It is in the context of this urgency that Reagan and the right-wing program must be measured. He is a man totally without political experience, and in over fifty years California has not chosen such a novice as governor. Its governors have been men schooled in its problems, through preliminary state service. Even William F. Knowland coming home from the U.S. Senate and Richard Nixon from the presidential lists have been rejected by Californians, and a considerable reason for Governor Brown's victory over these two in his previous campaigns was their apparent inability to understand the state and its problems.

In the final count it will be business interests as much as the average voter who will make the November decision. Reagan's rosy generalities about saving freedom will not weigh if men are worried about whether the enormous investments in plant and payroll in this state can risk committing government at this financial turning point to a neophyte who is under the tutelage of men averse to government.

Many industrialists who captain California's chief industries know that the world trend is not running with the reactionary philosophy. To a large portion of businessmen, world over, government must have an expanding role if society is to keep stable in the face of its great problems. Realists, pitted against the professional image-makers, will decide the California election.

Teens will try anything
from high diving to skin diving.
Try them on
well-balanced meals.
They're "in"!



She has perfect balance. How about her meals?

For active teen-agers, eating is a "sometimes" thing. In an effort to cram as many activities as they can into fleeting summer vacations, teen-agers often overlook regular meals. They're satisfied to grab a bite while on the run.

Because nutritional needs are greatly increased during the teen years, it's good to know you can help bring even "sketchy" summer meals into better nutritional balance with milk and other dairy foods.

To make sure you're giving your family the nourishing meals they need to help them keep up with the "in" activities, plan each meal around the Basic Four Food Groups as given in the Daily Food Guide. All the known nutrients are in the Basic Four and they provide a foundation for a balanced diet. The groups are: (1) Milk and Dairy Foods; (2) Meats, Fish, Poultry, Eggs; (3) Fruits and Vegetables; (4) Cereals and Breads.

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Time to set up your own Family Fitness Program

Well-balanced meals are just one of the essential elements in keeping your family fit and healthy. Your family also needs adequate exercise and plenty of rest. You see, fitness means an ability to work with vigor and pleasure, without undue fatigue, with energy left for enjoying hobbies and recreational activities.

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a message from dairy farmer members of
american dairy association
20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60606

Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



Our polluted waterways

SIR:

The *Atlantic* deserves congratulations for printing Donald E. Carr's excellent article, "Death of the Sweet Waters," in the May issue. The support he and others have developed has contributed substantially to our success in Congress in developing and enacting effective water-pollution control and abatement legislation.

I have only one complaint about the article. Mr. Carr says that I claim that "the Androscoggin River in Maine is the worst-polluted stream in the country." I am not happy about the condition of the Androscoggin, as it has been or is, but I have not and would not call it the "worst" in the country.

SENATOR EDMUND S. MUSKIE
Democrat, Maine
Washington, D. C.

SIR:

We were very happy to see the mention of Kimberly-Clark Corporation in the article by Mr. Carr. The problem of pollution has no universal solution. Since we have mills all over the United States, we have discovered that each area is a special problem to be solved in its own particular way.

J. J. SHIPMAN
Vice President, Kimberly-Clark Corporation
Neenah, Wis.

SIR:

Charleston, West Virginia, was mentioned by Mr. Carr in connection with Du Pont, which is located just above it. Du Pont was applauded in the article for having

instituted certain advanced controls over its wastes. Without disputing the facts which Mr. Carr reports, I suggest that the river, and the people in the area, are still at the mercy of self-regulated industry.

Residents across the river from Du Pont observe heavy discharges flowing into the Kanawha after dark, while from time to time our local papers carry formal apologies by Du Pont stating that a mechanical failure has caused toxic wastes to be "accidentally leaked" into the river. Fish kills are also periodically "regretted." The same pattern emerges at Carbide, the other giant chemical complex, located just below Charleston. The "mechanical failures" occur with a regularity that suggests they are a great convenience in disposing of the undisposible.

The Kanawha River has been reduced to little more than a disposal for industrial wastes. According to reports in our local papers two years ago, the Kanawha is second in the world in pollution. The Ems, in Germany, is first. But the Ems is not used for drinking water, and the Kanawha is. Residents of South Charleston obtain their drinking water from it, and they have been drinking worms and cancer-causing discharges for several years.

MRS. ROBERT CASSADY
Charleston, W. Va.

SIR:

"Death of the Sweet Waters" just doesn't tell both sides of the story. Mr. Carr is obviously not aware of the many positive steps taken by industry in the area of pollution

control, and of the millions of voluntary, non-profit-producing funds poured into pollution control over the years.

H. HARRY HENDERSON
Director, Public Relations
Interlake Steel Corporation
Chicago, Ill.

SIR:

The giant corporations have no regard for the depletion of wildlife resulting from their pouring of crud into our rivers. They investigate sewage treatment only when the stinking waterways they created are too polluted for their own use and it is too expensive to move the plant elsewhere.

State supervision of polluters and pollution is needed. However, many states are either unwilling or unable to undertake investigative and police action. The answer is stiff federal legislation and the creation of a board with FDA-type powers to beat back this advancing scourge.

ROBERT SMITH
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR:

Donald Carr has listed an impressive number of impediments to the successful implementation of the proposed NAWAPA project.

However, I failed to find any reference in the article to what is, after all, the greatest stumbling block to NAWAPA — the fact that most of the waters required for the scheme are not your country's. They are, indeed, one of the vital resources belonging to Canada. Perhaps you can understand our bitter resentment toward such men as

Senator Moss who blandly assume that Canadian waters are the United States's for the taking.

MRS. M. V. DAHLGREN
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

The rebellious Dr. Szasz

SIR:

I read with a great deal of interest the June *Atlantic* article by Edwin M. Schur, "Psychiatrists Under Attack." I have been hospitalized myself in sanatoriums and state mental hospitals on and off since 1948, and I can vouch for the fact that many state mental patients would rather be in state prisons than in state mental hospitals. At least then they know how long they're in for.

ELENA BAKER
East Middlebury, Vt.

SIR:

Edwin M. Schur does not see that we already live in "an excessively psychiatrized society." Therefore, he fails to understand that holding individuals fully responsible for their conduct under the law, without the excuse of insanity, is prerequisite to the creation of a free society of responsible equals.

At present, the professionals who make, interpret, and enforce the law do not hold themselves responsible for capital punishment and the legalized inequities of involuntary commitment to state hospitals. They hide behind the unquestioned expertise of psychiatrists, who decide which people are not fully human and not entitled to their civil liberties. This professionalizing of bureaucratic fascism has so obscured the ethical problems and choices of individuals in our mass society that only by personalizing responsibilities hidden within the concept of mental illness can we begin to understand what helping people really means.

KEHNROTH SCHRAMM, M.D.
Plainfield, Vt.

SIR:

The American Schizophrenia Foundation was formed last year by a group of eminent scientists and psychiatrists who believe that intensified research into the biological and genetic aspects of schizophrenia holds the greatest promise for a cure. I suspect Dr. Szasz will have difficulty persuading the hundreds and hundreds of patients and their families who have written us since



Coming
in the *Atlantic*...

CRIME, CONFESSION, and the COURT

by Robert M. Cipes

A cool, lucid examination of recent Supreme Court decisions involving the rights of the accused in police stations shows that the Justices are moving toward the day when confessions of crime will not be admitted as trial evidence.

A Special Section

THE PARTY IN POWER: A look at the Democrats, their money problems, internal stresses, legislative headaches, and their political traumas under the Texas-style ramrodding of LBJ. By David S. Broder and Walter Pincus, two perceptive Washington newsmen who fluoroscoped the Republicans for the *ATLANTIC* in April.

The Scientific Uses of LSD

by John Bleibtreu

Controlled experimentation with LSD may help scientists unlock mysteries of the mind and learn more about the thin line between creative genius and destructive insanity.

TARANTULA

by Bob Dylan

An excerpt from the forthcoming book by the popular American troubadour.

POSTPONED

SECOND ROUND FOR AFRICA: INDEPENDENCE ON TRIAL

by Scott Thompson

THE KELP FORESTS OF THE PACIFIC by Wesley Marx

SUSAN SONTAG OBSERVED by Mary Ellmann

A new story by Sean O'Faolain

A poetry sampler from the Program In Creative Writing at the State University of Iowa

then with heartrending pleas for help that they are suffering from a myth.

KAHLIL SAMRA
President, American Schizophrenia Foundation
Ann Arbor, Mich.

SIR:

At the time Dr. Szasz's book *Psychiatric Justice* was being published, Daddy Warbucks was being held incommunicado in a secret mountain sanatorium by a sinister psychiatrist. Others were being held as well, all supposedly "nuts," but actually there for political and economic ideas contrary to those of someone not identified. Fortunately, Little Orphan Annie helped Daddy to escape and shoot the psychiatrist.

Several of my recent clients have not been so fortunate. On at least two recent occasions, women clients have been arrested and placed in psychiatric examination status without a hint of the due process guaranteed by our legislators.

In Louisiana, the parish coroner is charged with examining suspected mental patients and gets a flat fee for this work. Recently the coroner in my parish signed a three-page diagnosis indicating that one of my clients had paranoid schizophrenia. When I called him, he admitted he had never seen the patient at all, but had talked with a psychiatrist on the phone who had spoken with the suspect for fifteen minutes.

It is my opinion that the illegal commitment of suspected mental patients could be drastically curtailed by requiring coroners, and others in a position to make mental-commitment decisions, to provide a bond of at least \$100,000 as a protection against improper procedures. In a recent New Orleans case of this type the final judgment against the coroner — after five years of litigation — was \$500. Public officials with this power to restrict the freedom of individuals should be liable for improper performance.

HUGH G. OLIVER
Lawyer & Notary
Westwego, La.

Failure of collective bargaining

SIR:

New Yorkers are indebted to you and A. H. Raskin for his article, "Making Strikes Obsolete," in the June *Atlantic*. Until moving last fall, my family and I lived through newspaper strikes, illegal strikes by

welfare workers and teachers, and dock and tugboat strikes. I wish the mass media in New York would print the real facts of how a handful of union officials extract their pound of flesh from political officials in return for political contributions, all at the expense of the public.

Maybe Mr. Raskin should write an article entitled "Making Unions Obsolete." After all, less than one worker in five belongs to a union, and workers in plants that have compulsory unionism usually fear the union officials more than any boss.

JOHN T. MCCARTY
Rockford, Ill.

SIR:

Like many union members and officers, I would accept in large part the sharp analysis by A. H. Raskin, though you will probably be asked for equal time from Quill's defenders. To hear their chief legal representative tell it, the New York *Times's* editorial writers, who misadvised Mayor Lindsay and provoked Quill, were the villains in the plot.

A completely strike-less industrial community is just like a war-less world — something to be more hoped for than expected. A strike may well be a healthy open protest in justified indignation. Employers have more silently effective ways of applying pressure. What do you expect trade unions to do currently in accepting wage restrictions when all past profit-making records are being broken and living costs soar?

MARK STARR
New York City

SIR:

We were pleased to find the Kaiser Steel-United Steelworkers Long Range Sharing Plan suggested as a "creative alternative" to current mediation problems described by Mr. Raskin. He has followed the plan since its inception, and his comments were to the point and reflect his complete familiarity with its history and workings.

There was one dampening line that caught our eye, however. A subhead writer had titled the section, "The Kaiser Profit-Sharing Plan."

This is a common error in reference to the plan. It is *not* a profit-sharing plan in any sense of the word. It is a cost-savings sharing plan. For example, the company could and has paid monthly bonuses

under the plan even during a period when it is making no profit.

NORMAN E. NICHOLSON
Vice President, Kaiser Industries
Oakland, Calif.

New thinking on China

SIR:

Professor Fairbank's reasoning in "New Thinking About China" (June *Atlantic*) can be fairly summarized by his statement that Mao and his aides are great believers in tactical shifts to make changing circumstances serve them; if they are admitted to the United Nations and other prestigious world bodies, they will accept, rather than try to subvert, such international arrangements. Fairbank adds, however, "Encouraging them to participate in the UN and other parts of the growing international order has to be combined with a cognate attitude of firmness backed by force." He apparently thinks we may have to rely, finally, on force to handle the Chinese, but in the meantime we should strengthen the Peking regime in the hope of changing its present attitude toward the rest of the world.

He assumes that because China has been kept out of the United Nations it is isolated; but England and others recognized China years ago. Has Peking used the avenues of international comity that were thus opened? Is the English ambassador still cooling his heels in the antechambers?

GARDINER HAWKINS
Beaufort, S. C.

SIR:

I read Professor Fairbank's article with great interest, though I am bound to disagree with his final argument. What makes Professor Fairbank so sure that "therapy for Peking's present almost paranoid state of mind must follow the usual lines of therapy"?

It is certainly wrong to see in China a poor befuddled "barbaric" country waiting to be "civilized" by American kindness; it is even worse to consider the People's Republic as a paranoid nation.

Whatever the future of our relationships with China, it will entail a dialogue of powers and not a cure directed at China by the "healthy" nations.

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New York City

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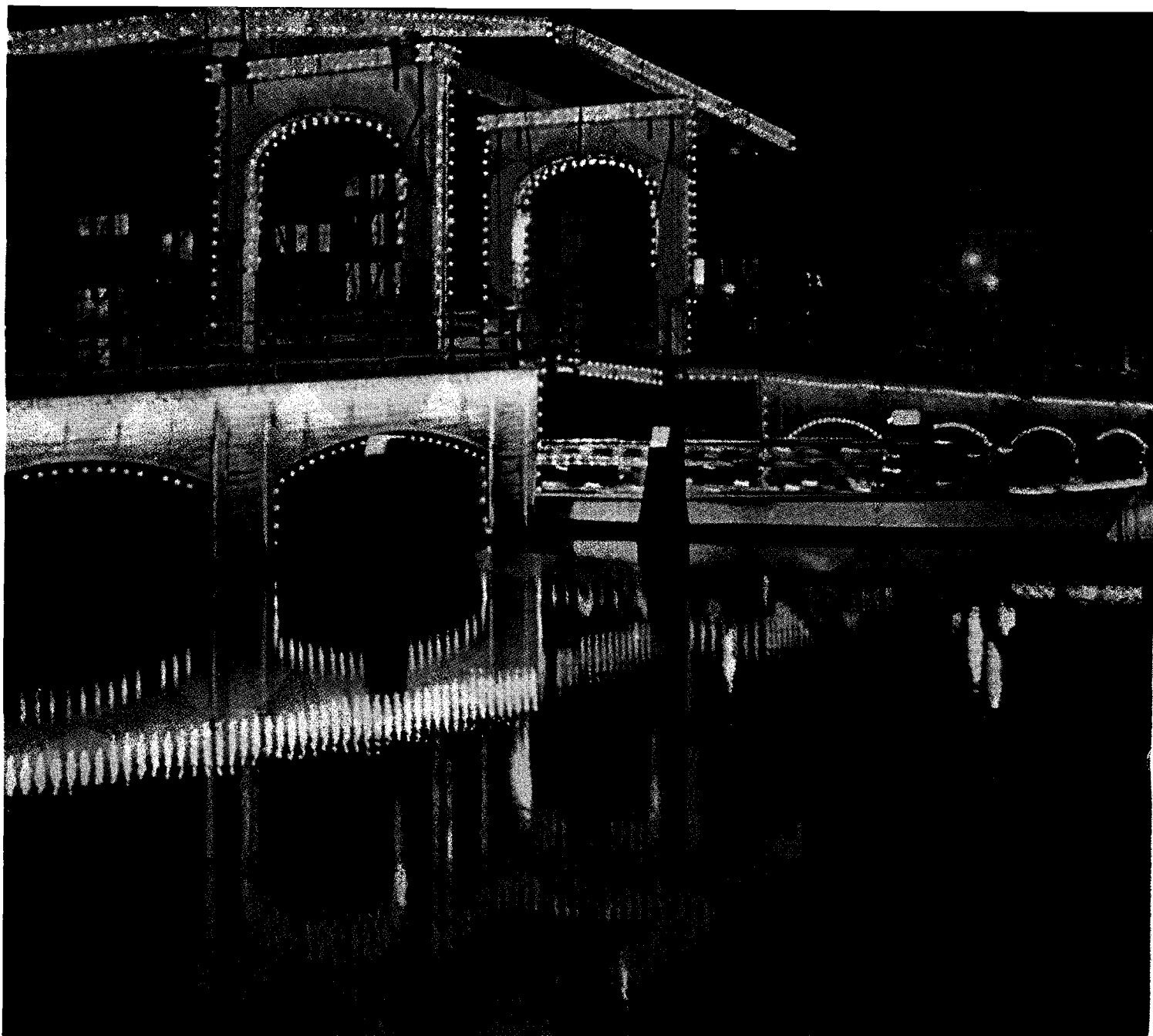
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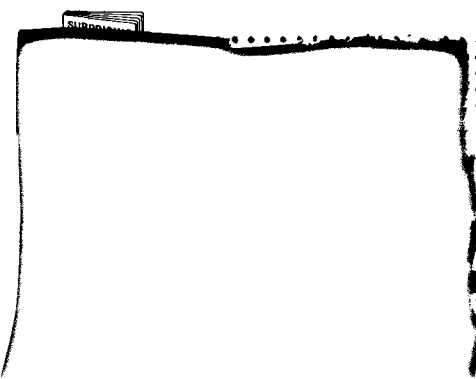
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ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES





WHITE-COLLAR PILL PARTY

BY BRUCE JACKSON

A good eye, a sharp ear, and quiet personal research characterize Bruce Jackson's examination of American manners and morals. This report on a spreading social habit is a long step ahead of journalism's routine portrayal of what has come to be called the drug scene. Mr. Jackson is a Junior Fellow at Harvard.

There was a thing called Heaven; but all the same they used to drink enormous quantities of alcohol. . . . There was a thing called the soul and a thing called immortality. . . . But they used to take morphia and cocaine. . . . Two thousand pharmacologists and bio-chemists were subsidized in A.F. 178. . . . Six years later it was being produced commercially. The perfect drug. . . . Euphoric, narcotic, pleasantly hallucinant. . . . All the advantages of Christianity and alcohol; none of their defects. . . . Take a holiday from reality whenever you like, and come back without so much as a headache or a mythology.

Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*, 1932

DRUGS, like chewing gum, TV, oversize cars, and crime, are part of the American way of life. No one receives an exemption.

This was made particularly clear to me recently by my four-year-old son, Michael, who came into the kitchen one evening and asked me to go out and buy a certain brand of vitamin pills for him. Since he is quite healthy and not observably hypochondriac, I asked why he wanted them. "So I can be as strong as Jimmy down the block."

"There isn't any Jimmy down the block," I said, whereupon he patiently explained that the clown on the 5 p.m. TV program he watches every

day had *told* him the pills would make him stronger than Jimmy, and his tone gave me to understand that the existence of a corporeal Jimmy was irrelevant: the truehearted clown, the child's friend, had advised the pills, and any four-year-old knows a clown wouldn't steer you wrong.

For adults the process is modified slightly. An afternoon TV commercial urges women to purchase a new drug for their "everyday headache" (without warning them that anyone who has a headache every day should certainly be consulting a GP or a psychiatrist); a Former Personality with suggestive regularity tells you to keep your bloodstream pure by consuming buffered aspirin for the headache you are supposed to have, and another recommends regular doses of iron for your "tired blood." (It won't be long before another screen has-been mounts the TV commercial podium with a pill that doesn't do anything at all; it just keeps your corpuscles company on the days you ate liver and forgot to have a headache.)

One result of all the drug propaganda and the appalling faith in the efficacy of drugs is that a lot of people take a lot more pills than they have any reason to. They think in terms of pills. And so do their physicians: you fix a fat man by giving him a diet pill, you fix a chronic insomniac by giving him a sleeping pill. But these conditions

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are frequently merely symptoms of far more complicated disorders. The convenient prescription blank solves the problem of finding out what the trouble really is—it makes the symptom seem to go away.

Think for a moment: how many people do you know who cannot stop stuffing themselves without an amphetamine and who cannot go to sleep without a barbiturate (over *nine billion* of those produced last year) or make it through a workday without a sequence of tranquilizers? And what about those six million alcoholics, who daily ingest quantities of what is, by sheer force of numbers, the most addicting drug in America?

The publicity goes to the junkies, lately to the college kids, but these account for only a small portion of the American drug problem. Far more worrisome are the millions of people who have become dependent on commercial drugs. The junkie *knows* he is hooked; the housewife on amphetamine and the businessman on meprobamate hardly ever realize what has gone wrong.

Sometimes the pill-takers meet other pill-takers, and an odd thing happens: instead of using the drug to cope with the world, they begin to use their time to take drugs. Taking drugs becomes *something to do*. When this stage is reached, the drug-taking pattern broadens: the user takes a wider variety of drugs with increasing frequency. For want of a better term, one might call it the white-collar drug scene.

I first learned about it during a party in Chicago last winter, and the best way to introduce you will be to tell you something about that evening, the people I met, what I think was happening.

THERE were about a dozen people in the room; and over the noise from the record player scraps of conversation came through:

"Now the Desbutal, if you take it with this stuff, has a peculiar effect, contraindication, at least it did for me. You let me know if you . . ."

"I don't have one legitimate prescription, Harry, not *one!* Can you imagine that?" "I'll get you some tomorrow, dear."

". . . and this pharmacist on Fifth will sell you all the leapers [amphetamines] you can carry—just like that. Right off the street. I don't think he'd know a prescription if it bit him." "As long as he can read the labels, what the hell."

"You know, a funny thing happened to me. I got this green and yellow capsule, and I looked it up in the Book, and it wasn't anything I'd been using, and I thought, great! It's not something I've built a tolerance to. And I took it. A couple of them. And you know what happened? *Nothing!*

That's what happened, not a goddamned thing."

The Book—the *Physicians' Desk Reference*, which lists the composition and effects of almost all commercial pharmaceuticals produced in this country—passes back and forth, and two or three people at a time look up the contents and possible values of a drug one of them has just discovered or heard about or acquired or taken. The Book is the pillhead's *Yellow Pages*: you look up the effect you want ("Sympathomimetics" or "Cerebral Stimulants," for example), and it tells you the magic columns. The pillheads swap stories of kicks and sound like professional chemists discussing recent developments; others listen, then examine the *PDR* to see if the drug discussed really could do that.

Eddie, the host, a painter who has received some recognition, had been awake three or four days, he was not exactly sure. He consumes between 150 and 200 milligrams of amphetamine a day, needs a large part of that to stay awake, even when he has slipped a night's sleep in somewhere. The dose would cause most people some difficulty; the familiar diet pill, a capsule of Dexamyl or Eskatrol, which makes the new user edgy and over-energetic and slightly insomniac the first few days, contains only 10 or 15 milligrams of amphetamine. But amphetamine is one of the few central nervous system stimulants to which one can develop a tolerance, and over the months and years Ed and his friends have built up massive tolerances and dependencies. "Leapers aren't so hard to give up," he told me. "I mean, I sleep almost constantly when I'm off, but you get over that. But everything is so damned boring without the pills."

I asked him if he knew many amphetamine users who have given up the pills.

"For good?"

I nodded.

"I haven't known anybody that's given it up for good." He reached out and took a few pills from the candy dish in the middle of the coffee table, then washed them down with some Coke.

The last couple to arrive—a journalist and his wife—settled into positions. The wife was next to me on the oversize sofa, and she skimmed through the "Product Identification Section" of the *PDR*, dozens of pages of pretty color photos of tablets and capsules. "Hey!" she said to no one in particular. Then, to her husband, "Look at the pretty hexagonal. George, get the Source to get some of them for me." George, across the table, near the fire, nodded.

I had been advised to watch him as he turned on. As the pills took effect something happened to the muscles of his face, and the whole assembly seemed to go rubbery. His features settled lower and more loosely on the bones of his head. He began to talk with considerably more verve.

A distractingly pretty girl with dark brown eyes sat at the edge of our group and ignored both the joint making its rounds and the record player belching away just behind her. Between the thumb and middle finger of her left hand she held a pill that was blue on one side and yellow on the other; steadily, with the double-edged razor blade she held in her right hand, she sawed on the seam between the two halves of the pill. Every once in a while she rotated it a few degrees with her left index finger. Her skin was smooth, and the light from the fireplace played tricks with it, all of them charming. The right hand sawed on.

I got the Book from the coffee table and looked for the pill in the pages of color pictures, but before I found it, Ed leaned over and said, "They're Desbutal Gradumets. Abbott Labs."

I turned to the "Professional Products Information" section and learned that Desbutal is a combination of Desoxyn (methamphetamine hydrochloride, also marketed as Methedrine) and Nembutal, that the pill the girl sawed contained 15 milligrams of the Desoxyn, that the combination of drugs served "to both stimulate and calm the patient so that feelings of depression are overcome and a sense of well-being and increased energy is produced. Inner tension and anxiety are relieved so that a sense of serenity and ease of mind prevails." Gradumets, the Book explained, "are indicated in the management of obesity, the management of depressed states, certain behavioral syndromes, and a number of typical geriatric conditions," as well as "helpful in managing psychosomatic complaints and neuroses," Parkinson's disease, and a hangover.

The girl, obviously, was not interested in all of the pill's splendid therapeutic promises; were she, she would not have been so diligently sawing along that seam. She was after the methamphetamine, which like other amphetamines "depresses appetite, elevates the mood, increases the urge to work, imparts a sense of increased efficiency, and counteracts sleepiness and the feeling of fatigue in most persons."

After what seemed a long while the pill split into two round sections. A few scraps of the yellow Nembutal adhered to the Desoxyn side, and she carefully scraped them away. "Wilkinson's the best blade for this sort of thing," she said. I asked if she didn't cut herself on occasion, and she showed me a few nicks in her left thumb. "But a single edge isn't thin enough to do it neatly."

She put the blue disk in one small container, the yellow in another, then from a third took a fresh Desbutal and began sawing. I asked why she kept the Nembutal, since it was the Desoxyn she was after.

"Sometimes I might want to sleep, you know.

I might *have* to sleep because something is coming up the next day. It's not easy for us to sleep, and sometimes we just don't for a couple or three days. But if we have to, we can just take a few of these." She smiled at me tolerantly, then returned to her blade and tablet.

When I saw Ed in New York several weeks later, I asked about her. "Some are like that," he said; "they like to carve on their pills. She'll sit and carve for thirty or forty minutes."

"Is that sort of ritual an important part of it all?"

"I think it is. She seems to have gotten hung up on it. I told her that she shouldn't take that Nembutal, that I have been cutting the Nembutal off my pills. It only takes about thirty seconds. And she can spend a good half hour at it if she has a mind to. I told her once about the effect of taking a Spansule; you know, one of those big things with sustained release [like Dexamyl, a mixture of dextroamphetamine sulfate and amobarbital designed to be effective over a twelve-hour period]. What you do is open the capsule and put it in a little bowl and grind up the little pellets until it's powder, then stuff all the powder back in the pill and take it, and it all goes off at once. I'll be damned if I haven't seen her grinding away like she was making matzo meal. That's a sign of a fairly confirmed head when they reach that ritual stage."

NEXT to the candy dish filled with Dexedrine, Dexamyl, Eskatrol, Desbutal, and a few other products I hadn't yet learned to identify, near the five-pound box of Dexedrine tablets someone had brought, were two bottles. One was filled with Dexedrine Elixir, the other with Dexamyl Elixir. Someone took a long swallow from the latter, and I thought him to be an extremely heavy user, but when the man left the room, a lawyer told me he'd bet the man was new at it. "He has to be. A mouthful is like two pills, and if he was a real head, he'd have a far greater tolerance to the Dexedrine than the amobarbital, and the stuff would make him sleepy. Anyhow, I don't like to mess with barbiturates much anymore. Dorothy Kilgallen died from that." He took a drink from the Dexedrine bottle and said, "And this tastes better. Very tasty stuff, like cherry syrup. Make a nice cherry Coke with it. The Dexamyl Elixir is bitter."

Someone emptied the tobacco from a Salem and filled the tube with grass; he tamped it down with a Tinkertoy stick, crimped the tip, then lighted it and inhaled noisily. He immediately passed the joint to the person on his left. Since one must hold the smoke in one's lungs for several

seconds to get the full effect, it is more economical for several people to turn on at once. The grass was very good and seemed to produce a quiet but substantial high. One doesn't notice it coming on, but there is a realization that for a while now the room has been a decidedly pleasant one, and some noises are particularly interesting for their own sake.

I leaned back and closed my eyes for a moment. It was almost 5 A.M., and in three hours I had to catch a plane at O'Hare. "You're not going to *sleep* are you?" The tone implied that this group considered few human frailties truly gauche, but going to sleep was surely one of them. I shook my head no and looked to see who had spoken. It was Ed's wife; she looked concerned. "Do you want a pill?" I shook my head no again.

Then, just then, I realized that Ed — who knew I was not a pill-user — had not once in the evening offered me one of the many samples that had been passed around, nor had anyone else. Just the grass, but not the pills. His wife suggested a pill not so that I might get high, but merely so that I could stay awake without difficulty.

"I'm not tired," I said, "just relaxing." I assured her I wouldn't doze off. She was still concerned, however, and got me a cup of coffee from the kitchen and offered some Murine from her purse.

The front door opened, and there was a vicious blast of winter off Lake Michigan. Ed kicked the door closed behind him and dumped an armful of logs by the fireplace, then went back into the kitchen. A moment later he returned and passed around a small dish of capsules. And this time it was handed to me. They looked familiar. "One a Days," he said. I had learned enough from the Book to see the need for them: the amphetamine user often does not eat for long periods of time (some days his only nourishment is the sugar in the bottles of soda which he drinks to wash down the pills and counter their side effect of dehydration of the mouth), and he not only tends to lose weight but also risks vitamin deficiencies. After a while, the heavy user learns to force-feed himself or go off pills every once in a while in order to eat without difficulty and to keep his tolerance level down.

Later, getting settled in the plane, I thought, What a wild party that was. I'd never been to anything quite like it, and I began making notes about what had gone on. Not long before we came into Logan, it suddenly struck me that there had been nothing wild about the party at all, nothing. There had been women there, some of them unaccompanied and some with husbands or dates, but there had been none of the playing around and sexual hustling that several years of academic and business world parties had led me to consider a correlative of almost any evening

gathering of more than ten men and women: no meaningful looks, no wisecracks, no "accidental" rubbing. No one had spoken loudly, no one had become giggly or silly, no one had lost control or seemed anywhere near it. Viewed with some perspective, the evening seemed nothing more than comfortable.

THERE are various ways to acquire the pills, but the most common is also the most legal: prescriptions. Even though there is now a federal law requiring physicians and pharmacists to maintain careful records regarding prescriptions for drugs like Dexamyl, many physicians are careless about prescribing them, and few seem to realize that the kind of personality that needs them is often the kind of personality that can easily acquire an overwhelming dependency on them. Often a patient will be issued a refillable prescription; if the patient is a heavy user, all he needs to do is visit several physicians and get refillable prescriptions from each. If he is worried that a cross-check of druggists' lists might turn up his name, he can easily give some of his doctors false names.

There are dealers, generically called the Source, who specialize in selling these drugs; some give them away. They do not seem to be underworld types but professional people in various capacities who, for one reason or another, have access to large quantities of them. If one is completely without connections, the drugs can be made at home. One young man I know made mescaline, amphetamine, methamphetamine, LSD, and DET and DMT (diethyl- and dimethyl-tryptamine, hallucinogens of shorter duration and greater punch than LSD) in his kitchen. In small lots, dextroamphetamine sulfate costs him about 50 cents a gram; a pound costs him about \$30 (the same amounts of Dexedrine at your friendly corner druggist's would cost, respectively, about \$10 and \$4200).

In some areas, primarily those fairly distant from major centers of drug distribution, the new law has begun to have some significant effect. In one medium-sized city, for example, the price of black-market Dexamyl and Eskatrol Spansules has risen from 15 cents to 50 cents a capsule, when one can connect for them at all.

In the major cities one can still connect, but it is becoming more difficult. The new law will inhibit, but there may be complications. It would be unfortunate if the price should be driven up so high that it would become profitable for criminal organizations to involve themselves with the traffic, as was the case with opiates in the 1940s and 1950s and alcohol in the 1920s.

There was talk in Manhattan last winter, just

before the new law took effect, that some LSD factories were closing down, and I know that some Sources stopped supplying. For a short time the price of LSD went up; then things stabilized, competition increased, a new packaging method developed popularity (instead of the familiar sugar cubes, one now takes one's dose on a tiny slip of paper; like a spitball, only you don't spit it out), and now the price for a dose of LSD is about 20 percent *less* than it was a year ago.

Since most of the pillheads I'm talking about are middle-class and either professional or semi-professional, they will still be able to obtain their drugs. Their drugs of choice have a legitimate use, and it is unlikely that the government's attempt to prevent diversion will be more than partially successful. If our narcotics agents have been unable to keep off the open market drugs which have no legitimate use at all — heroin and marijuana — it hardly seems likely that they will be able to control chemicals legitimately in the possession of millions of citizens. I asked one amphetamine head in the Southwest how local supplies had been affected by the new law. "I heard about that law," he said, "but I haven't seen anybody getting panicked." Another user tells me prices have risen slightly, but not enough yet to present difficulties.

There are marked differences between these drug-users and the ones who make the newspapers. They're well educated (largely college graduates), are older (25 to 40), and middle-class (with a range of occupations: writers, artists, lawyers, TV executives, journalists, political aides, housewives). They're not like the high school kids who are after a kick in any form (some of them rather illusory, as one psychosomatic gem reported to me by a New Jersey teen-ager: "What some of the kids do is take a cigarette and saturate it with perfume or hairspray. When this is completely soaked in and dry, they cup the cigarettes and inhale every drag. Somehow this gives them a good high"), or college students experimenting with drugs as part of a romantic program of self-location. The kids take drugs "because it's cool" and to get high, but when you talk to them you find that most ascribe the same general high to a wide range of drugs having quite diverse effects; they're promiscuous and insensitive. There is considerable evidence to suggest that almost none of the college drug-users take anything illegal after graduation, for most of them lose their connections and their curiosity.

It is not likely that many of the thousands of solitary amphetamine abusers would join these groups. They take drugs to *avoid* deviance — so they can be fashionably slim, or bright and alert and functional, or so they can muster the *quoi que* with which to face the tedium of housework or

some other dull job — and the last thing they want is membership in a group defined solely by one clear form of rule-breaking behavior. Several of the group members were first turned on by physicians, but a larger number were turned on by friends. Most were after a particular therapeutic effect, but after a while interest developed in the drug for its own sake and the effect became a cause, and after that the pattern of drug-taking overcame the pattern of taking a specific drug.

Some of the socialized amphetamine-users specialize. One takes Dexedrine and Dexamyl almost exclusively; he takes other combinations only when he is trying to reduce his tolerance to Dexamyl. Though he is partly addicted to the barbiturates, they do not seem to trouble him very much, and on the few occasions when he has had to go off drugs (as when he was in California for a few months and found getting legal prescriptions too difficult and for some reason didn't connect with a local Source), he has had no physiological trouble giving them up. He did, of course, suffer from the overwhelming depression and enervation that characterize amphetamine withdrawal. Most heads will use other drugs along with amphetamine — especially marijuana — in order to appreciate the heightened alertness they've acquired; some alternate with hallucinogens.

To the heroin addict, the square is anyone who does not use heroin. For the dedicated pillhead there is a slightly narrower definition: the square is someone who has an alcohol dependency; those who use nothing at all aren't even classified. The boozers do bad things, they get drunk and lose control and hurt themselves and other people. They contaminate their tubes, and whenever they get really far out, they don't even remember it the next day. The pillhead's disdain is sometimes rather excessive. One girl, for example, was living with a fellow who, like her, was taking over 500 milligrams of amphetamine a day. They were getting on well. One night the two were at a party, and instead of chewing pills, her man had a few beers; the girl was furious, betrayed, outraged. Another time, at a large party that sprawled through a sprawling apartment, a girl had been on scotch and grass and she went to sleep. There were three men in the room, none of them interested in her sexually, yet they jeered and wisecracked as she nodded off. It was 4 or 5 A.M. of a Sunday, not too unreasonable a time to be drowsy. When they saw she was really asleep — breaking the double taboo by having drunk too much scotch and been put to sleep by it — they muttered a goddamn and went into another room; she was too depressing to have around.

There is an important difference in the drug-use patterns of the pillhead and opiate dependent:

the latter is interested only in getting his drug and avoiding withdrawal; the former is also interested in perceiving his drugs' effects. I remember one occasion attended by someone who had obtained a fairly large mixed bag. In such a situation a junkie would have shot himself insensible; this fellow gave most of his away to his friends. With each gift he said something about a particular aspect of the drug which he found interesting. The heroin-user is far less social. His stuff is too hard to get, too expensive, his withdrawal too agonizing. But the pillhead is an experimenter. Often he seems to be interested as much in observing himself experiencing reactions as he is in having the reactions.

A large part of the attractiveness may be the ritual associated with this kind of group drug abuse: the *PDR* (a holy book), the Source (the medicine man whose preparations promise a polychromatic world of sensory and mystical experiences), the sharing of proscribed materials in a closed community, the sawing and grinding, the being privy to the Pythian secrets of colors and milligrams and trade names and contraindications and optimum dosages. And, of course, using drugs is something of a fad.

But there are costs. Kicks are rarely free in this world, and drugs are no exception. One risks dysfunction; one can go out of one's head; one may get into trouble with the police. Though the users are from a socioeconomic class that can most likely beat a first offense at almost anything, there is the problem that legal involvement of any kind, whether successfully prosecuted or not, can cause considerable embarrassment; an arrest for taking drugs may be negligible to a slum dweller in New York, but it is quite something else for a lawyer or reporter. And there is always the most tempting danger of all: getting habituated to drugs to such a degree that the drugs are no longer something extra in life but are instead a major goal.

One user wrote me, "Lately I find myself wishing not that I might kick the lunatic habit — but simply that our drug firms would soon develop something NEW which might refresh the memory of the flash and glow of that first vroom-vroom pill." I had asked him why take them at all, and he wrote, "I don't know. Really. Why smoke, drink, drive recklessly, sunbathe, fornicate, shoot tigers, climb mountains, gamble, lie, steal, cheat, kill, make war — and blame it all largely on our parents. Possibly to make oneself more acceptable to oneself."

Many of the pillheads are taking drugs not *only* to escape but also to have an experience that is entirely one's own. There is no one else to be propitiated, there are no explanations or excuses needed for what happens inside one's own head

when one is turned on; words won't do, and that is as much a benefit as a disadvantage, because if you cannot describe, then neither can you discuss or question or submit to evaluation. The benefit and the risk are entirely one's own. Indiana University sociologist John Gagnon pointed out at a drug symposium held at Antioch College last year, "I'd like to argue that possibly in our attempt to protect people, we have underrepresented the real payoff for drug-taking as an experience, as a risk people want to run."

You select your own risks — that's what living is all about. For some of these drug-users, the risks currently being marketed do not have very much sales appeal: going South for the summer with SNCC is out because they feel that they are too old and that ofays aren't much wanted anyhow; going to Vietnam for Lyndon is absurd. So they go inside. A scarier place, but no one else can muddle around with it.

There is nothing *wrong* with using chemicals to help cope with life. That is one of the things science is supposed to do, help us cope, and the business of living can be rough at times. And we have the requisite faith: I am sure that far more Americans believe in the efficacy of a pill than believe in God. The problem arises when one's concern shifts so that life becomes an exercise in coping with the chemicals.

I think there has been an unfortunate imbalance in the negative publicity. For years the press has printed marvelous tales about all the robberies and rapes performed by evil beings whose brain tissue had been jellied by heroin. But it has rarely printed stories that point out that opiates make even the randiest impotent, or that alcohol, which has five hundred times as many addicts, is an important factor in sex offenses and murders.

Lately, attention has been focused on drug abuse and experimentation among college students. Yet all the college students and all the junkies account for only a small portion of American drug abuse. The adults, the respectable grown-ups, the nice people who cannot or will not make it without depending on a variety of drugs, present a far more serious problem. For them the drug experience threatens to disrupt or even destroy life patterns and human relationships that required many years to establish.

And the problem is not a minor one. Worse; it seems to be accelerating. As Ed advised one night, "You better research the hell out of it because I'm convinced that the next ruling generation is going to be all pillheads. I'm convinced of it. If they haven't dysfunctioned completely to the point where they can't stand for office. It's getting to be unbelievable. I've never seen such a transformation in just four or five years. . . ."

Is Schweitzer Dead?

*CORNELIUS SCIPIO, under another name, participated in the recent
Albert Schweitzer International Convocation at Aspen, Colorado.*

THE international do-good jet set, Albert Schweitzer division, landed in Aspen, Colorado, for the Memorial Day weekend. They came in search of their fallen leader's living spirit and tried to assess his present financial, intellectual, moral, and spiritual strength. It was quite a weekend.

Albert Schweitzer, physician, theologian, philosopher, and musician, died on September 9, 1965, at the age of ninety. He died in Lambaréné, Gabon, Africa, at the hospital he started to build fifty years earlier. During his lifetime he wrote books on philosophy, religion, and music and attracted countless thousands of people to his humble hospital. They journeyed to French Equatorial Africa to get spiritual rather than physical medicine. Some went because they had read his books, others because he had been billed as a Protestant saint, and still others because he was said to talk sense to those who found no sense in most formal religions. At the time of his death there was a cult of Schweitzer buffs with a worldwide membership.

The more than four hundred people who gathered in Aspen amply demonstrated that the cult has very loose admissions requirements. There were rich widows who neither knew nor cared what the doctor was talking about but were passionately attached to him; there were hard-nosed

Unitarians who saw in his ethical theories the salvation of mankind; there were skeptical philosophers who understood his every contradiction but couldn't shake the man's personality; there were medical doctors who were ashamed of his primitive and dogmatic medical notions but saw him as almost the last of those doctors motivated by sacrificial service rather than by making a buck; there were theologians who thought he was right in his ethics and absolutely wrong in his assessment of Jesus; there were musicians who thought he interpreted Bach in a good fashion in his book but that his organ technique was only fair to poor; there were African experts who thought his attitudes toward black people were Victorian, autocratic, and shamefully condescending and yet felt he did excellent work.

On the first day, this mixed bag of individuals participated in an emotional binge of large hang-over proportions. Sentimental ladies and gentlemen made speeches that variously described Schweitzer as the wittiest man who ever lived, the most lovable man to see daylight, the most charming conversationalist who ever dropped a *bon mot*, the most fearless foxy grandpa who ever braved the terrors of the jungle; in short, the most divine of human creatures. After a few hours of such wondrous praise, a documentary fund-

raising film was shown to the exhausted and happy crowd. In the film the doctor came to life, wandered among his natives, patted children's heads, led us to see a big-breasted black woman give birth, watched a Christmas play and a church service, and pointed out lepers' sores. When the lights came up, women were weeping and men were clearing their throats. The bar of the Meadows Inn was full until after 1 A.M.

The next day (Saturday) dawned with incomparable mid-Rockies spring sunshine. The circling snow-capped peaks and the bright thin air conspired with a good breakfast to convince everyone that all must be right with the world. However, when the 9:30 A.M. general session started, it became clear that there were disbelievers in the world and that they were going to be decisively answered. No one had mentioned the unwashed in the opening session Friday evening. An uninitiated observer would have thought that there were no pagans in the bushes knocking out windows in the House of the Lord. But the pagans are out there, and Norman Cousins, editor of the *Saturday Review*, organized the first offensive against them.

Perhaps it is true, he began, that Schweitzer was an autocratic and paternalistic German who ordered the natives of Gabon around like little children. So what? asked Cousins. It was Schweitzer's right to have any kind of personality he wished, and his detractors have no business running around the world saying that he had feet of clay just because he was authoritarian by nature, upbringing, and desire. This doesn't change the fact that the editor of the *Saturday Review* went to Lambaréné and convinced the good doctor to speak out against atomic testing and the pollution of the atmosphere with strontium 90. The achievement of the anti-testing treaty was, according to Cousins, the greatest single success of the Kennedy Administration, and, he implied, it could never have been done without Schweitzer's help. What then could be the importance of other matters like flies in the operating room, inadequate water supply and sewage, and a colonialist attitude toward blacks when compared with this help for Kennedy's mighty deed? Cousins filled out this theme and sat down amid thunderous applause.

The other two speakers Saturday morning were supposed to speak of Schweitzer's contribution to humanity through medicine. They were hard put to find anything modern, clean, or progressive about the hospital at Lambaréné. Consequently, they talked of his great spirit and his philosophy.

Some of the faithful were getting uneasy and restless. They had expected more from the medical gentlemen because they had always assumed that there was some great discovery at work at the

Lambaréné Hospital which should be emulated everywhere tropical medicine is practiced. To be told, obliquely yet clearly, that *Le Grand Docteur* had been dogmatically educated in the best nineteenth-century medicine and had never changed his views or supported research or incorporated tropical medicine experts in his staff was not a pleasant experience. And the two who did the telling were not imported skeptics, but rather hard-shell Schweitzer buffs. The mood was changing.

The rest of the day was devoted to organizing four panels which were to meet at intervals between the remaining general sessions, to some papers on Schweitzer and music, and to some descriptions of different activities that he inspired. The panels were to concern themselves respectively with music, medicine, theology, and philosophy. The speeches on Schweitzer and music and the arts turned out to be of little interest to the majority of the faithful and the skeptics. Everyone knew that Schweitzer loved to play the organ and that he did not have a proper instrument or the time in Lambaréné for the practice necessary to be a first-rate organist. Everyone also knew that his two-volume work on Bach sparked a Bach revival in the early part of this century and made music program planners give their customers larger amounts of Bach. This was a good thing, but not the dramatic culture-shaking geniuslike achievement the faithful wanted to hear about. In addition, the only organ around Aspen that could be used for illustration was a small electric one, which was about as suited to Bach as a gut bucket is to Mozart. The bar at Meadows Inn was almost empty by twelve o'clock.

SUNDAY dawned as beautifully as had Saturday, and sleep had restored hope. Beyond the restorative power of sleep was the fact that there were to be two addresses that morning on Schweitzer's philosophy and theology. It was obvious that these two speeches were going to proclaim the intellectual greatness of the man who gave so many a reason for being alive. The faithful all had special quotations from Schweitzer's works for life's troubled situations, and they were eager to have them put together and declared to be a sound, defensible, and clearly the true philosophic system. Since very few of the skeptics had spent much time with Schweitzer's writings, they seemed to expect nothing other than some hopefully interesting information. Both groups lost.

The philosophy paper was given by John R. Everett, president of the New School for Social Research in New York, who is obviously not one of the faithful. He started out by saying that

Schweitzer could not get a job teaching philosophy in a reputable university and ended by saying that Schweitzer was a religious existentialist and not a philosopher in the Greek tradition at all. In between that beginning and that end, time was spent showing the contradictions, inconsistencies, and paradoxes which seem to lie in great abundance in Schweitzer's writings. At one point Everett said something to the effect that Schweitzer's position can only appeal to people who have the same kind of ethical nature, religious consciousness, rational demands, and sense of mystery as he possessed. In other words, Schweitzer's philosophy is for Schweitzer.

The theologian, Dr. Henry Clark of the Union Theological Seminary, agreed with Everett and added that Schweitzer's great contribution was to separate the ethics of Jesus from metaphysical theism. In other words, a person can, if Schweitzer is followed, have the ethics of Jesus without recourse to support from church doctrine or a metaphysically established God. The death-of-God theologians in current Protestantism would do well, he said, to take Schweitzer's agnostic position regarding the possible existence of an intellectually provable God. This would at least leave the question open and allow people with religious experience to use the traditional language of Christianity. Clark seemed to be saying that if Schweitzer could live with unresolved paradoxes and the ethics of Jesus, so can anyone else.

Sunday wore on with a film calculated to bring once again the man's magic into full view, and this was followed by large panel discussions which gave hard-core buffs a chance to give personal testimony of the way Schweitzer had changed their lives. Anyone familiar with the old Southern revival institution known as "protracted meeting" could not fail to see the similarities. There were those who began — indirectly, of course, in this well-bred assembly — "I was a sinner until . . ." and others with "My life was empty until . . ." and still others who could not testify until they took some emotional potshots at those who had given the earlier critical papers. One paper-giver was heard to mutter, "Why did they invite me? I feel as out of place as Bertrand Russell at the War College."

THE last general session was held on Monday morning, and it started at 9:30 A.M. The first paper was given by Waldemar Nielsen, head of the African-American Institute in New York. This paper quickly disposed of the critics who spoke of Schweitzer as a cranky, autocratic, Teutonic patriarch, who loved humanity in the ab-

stract but not in the flesh, by quoting the magazine editor's "so what?" Nielsen wanted to judge Schweitzer in the only way he should be judged — what did his life and work stand for? After all, the good doctor himself had said, "My life is my argument." What then was the argument?

Africa was the locale of his life, or at least the part of his life that was his argument. How does black Africa view Schweitzer? According to Nielsen's paper, black Africa views Schweitzer's argument as neocolonialism, where the white man continues to see the black man as an irresponsible child of nature wholly unequal to the white man in matters of virtue, wisdom, and intelligence. "Bad" white men exploit black men for their labor and their birthright natural resources, and "good" white men, like Schweitzer, minister to their religious and medical needs. The basic attitude of superiority is the same in both "good" and "bad" white people. Africans are so affronted by this attitude that they refuse to honor a man just because he has service impulses. The proof, according to Nielsen, is seen in the fact that representatives from all African states had been invited to the convocation and only one arrived.

The Africans can hardly be expected to have rhapsodic enthusiasm for a white man who only broke his silence on African political questions to defend the French in their bloody war in Algeria and to defend a white man's paid-for puppet in Katanga. South African apartheid and many other examples of white exploitation of blacks were never mentioned by the good doctor.

Schweitzer's argument, said Nielsen, will not stand up as a prophetic statement in politics any more than it stands up in philosophy, theology, musicology, or medicine. In all of these things he was clearly a child of his time and perhaps subject to his time more than most men of genius. How then is he to be judged?

Nielsen ended by saying that Schweitzer must be judged by how well he employed his many talents in the service of authenticating his own existence and of helping others as he saw his help needed. Against this standard Schweitzer comes out a giant among men. No one could doubt that Schweitzer was an integrated, authentic, self-sacrificing human being. This is his power.

The faithful were upset by Nielsen's harsh words, but they cheered the conclusion. The skeptics were worried about how his paper had moved from a devastating attack to such a happy and soul-satisfying conclusion. It was almost like saying that it doesn't make any difference if you are wrong in deed and word just as long as you are well integrated and self-sacrificing.

The general sessions of the convocation came to a rollicking conclusion with a wholly irrelevant

and irreverent sermon-speech by the Right Reverend James A. Pike, then Episcopal bishop of California. It was irrelevant because it had nothing to do with Schweitzer, except that every once in a while Pike would hold up Schweitzer's book *The Quest for the Historical Jesus* and recommend that people read it. It was irreverent in that Pike took the occasion to announce that the Christian churches in their present form were finished and had suffered a total collapse of plausibility. To prove his point he told the assemblage that he was getting out and was taking up employment with a Southern California think-tank, the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.

An interesting feature (unplanned) of the panels was the wandering correctors of the major session speakers. A British missionary doctor who had spent thirty years in the Congo regularly corrected anyone who said or implied that the actions of the white man in Africa had been less than benevolent. He sternly lectured each panel on the fact that black Africans had no right to complain when they saw bars of copper leaving the country because they had forgotten all the money that white men had spent in Africa on roads, medicine, and schools. His finest moment came when he responded to the criticism that many white missionaries had gone to Africa to become little potentate gods. "When I first went to the Congo," he said, "I was carried on a litter through the jungle and the bearers were crying, 'Come see the white god of the forest who has come to save us.' It is clear that I did not ask for such treatment; they did it themselves because they wanted to, without my request and without my permission." This established the incontrovertible fact that the white man's burden is indeed heavy.

By and large the panels demonstrated the same conclusion as the main addresses — if you take Schweitzer apart he disappears, but if you leave him in one piece he is an excellent example of what some consider the best that Western civilization can produce.

It was not a good weekend for the operators of the various Schweitzer-inspired philanthropic industries. They had traveled to Aspen not only to pay homage to the great man but also to assess the damage his death had done to their fund-raising potential. While Schweitzer lived, money came from around the world to support the hospital at Lambaréné, and a letter from him each year was sufficient to make up the deficit of the Albert Schweitzer College in Switzerland. Would the Schweitzer Fellowship, a loose worldwide confederation of buffs, come forward with an organized plan for raising hard cash to keep the hospitals (there are others that bear Schweitzer's name) and the college operating? A cold-eyed

look around the room certainly did not reveal either the organizational skill or the big givers necessary for the enterprise. And all the talk did not indicate that the image of Schweitzer could be pumped up to fly high enough to produce serious money for all the causes bearing his name. The managers of these enterprises were the saddest on the day of departure. Their future was the exact opposite of the beautiful clear sky of the springtime Rockies.

One rather dejected lady made her closing comment on the way to the airport. "It was too soon to have an evaluation. These last nine months have barely gotten me used to the idea that he is no longer over there showing man how he ought to act toward man. Maybe 1975 would be a good time to look at him again. I can't now; I still live with him."

Another person who had spent some time visiting at Lambaréné said as she was leaving, "I am glad I came. Schweitzer still holds up for me. After I had been at Lambaréné I told him when the time came to leave that I didn't want to go. He said, 'Go and find your own Lambaréné.' It is still the best advice I ever got. Some of my Lambaréné is working with handicapped children, some is reading and studying, and some is my home. It isn't as dramatic as his and it isn't as unified, but it is mine and he made me see it."

One of the skeptics said in the Denver Airport as he waited for a plane to take him East, "I know more details of his life and thought than I did when I got to Aspen. And I have certainly seen the power he exercised over a large number of different kinds of people. To me he remains a man I cannot understand. His words don't make sense to me, and his life in Africa looks like the life of any other of hundreds of devoted medical missionaries — neither better nor worse. Yet so many seem to see so much more. I wonder why."

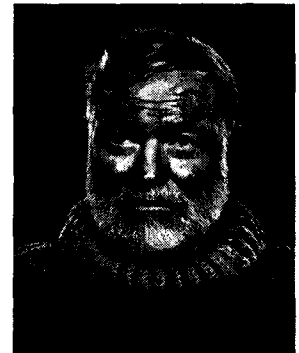
So, they left very much as they came. All except the fund-raisers. The convocation gave them an understanding of the magnitude of their problem. Life is going to be tough without the doctor's living magic. For the faithful he remains a symbol of greatness, for the skeptics an enigma.

Did the weekend indicate that the dead Schweitzer would become a new evangel for an intellectually and religiously confused world? Most independent observers at the convocation seemed to think the chances were very slim. Schweitzer was great and universal for some of those who knew him, but the convocation made it abundantly clear that his charisma was not transferable to others on any basis his followers have so far discovered. History has once again swallowed up another fine and talented man. The convocation was supposed to have evaluated the man, and it did.

BOOKS and MEN *Many critics are making a fuss over A. E. Hotchner's PAPA HEMINGWAY, book buyers are making it a best seller, and the great writer's widow is making it the cause of a lawsuit. Here is what an acknowledged Hemingway scholar makes of it. Mr. Young is Research Professor of English at Penn State and author of ERNEST HEMINGWAY, a book-length study first published in 1953 and translated into several foreign languages and issued in a revised edition in 1965.*

ON DISMEMBERING HEMINGWAY

by PHILIP YOUNG



AFTER a splendid dinner at the *finca* outside Havana in the winter of 1954, Ernest and I were lingering over a crackling cold Sancerre. He was more subdued than usual, and suddenly he said, "Listen, Phil. Any man's death diminishes me. Because, dammit, I'm involved in mankind. So don't ask, kid, for whom the bell tolls — it tolls for you."

The trouble with this memorable "conversation" is that it didn't take place. (I never laid eyes on Hemingway.) The setting is pretty much lifted from A. E. Hotchner's high-flying *Papa Hemingway*. To get the quote, I pulled down *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* and roughed it up a little. The fact that Hemingway was in Africa at the time is no matter.

It is conceded that in the course of their fourteen-year palship "Hotch," as he is called, did see Mr. Hemingway — on more than one occasion. There is a possibility that they did, as alleged, print a card announcing their incorporation: "Hemhotch, Ltd." But, witness this book, the partnership was more limited than Hemingway could have imagined. Its junior member ran off with the treasury: a betrayal of confidence way the hell and gone beyond freelance cynicism. Further, and every bit as bad in a different way, the hunch is that a really ingenious and knowledgeable fake (who had never met him either) could have rifled Papa's countless letters —

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also many books, magazines, published interviews, and newspapers — and come up with a best-selling hotch-potch that would not differ radically from this one.

The reasons for suspecting this book of a certain amount of bluffing are four: first, both partners in Hemhotch are tellers of really tall tales. Then there is A. E.'s bemusing ignorance of some fundamental facts about Hemingway's life and work. Third, the book transparently contradicts itself in several places, and in such a fashion that the author simply cannot have it both ways. Last, and most important, there is a basis for speculating that some of the conversations that make up the better part of Hotchner's *Loot Song* never occurred.

Several reviewers have expressed deep misgivings about the taste and propriety of this book ("disgraceful," "shameless," "contemptible"). But no one seems to have called any substantial part of it into question, though little more than common sense is required to question Hotchner rather early in the game, and to doubt as well that Papa was much concerned to tell him the truth. Almost at the start Hemingway appears to have discovered that his fawn would relish almost anything. And so he fed it tidbits in generous variety as long as he was having fun. Thus it is that we learn Hemingway could talk so eloquently to bears and a gorilla

as to practically unhinge them; that Legs Diamond's gorgeous mistress gave him \$300 for servicing her twice at "21" (once in the kitchen, again on the stair landing); that he lost his virility with his second wife and magically regained it with a prayer, promptly converting to Catholicism; and so forth. After deducing that his subject's account of a bout with Mata Hari would have had to take place after her execution, Hotchner says, "I was always on the lookout" for this sort of fiction. But if he was, he never let Papa know it, or the reader in on it.

Hotchner lets Hemingway tell him a real funny story involving the shyness of Max Perkins, which led that editor to put down on his calendar a four-letter word from *A Farewell to Arms* that he didn't want to speak but which had to be deleted from the manuscript. If Hotchner knew as much about that novel as any careful reader, he'd know as well that this graybeard of an anecdote cannot possibly be attached to that book for the simple reason that its manuscript contained *several* words that had in those days to be cut, including a much tougher and more offensive one. Similarly, if our portrait artist were even reasonably informed on his subject, he would not have provided us with a learned footnote to the effect that the unfavorable reception of *Across the River and Into the Trees* constituted "the first setback Ernest had received since the publication of his first book." And if he knew as much about Hemingway's life as can be found in the crudest of paperback biographies, he would not have presented Ernest pounding a punching bag in a music room added on to his ancestral home in Oak Park — a room which is supposed to have been built on an inheritance from a father who did not die until a decade after these workouts are supposed to have occurred.

Somewhat less trivial are the palpable contradictions within Hotchner's own covers. Sometimes it is Hemingway who, according to the story, is allowed to contradict himself. Thus, for instance, Papa tells him that all his books started as short stories; "I never sat down to write a novel." This is simply untrue, and not many pages later A. E. has Ernest describing how he very deliberately and "finally got around to doing my war novel," only to bring him back a few chapters later with "I've never yet set out to write a novel — it's always a short story that moves into being a novel." The discrepancy is not particularly important, but the silence of the biographer at such moments is worth thinking about.

Not long ago an English novelist got into a bad storm flying here from London, while the only draft of a new book huddled against the weather in his luggage. It occurred to him that if the plane

crashed he would be dead, and his wife and children abandoned to an expensive world, but all he could worry about was his bloody manuscript. This is a common affliction, and it is well known that Hemingway had a bad case. "Ernest always treated the pages of a manuscript-in-progress as Crown Jewels," writes Hotchner, and once he has him go to a Havana bank to get one out of the vault. Yet it does not bother Hotch to present a vivid account of Papa in his fishing boat, the *Pilar*, trotting out the manuscript of *Across the River and Into the Trees* for A. E.'s inspection — and this on a day so stormy they had to give up and go ashore. Or stop him from two far more incredible stories about the same manuscript, "hand-written and Ernest's only copies." One of these recounts how Hotchner most unaccountably managed to leave the last three chapters of the same book on the Simplon-Orient Express. Then he tells how when he got to the rail yards in search of his loss he found the right car, and how although it had already been cleaned everyone had overlooked a "nine-by-twelve manila envelope" in plain view on the wall of his compartment, "lodged in the frame" of one of those tourist scenes that decorate such accommodations. Consider if nothing else the dimensions, including the thickness, of such an envelope stuck in such a crack, and it seems clear why "I never told Ernest. Or anyone else."

On one page an incompetent driver and Hotchner are en route by car to Milan, with Hemingway as a truly expert "full-time navigator" (with an "excellent sense of direction, and infinite patience . . . a post that he always relished"). On the next page they are all utterly lost — circling Milan "for an hour and a half" ("there was nothing to do but circle and hope for the best"). But as a rule, that is *not* Hotchner's method. Late in the book he attacks a magazine that had "wormed its way into the [Mayo Clinic's] confidential records and had smeared its pages with the contents of the file on Ernest. . . . Where the facts were missing," they "filled the gaps with conjecture."

What fills most of the gaps in Hotchner's record are the materials out of which he has fashioned the conversations which may indeed make the book, as Mrs. Hemingway argued in court, more "by" than "about" her husband. They are said to be the product of notes Hotch secretly kept "during all the time I knew him," and of the tapes on which he recorded the boss. But as one of the participants in this drama has pointed out, "He couldn't possibly have been taking notes. Not even he could have, and gotten everything so wrong." As for the tapes, one need only listen to a widely marketed recording of some of them, called *Ernest Hemingway Reading*, to hear what *that* device (a toy, good for laughs) was worth as a biographical source.

In other words, it is awfully difficult to believe that Mr. Hotchner has accurately described the matter out of which his book was made, and just as hard to resist the notion that this *Personal Memoir* is less by than compiled by him.

This is partly because so much of *Papa Hemingway* is so completely familiar, at least to people who have been reading much of anything on the subject over the years. Thus for the umpteenth time, but now in "conversation," we learn what Ernest said to Gertrude Stein, read about the early rejection slips coming to his room over the Parisian sawmill (which Hotchner has somehow moved from Montparnasse to Montmartre), discover what he thought about William Faulkner's ten-dollar words and his own more common ones. Once more we get the story of how he was wounded in World War I, how he always waked at dawn and wrote, and under what conditions he stopped writing. Once again here is an account of how all his early manuscript was stolen from his first wife on a French train, and of why he took Scott Fitzgerald out of "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," putting "poor Julian" in his place. And so on, and on, and on. It is easy to sympathize with the reviewer who said, "If I have to read one more account of Hemingway's writing methods, I shall break my pencils."

Discovering the many origins of this well-worn stuff would in most cases involve more trouble than the project is worth. But one example concerning Marlene Dietrich is relatively simple to illustrate. Early in the book Ernest and A. E. are talking after dinner one evening at the *finca*, and Papa asks, "You know how we met, the Kraut and me?" What follows is an account of a time when Miss Dietrich would not sit at a table where she would make the thirteenth at supper; Ernest nimbly inserted himself as the fourteenth and saved the party. This anecdote resembles very remarkably one she herself wrote up in a piece on Papa called "The Most Fascinating Man I Know," which appeared in *This Week* magazine on February 13, 1955. Here is Hotchner in *Papa Hemingway*:

... when I got to know Marlene quite well, she told me: "I never ask Ernest for advice as such but he is always there to talk to, to get letters from, and in conversations and letters I find the things I can use for whatever problems I may have; he has often helped me without even knowing my problems. He says remarkable things that seem to automatically adjust to problems of all sizes."

Compare Marlene in *This Week*:

I never ask him for advice, as such, but he is always there to talk to, to get letters from, and in conversation and letters I find the things I can use for whatever problems I may have; in that way he has often helped me without even knowing my problems. He says re-

markable things that seem to automatically adjust to problems of all sizes.

That is only the first of nine paragraphs of this.

A second example involves a truly berserk conversation with another movie star:

A hospital. Madrid, 1954.

Ava Gardner. "You've never had an analyst?"

Papa. "Sure I have. Portable Corona number three. . . . I spend a hell of a lot of time killing animals and fish so I won't kill myself. When a man is in rebellion against death, as I am in rebellion against death, he gets pleasure out of taking to himself one of the godlike attributes, that of giving it."

Ava. "That's too deep for me, Papa."

The second sentence of this most improbable pontification was quoted by Earl Wilson, a Broadway columnist, some fifteen years ago. And the third is a Graceful Improvement of some lines Hemingway composed on himself for Georges Schreiber's *Portraits and Self-Portraits* in 1936: "since he was a young boy he has cared greatly for fishing and shooting. If he had not spent so much time on them . . . he might have written much more. On the other hand he might have shot himself." The last sentence of Papa's paragraph was obviously never spoken by anyone. But except for its second clause, Hotchner's helpful amendment, it was *written*, all right — for the first paragraph of Chapter Nineteen of *Death in the Afternoon*, which is a book, published in 1932, by Ernest Hemingway. It is copied more or less correctly: "when a man is still in rebellion against death he has pleasure in taking to himself one of the Godlike attributes; that of giving it."

Ernest is not the only person Hotchner quotes on Hemingway, present company not excepted. A single instance, involving Papa's little army and World War II, will suffice:

Hotchner, in *Papa Hemingway* (1966):

Robert Capa . . . once told me about Ernest's Irregulars. . . . The men had a hard time believing that Ernest was not a general, because he had a public relations officer, a lieutenant as an aide, a cook, a driver, a photographer and a special liquor ration.

As he works from a book of Capa's called *Slightly Out of Focus*, compare:

Young, in *Ernest Hemingway* (1952):

The French Irregulars who put themselves under Hemingway's wing . . . had a hard time comprehending the fact that the reporter was not a general. . . . He had a lieutenant as an "aide," and "personal relations officer," and was assigned a cook, a driver, a photographer and a special liquor ration.

This *Personal Memoir* resounds with Remarks That Probably Never Got Made, and one of the most

reverberant of them is something Ernest told A. E. over a drink in Madrid:

All good books have one thing in common — they are truer than if they had really happened, and after you've read one of them you will feel that all that happened, happened to you and then it all belongs to you forever; the happiness and unhappiness, good and evil, ecstasy and sorrow, the food, wine, beds, people and the weather. If you can give that to readers, then you're a writer.

This rendition leaves something to be desired, but the Hemingway section of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* (page 983, column b) has got it right:

All good books are alike in that they are truer than if they had really happened and after you have finished reading one you will feel that all that happened to you and afterwards it all belongs to you; the good and the bad, the ecstasy, the remorse and sorrow, the people and the places and how the weather was. If you can get so that you can give that to people, then you are a writer.

In a somewhat similar way it is surprising to discover that a line of Gary Cooper's that had a lot of currency at the time of Hemingway's death ("I bet [Ernest] that I will beat him out to the barn") was spoken to none other than A. E. Hotchner — when Mrs. Cooper "left us alone" in her husband's sickroom. And if we can stand one more surprise of this sort, examine what Papa, in the Alps in 1954, said to A. E. about that scandalous *New Yorker* profile of him by Lillian Ross:

After you finish a book, you're wiped out. . . . But all she saw was the irresponsibility that comes after the terrible responsibility of writing.

Then consider Lillian herself in that same profile; published some four years earlier:

Hemingway turned to me. "After you finish a book, you know, you're dead. . . . But . . . all they see is the irresponsibility that comes in after the terrible responsibility of writing."

Despite the reviewers, then, Hotchner's vaunted "ear" and his admirable "self-effacement" are not impressive. When his ear is not hearing what was written down in formal prose, Hemingway's monologues come out more or less effectively. Indeed, his ear hears capital letters, which is not easy. (Listen to Hemingway *talking*: "in comes Mike, his left hand swollen like the Pride of Your Garden if you were growing squash"; "life at the *finca* got a little rough just before we left for the Dark Continent"; an Italian, "attached to an American naval unit in Norfolk, Virginia . . . has fallen in love with The Hamburger," and so on.) As for Hotchner's having effaced himself to the point of invisibility, even when, as in the case of contradiction, repetition, or whatever, his presence is

stridently called for: is it possible that he just wasn't there? And as for the captured paragraphs of monologue: how hard is it to get them right if in another country all you have to do is open the mail, write "Ernest said to me," put the quotation marks where they should go, and correct the spelling as you copy? It would be hard for anyone who has read a few Hemingway letters — and quite a few are in print — to ignore their resemblance to what this memoir prints as man-to-man talk. At one point while they are supposed to be together in Cuba (and not on the telephone) Papa tells Hotch, most convincingly: "maybe it's something you could handle. You're in New York. . . ."

Hemingway wrote thousands of letters, and Hotchner, who admittedly was not around the greater part of the time, must have been the recipient of quite a number. Why then are we told directly almost nothing about what was in them? Could it be that he wants not just Papa's sentiments but his words? And knows he cannot have them if they came through the post? He "owns" those letters, all right; may sell or burn them with impunity. But print them openly he cannot.

AMONG the reviewers, whose hats, by and large, are in the air, there are a few who have strong reservations, but only two, John Kenneth Galbraith and John Thompson, have admitted to a reasonable doubt. Mrs. Hemingway has found enough factual errors to make up a small book, but John Mason Brown, a typical enthusiast, lauds particularly A. E.'s "seismographic accuracy" and "phenomenal memory." Even as Hotchner relates, a biographical piece by an actual friend (Malcolm Cowley), which lit up its subject like the Lincoln Memorial, made Hemingway "Truly sick!" Yet Brown thinks "Papa himself . . . would have approved of" this book. Orville Prescott is equally perceptive: Hotchner "deserves to be compared to Boswell."

As if this were not enough, our biographer has the courts behind him. When Mrs. Hemingway tried to stop publication of Hotchner's book, her case was rejected *in toto* by State Supreme Court Justice Harry B. Frank. When she appealed his decision, he was unanimously upheld.

It appears that the judge's rejection of Mrs. Hemingway's case was based on three arguments. First, he ruled that conversations are not protected by common-law copyright. Second, he criticized her failure to realize that "random and disconnected oral conversations are given some semblance of form only by virtue of their arrangement in the context of literary creation." Last, he objected to her legal silence during the three years that Hotchner was writing his book; when she did file suit it

was so late that to stop the thing would have put a "disproportionate economic burden" on author and publisher.

Now, it is clear that critics are not judges. But judges are not critics, either, or any sort of Hemingway men. It would be interesting, then, to learn why it is the judge assumes Mrs. Hemingway knew about this book through three years of silence, and downright fascinating to know how he would go about proving it. (Far easier to believe her simple statement to the effect that "At no time did Ernest or I have any idea that Mr. Hotchner was taking notes, or had any intention of writing a book until last June [1965].") To think that she sat around for a couple of years waiting to do something about it is to suppose that she is an impractical, unintelligent woman, heedless of her husband's reputation or the condition of his estate. Evidence to this effect is not immediately available.

Ernest once complained to Hotch, "I've always had that problem — other writers pinching my stuff." What he did not realize is that he was talking to the future record-holder, coming on fast. In other words, how is Justice Frank so sure that the ingredients of each "conversation" were, before the unleashing of Hotchner's creative force, "a disoriented conglomeration of unconnected expressions"? How would he go about establishing that? What if the famous notes *were* actually letters, and the tape was Scotch? And if all the burden of proof is on Mary, are we talking about justice or law?

Apparently there has been no place for testimony in this case. Too bad; it might have been worth watching if Hemingway's "young Sun Valley doctor, whom I shall call Vernon Lord," should be called up and asked why his real name (which has appeared in print innumerable times, especially since Hemingway was registered under it at the Mayo Clinic) was not used. Hotchner has already answered that one: "to protect" the doctor. From what? He comes out looking very well. "Vernon Lord" is now in Vietnam, but as for another prominent pseudonymous character, "a young Glasgow girl I'll call Honor Johns," the fact that Hotchner is trying to protect himself seems obvious. And perhaps wisely, since this spirited young lady, who is not impossible to identify, states that she "can

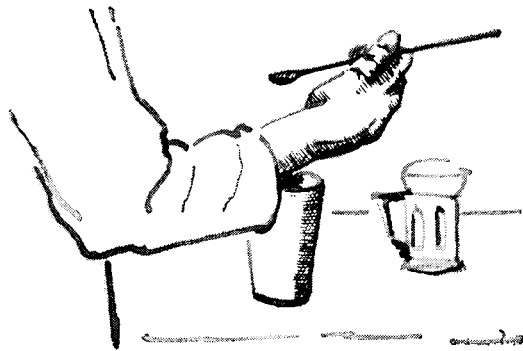
truthfully say that there is not a single statement having to do with me in the book that is really accurate."

The writer Harvey Breit argues most convincingly that the truth of the one scene involving him is "exactly reversed," so that Hotchner comes out the Only One Who Knows and Cares. Major General C. T. Lanham, possibly Hemingway's truest friend through the Hemhotch era and the recipient of more than three hundred letters from him (many of them of extraordinary length), writes that he is "saddened" and "enraged" at this "parody": "The Hotchner Hemingway is simply not the Ernest Hemingway I knew and loved." Lillian Ross points out that despite A. E.'s alleged success at getting Papa to denigrate her profile, she has some sixty letters from him that were written after publication of her "attack," and all of them friendly. "The American writer-photographer Peter Buckley," who shared a room with Hotch during the crowded *Zaragoza feria*, has found so much wrong with that section of the book that he has no faith in it as a whole: "I was with him 24 hours a day. *Notes?* He never took a goddam *note*. Not unless when I was asleep."

Once at Carcassonne Hemingway says to Hotch, "Most of the wall and the towers of the city are faked, but the restoration is so wonderful, who gives a damn?" Doubtless some readers feel this way about *Papa Hemingway*. A few others, however, are known to give a very good damn. This portrait reveals only such sides of Hemingway as Hotchner was capable of seeing. It shows the half of the man that wrote none of his best stuff: what is permanent in Hemingway came out of depths and strengths a patient errand boy never glimpsed.

If in the guise of "sound and true friend" you are going to invade a man's privacy, then you have an absolute obligation to get and keep things as scrupulously straight and aboveboard as is humanly possible. The real failure of this book is not, in the end, either legal or factual, although along the way it may be both. Ultimately the failure is moral, and it is stupendous. There are quite a few people who would like to be around come that early morn when it dawns on Mr. Hotchner that he is going to have to live with this book for the rest of his days, and not just on it.

A SPOONFUL OF NOTHING



by Sam Toperoff

How to create a boom in Lucky Mints and a cult in malted milks is here described by Sam Toperoff of New York, a teacher of English, a poet of considerable originality, and a prose writer whose first short story the ATLANTIC is proud to publish.

THE first store I remember at all clearly — I must have been about nine or ten — was a large store on a windy corner in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn. In this neighborhood only Scandinavians moved freely through the streets, so I had to run home from school every day to avoid a beating.

"Stand and fight just once," my father urged.

"But there ain't one. There's a whole bunch."

"Then grab a rock and say you'll throw it at the first one who comes close to you. A big smooth one that you can throw straight. Then they'll leave you alone all right." His advice seemed a bit extreme, and his logic was not irrefutable.

"What if I miss?"

"Then you've got to stand and fight. They'll respect you for it."

"What if I hit one of them with it and kill him or something?"

"You won't," he reasoned.

This strategy was formulated on a Friday evening; I decided to take my stand against the forces of oppression and bigotry the following Monday after school. I'd try the entire gambit: threat, rock, fight.

Just before noon on Saturday — I was coming back from a long, solitary practice dash through the park (just in case) — I saw a crowd, a mob, in front of my father's store. I tried to push through

a couple of times, but I couldn't. Finally, on the curb and from between a man's legs, I saw the heart of the matter — my little bald-headed father and strapping Mr. Hjelmann, the father of my chief after-school tormentor. Twenty or thirty big blond men surrounded the two, and none were *simpático* with my father. Hjelmann was holding a splintered hockey stick over my father's head and was making an appeal for retribution to the crowd, and, it seemed, to Odin as well.

"My Kurt, he don't lie. You all know that," he said, in that ingratiating sliding musical scale Swedes use when they speak English. "He bought this stick just yesterday, and the very first time he uses it, it splits. Hah! It must have been split when he bought it. Now I want a new, a good one — or the money." This last was an ultimatum.

"There was nothing wrong with that stick; I swear it," my father pleaded. "When he bought it, I told him to check it over carefully because I knew it was a breakable item. As a matter of fact, I checked it over very carefully myself. Very carefully. Nothing wrong with that stick when I sold it." The crowd muttered its disbelief.

Hjelmann would have none of it: "And I say it was split!"

"You can shout all you want; there was nothing

wrong with that stick when I sold it. I'd stake my reputation on it." He turned to go back into the store, but Hjelmman grabbed his shirt and spun him around. He began to swing the stick at my father's head, and my father threw up a protective arm and sank, cringing, down to one knee. But the blow never came; Hjelmman's feint had meant only to embarrass, and it succeeded. The crowd started to chuckle, and Hjelmman obviously enjoyed being top banana: he held my father's shirt at the shoulder and faked three or four more blows; each brought a cringing response from my humiliated father. I tried to hide my face to keep him from seeing me watching.

"Cheap kike," Hjelmman said, finally dealing with real issues; "I want that money from you." He tried to mimic a Yiddish dialect. Somehow it sounded strained and foolish, an insult turned back on the insulter.

"Cheap Yoo," the chorus echoed.

My father twisted away and his shirt tore, and Hjelmman stood with a handful of blue cloth. The "Cheap Yoo" was indeed paying. His face was red, and his eyes were covered by a moist film, and the muscles in his jaw twitched as he moved toward the store, but none in the crowd of large men would let him out of their circle. Hjelmman was quickly on him again; he grabbed the strings of his apron and undid the bow: "Not so fast. I'm not done with you yet, you cheap ki —"

The punch my father threw was so crisp and clean that I'll remember it always. As Hjelmman was spinning him by his apron strings, my father brought a short, clean right hand up to the Big Swede's solar plexus, and Hjelmman fell pathetically. The crowd went silent. The man standing over me whispered to a friend, "Ah, did you see the little Yoo? Some punch." Peculiar things happen to a man who is hit perfectly and with force in the solar plexus, the most debilitating of which is that he cannot regain his breath for the longest time. He becomes a farcical battler because although he may want to get up and retaliate, he simply cannot; he sucks air and gasps pitifully.

"Get up Hjelmman, for Christ's sake," some of the men hollered. My father took a fighting position over the stricken Hjelmman; his anger and the loosened apron hanging off him foolishly made him look particularly ferocious. Hjelmman, at first, couldn't get up; after a while, he wouldn't get up. Finally his little wife came to get him, and the crowd began to disperse. As they left, some murmured a grudging paean: "Did you see it, how fast?" "Some Yoo!"

Although it was warming to know that my progenitor had a quick right hand, the fact didn't really save me from trouble: as a matter of fact, a good many more boys wanted to see if the son of

the fastest "Yoo-ish" right hand in Bay Ridge had commensurate speed. He didn't. But he survived.

THERE was no reason to doubt my father. I knew Kurt Hjelmman lied. But the Lucky Mints episode unsettled my obedient confidence in my father's integrity.

He always had an eye out for attention getters — "something to attract the kids" — so when the salesman from the candy wholesaler said, "Listen, they're starting to move all over the city. Try a box, and if they don't move, I'll take back what you got left, and I won't charge you for what you can't move," he was sold. When the chocolate-covered mints arrived, they were prominently displayed in the penny-candy case. My father had inserted in the back of the box an unlined three-by-five card on which he had printed artistically in red and black crayon:

LUCKY MINTS
1¢

The mints arrived on a Saturday evening, and it wasn't until 12:30 Monday afternoon that the first mint was sold. During the school lunch break, about thirty grammar school kids usually swept into the store. Most bought penny candy, some stole comic books. From about 12:10 on, all hands (my mother, my sister, and I) had to be at duty stations and ready for action. This meant that I had to be one of the first kids out of school, run home, wolf down my tuna fish sandwich and chocolate milk shake, and assume my post at the magazine rack before the other kids arrived.

My father distributed the penny candy, a critical, nerve-wracking station: "Gimme some belly buttons — some shoe leather — and a hooten with nuts — hey, what's those Lucky Mints?"

"If you pick a red mint, you get two pieces of penny candy free," my father explained maybe a hundred times that first day. He sold a few mints, but no winners.

The mints were rectangular with the corners rounded off, about an inch long and half an inch high. The chocolate which covered the filler was dark and bitter. The white filler was the consistency of halvah and tasted like Ipana; the red filler, though rare, was inferior.

Tuesday there was a crowd of about seven kids around the candy case ordering away, revoking, re-ordering, re-revoking. A little girl with a pronounced lisp asked for a mint. "Which one? Point to it," demanded my father, out of patience. She didn't even know that she was a contestant. She

pointed. "Bite it," the boys urged. It was red. "You won!" "Hey, Frances won." "Hey mister, she won."

"You get two free pieces of penny candy, Frances," my father said reluctantly, and the Lucky Mints boom was on.

"Give me that one!"

"I want that one!"

"I was first."

"That one!"

"I want that one in the corner. No, the other corner!"

Half a box was gone before 1 P.M. There were two winners in addition to Frances. By evening all the mints in the box were sold, so my father got on the pay phone and ordered four more boxes, but they couldn't be delivered before Saturday morning. He repeated ten times an hour, from 8 A.M. till 7 P.M., all that week, for his tiny clientele, "More mints Saturday morning — more mints Saturday morning." On Saturday two boxes of mints arrived in the evening. Since the kids had no school and had attacked the store relentlessly from 7 A.M. on, this day must rank as one of my father's very toughest. But at least the mints were here. More were wanted — indeed, needed — but at least some were here.

The week's secession from combat had given the two camps a chance to regroup and make new demands. The kids demanded the right to pick out their mints. My father acceded to their terms provided that the mint they touched first was the mint they purchased. He, probably because the supply was limited, decided that each mint would now cost three cents and that the prize would be a piece of nickel candy. The increase forced a few buyers right out of the market; most got a stake somehow.

The mints were placed on the end of the soda fountain: each tiny customer stepped up on the footrest of the last stool, slapped three clammy pennies on the wet marble, and carefully looked the mints over for some unique characteristic. The main problem that the croupier had was to give each player a chance to study but not a period so long that those waiting to play became restless and offensive. The average scrutiny was about thirty seconds, ample time to conjure up a red mint, even for a kid. The contemplation never passed in silence. The deliberate players seemed to fare a bit better; all but one winner that day studied the terrain very carefully. And if the deliberation in choosing a Lucky Mint tended to be overly long, you should have timed the choice of a prize! The nickel candy case had become my new responsibility — the Lucky Mints had made stealing comic books passé.

All the mints were eaten, so the customer was

getting something tangible for his mother's money — not nourishing, but at least tangible. My father, as commissioner of the "Game," made further rules changes: a winner could not take his prize in more mints — some had tried. This rule ensured that no single three-cent purchase could break the bank. A new layer of mints, he declared, could not be started until there were fewer than five mints on the layer then in action; and a new layer could be begun only at an active player's request.

The school kids began to appear at unusual times — at 10 A.M. on a weekday, for example. A particularly compulsive type might ask permission of the teacher to go to the bathroom; he'd pick up the large wooden pass, run down the stairs, check the street from behind the heavy oak door, and scamper the two and a half blocks to the casino. A leisurely purchase then would eliminate the pressure and noise that militate against a truly personal preference. Choosing at unhurried times, this type felt, minimized the "house" odds.

The demand for mints was constant; searching, hopeful eyes hovered continually above the enigmatic mints. In order to meet this overwhelming demand, my father began making trips to the Manhattan wholesaler, pleading in person for an extra box or two.

RED MIDTBOW was a red-haired, red-faced butcher of about thirty-five. He worked two stores away and was the first adult to try to pick a Lucky Mint. Red and my father were natural antagonists. My father mistrusted Finns; and Red, a Finn, taunted him continually about the Finnish bravery in facing down the Russians in 1939. Each man respected the other, but the taunting never ceased.

My father had just served Red a large cherry Coke to wash down the ham sandwich he always brought in with him, when the early school kids arrived and demanded that my father start the action. The box of mints was always taken off the fountain when not in use. The childish excitement attracted Red. When the rules were explained, he reached into his apron for some pennies. "I'll try once," he announced. The kids made a path. Red slapped down three cents. Looked the field over. Chose. Bit off a small piece. White. A loser. Three more pennies. A choice. A small bite. White. Five picks, five white mints, five losers. He handed the nibbled mints out to the kids, an act of generosity which made him a very popular loser.

My father taunted: "It's not as easy as it looks, is it? It takes a knack you just ain't got. There's a little kid in here yesterday; he picked three for four. Right?"

"Joey it was," a kid reinforced my father.

"I'll try once more; I must have some more pennies here," said Red. But he didn't have any more, so he put a quarter on the counter.

My father had the two dimes and two pennies on the counter even before Red could be sure it was actually a quarter. Red scowled over the mints. His blue eyes moved from mint to mint registering "definitely not," "too light," "I'll come back to this one," "looks almost too good." His thirty seconds were expended on the first row. "You can't take all day — that's the rules," my father taunted. The group of kids, which by now was quite large, observed the confrontation between "house" and "plunger" with reverence and awe. Slowly Red examined. He refused to be hurried. "Look, I'll give you your money back," bluffed my father. "These kids want to pick. They've got to get back to school."

"How's come we don't get to see the bottoms?" asked Red slowly, head down, eyes upraised.

"Because this is how they come in the box," answered my father, sensing trouble. Was the Finn trying to hedge?

"We should be entitled to see the whole damned mint for our money. You can't tell anything from the tops. Isn't that right?" He was making a blatant emotional appeal to the kids, and losers besides.

"The man's right. We should get to see the whole mint for our money." This was the consensus of the twelve or fifteen urchins backing Red. What could my father do? To refuse to comply might mean insurrection or, worse, rumors that he had been running a crooked box of mints. "Turn 'em all over," Red said.

My father turned all the mints over, and to the great dismay of the insurgents, all he had revealed were the very ordinary bottoms of some forty very ordinary mints. He had been worried that perhaps the bottoms were marked, but now that even the bottoms were identical, he was positively chipper. "OK, OK, you've bothered me long enough and kept these kids waiting too long. Pick!" Now it was my father's turn to play to the crowd, and the fickle crowd responded. "Yeah, mister, hurry up. Don't take all day. We want to play too. We'll be late for school."

Red was in a bind. He picked quickly. Bit. A winner! A red mint! A winner! He was ecstatic. "You get a free nickel candy. Who's next?" My father was stunned; he spoke mechanically.

"OK, later," said Red. "I want to try again." Long deliberation. A choice. Another winner. "You see, it's all in the bottom of the mints," he announced.

"All right, you win another candy bar. Who's next?" My father was whipped. Red passed out

the two winning mints, grabbed a Baby Ruth and a box of Black Crows from my nickel counter, and left. The kids admired the two winning mints long after Red left. My father began to study the bottoms of the mints as intently as the kids. He could discern no distinguishing characteristics. There were none.

Red Midtbow re-enacted his success daily. Never did he select more than five mints after that first day, and never did he get fewer than two winners. One Friday he had four out of five. And after each success he'd announce that the secret was in the bottoms. During quiet moments, my father and I scrutinized the bottoms and picked likely prospects, but rarely did we pick a winner, and we certainly didn't work out a pattern of success like Red's. Red's success, which mocked the laws of probability, suggested to my father that Red "knew something." A decision was made, and "house" machinery moved swiftly into action.

My father ordered me to take a reserve box of Lucky Mints back to the kitchen and there to empty carefully the contents on the table. After I'd done his bidding, he appeared with a very thin, very long needle. With this instrument he pricked, with surgical care, the thin layer of dark chocolate on top of the mint, twisted the needle ever so slightly until the smallest hole was discernible, and examined the hole carefully under a bright table lamp which he had plugged in. "See, you can see it's white." He smoothed over the rupture with his fingernail and then with his thumb, the heat from the lamp helping to blend the chocolate.

"Do this with all the mints in the box. Put the red ones over here." He was out to get Red this time, I thought. "Call me when you're finished." There were three hundred mints in the box, and about twenty of them turned out to be red. He came at my call and inspected my work. As I expected, he improved my repairs in about a dozen instances. "Now put them back, but just two red ones in each layer. *Don't put any in the top layer.* I want only ten in the box, but none on the top. You can have what's left over." I wasn't elated.

When Red arrived, the box of rigged mints was ready; only a few mints were gone from the top layer. Red's style of play had changed. He'd stand off to the side and examine the mints as others were playing. Between players, he'd quickly plunk down three cents and grab, in most cases, a winner. On the day of the big fix, Red watched, but chose not.

"What's the matter, Red? System not working?" taunted my father.

"Don't see anything I like," was Red's blasé answer.

Red's decision not to play convinced my father that Red could, indeed, spot a winner when he saw

one. Red's knack had left the combatants unequal; whatever Red knew, if anything, could even overcome my father's attempt at control. Red didn't have to play. He leaned over the fountain, holding up his head with one ham-hand, drumming on the marble with the stubby fingers of the other. He simply did not choose to choose, and my father's sidelong glances could not stimulate him.

Was he waiting until the top layer was gone? Would he then quickly pick the two winners remaining in the next layer? My father, it was obvious, was thinking the worst. His forehead was knotted, his eyebrows arched, his upper lip sweated.

Suddenly, before the top layer had been consumed, Red slapped three pennies on the fountain. My father relaxed and smiled as wryly as he could (the wry smile was not in his repertoire). "Are you sure you want to play now?" He couldn't resist one last taunt.

"Y-e-s-s. I think I see something I like."

"Y' sure now?"

"Yup."

Before all, Red picked a corner mint from the top layer. Before all, he held it up to his mouth and bit off half the mint. Red. A winner. The crowd whispered its admiration.

My father was struck dumb. He slowly scooped up the pennies. "He wins a nickel candy," he said metallically.

"That's all that looks good this time," said Red with a wink to the crowd, but intended for my father.

As Red was choosing his nickel candy, my father, who had come slowly to his senses, glared a threat in my direction that made the Black Crows head south.

NOR did my father reform when we moved from the cynicism of Brooklyn to the lush innocence of Queens. Regeneration and a return to the soil were the reasons given for the move, but the degeneration of my father continued apace.

In the early forties the distinction between a milk shake and a malted was not widely appreciated. When a customer asked my father for a chocolate milk shake, he'd invariably rejoin, "Now you're sure you don't want a malted?"

"What's the difference?"

"What's the difference? Hah! In a malted you get Horlicks Malted Milk Powder — but it's a nickel more!" With most customers the "nickel more" clinched the sale.

Then my father would move swiftly into action, buoyed by the fact that few Queens entrepreneurs were in his class as salesmen — certainly not Frankel down on the next corner. Into the metal

malted container went two virile squirts of chocolate syrup; then the milk, with ice forming always in the bottle neck ("I keep the coldest milk in this city!"); a large scoop of chocolate ice cream; then off with the top of the Horlicks canister. Inside the canister, buried in the health-giving powder, lived a long-stemmed, bent, silver-green spoon which in better days had served exclusively in ice cream sodas. My father would load the spoon with the powder, tap it gently against the inside of the canister, and hold it up to eye level to assure himself and his patient that the spoonful was indeed level. Spoon back, canister top replaced snugly, container on malted machine, and in about a minute and a half the marvelous result was an extremely cold, unusually rich, unusually malty, chocolate malted. My father, with the help of Horlicks, transformed the drinking habits of hundreds.

But the Horlicks powder couldn't hold out forever. For some reason, it escapes me now, after the powder in the canister was exhausted (it took about six months), my father bought a small jar of the stuff and simply left the jar open inside the old canister. The canister was majestic, and even I could see that the jar was not a proper replacement. But it isn't until this moment that it occurs to me to question why the powder in the jar was not simply emptied into the Horlicks canister. Anyway, the malted process was slightly changed. Everything was as I've described it, *but* the malted powder was no longer a level spoonful; in fact, only the tip of the spoon was covered with malt powder. No longer was the bent spoon raised to eye level; the spoon was barely out of the canister when it was quickly thrust back and the top of the canister clapped on. The result now was an extremely cold, somewhat malty, chocolate malted.

My father's malted customers were a breed unto themselves. They were thriving. But, as is inevitable with candy-store elixirs, the jar of Horlicks powder in the empty canister gave out. That jar lasted twice as long as the original canister, but it was replaced, I am almost ashamed to admit, with nothing at all. Procedural complications in the making of a malted (still five cents more than a milk shake) arose.

The empty jar remained in the empty canister. When what was essentially a milk shake was ready to become a malted, my father would take the top off the Horlicks canister, and with a dramatic, digging-scooping motion of his right arm and the entire right side of his body, he seemed to be tapping the mother lode. There was not a trace of powder in either canister, jar, or on the spoon. He quickly dashed the spoonful of nothing into the malted container, hitting the spoon loudly against the side in order to shake off every last health-giving grain.

Spoon replaced. Container on machine. Minute and a half. The result? A cold, chocolate "malted." What else?

The process, the deception, continued for years. The war ended. I grew larger (I was thirteen) and had to serve my soda-fountain apprenticeship. The malted-milk cult dominated the fountain. I can only recall one regular milk-shake drinker — he hated FDR. I, too, in my time learned to fake "malted." I could fake a pretty damned good "malted," I thought. But if my father was near the fountain when I was faking a "malted," he could not resist coming over, taking my "malted" off the overworked machine, and giving his customers a bonus by adding half a spoonful more of nothing from the Horlicks canister. This conditioned reflex met always with the silent approval of his "malted" cult.

Sometimes his bogus malteds traveled. (They didn't travel very well, however.) He would get

an occasional call for a chocolate malted "to go" to the beauty parlor across the street, next to the draft board. I usually carried the "malted" in its metal container covered with a paper napkin. I hated the smell of the damned place. I'd take a deep breath of air before I went in and try to hold it until I was safely back outside. I could barely stand it while the fat, smelly women slowly poured the "malted" into small glasses, fished around for the money, and finally turned me loose.

I was going out to play ball one day when my father told me to take a "malted" over to the beauty parlor. The store was empty; I sat at the fountain thumbing through a comic book. Alone in the store with a disinterested thirteen-year-old kid — his own son! — my old man squirted the syrup, added the milk and ice cream, took the top off the Horlicks Malted Milk Powder canister, and noisily put a spoonful of nothing into the chocolate milk shake, and —

EASY

by STEVIE SMITH

Easy in their ugly skins
Claudius and Gertrude were,
They liked as well as loving each other,
They were a humdrum pair.

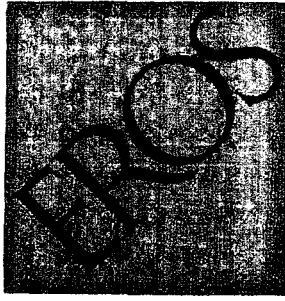
Hamlet could dimly perceive
They were not entirely of his times,
Their witless freedom of the ages
Irritated him sometimes.

He, a man of two times — *his* Yesterday,
His Today — could not stretch
To their timelessness,
He was too much on edge.

Banausic, he called them, banausic,
A villainous banausic couple;
He turned to blow on his love for his father
And found it rubble.

Mouthing at yesterday's ghostly manifestation
A sentence or two from Wittenberg, likely at least
To put a ghost in its place,
He discovered no satisfaction
And no sense.

Sadly his heart heaved; where was there a shield for him
Against banausic couples in their ugly skin
Easy, easy. There was never any ease for him.



THE OBSCENITY BUSINESS

by Jason Epstein

The tortuous, not altogether articulate attempt of the Supreme Court to deal with the growing traffic in obscenity and pornography must be examined in detail if its latest decision, scrutinizing the motives of authors, editors, publishers, and booksellers, is to be understood. Mr. Epstein, a vice president of Random House, takes on that exacting task in this article and demonstrates that the issue at stake is not only individual freedom but the responsibility with which we use that freedom.

IN THE darker corners of our American cities, there has recently sprung up a trade in pornography, literary as well as pictorial, of which the merchants of Hamburg and Yokohama might well be envious, and privately, or perhaps not so privately, there are those who find this not such a bad thing; no worse, at any rate, than some other branches of American commerce, and in its ingenuous appeal to an undoubted human need perhaps even preferable to those more subtle or devious demands on our sensibilities on behalf of this or that automobile or brand of cigarettes. In any case, we are assaulted each day by the news of what horrors we commit in the name of social responsibility and for the sake of economic growth, of our casual murders along the highways, of the consuming death with which we threaten the world, foretastes of which we and the other civilized nations have delivered already; and we are bound to wonder how, in the face of all this, mere sexuality, even in its most contorted versions, can still seem such an embarrassment or danger to us all.

The question, of course, is not new. It was, after all, in the generation of our grandfathers that Freud explained the terrible power that resides within our sexuality and how we must subdue and sacrifice this power in order to live in civilized

society; that in exchange for the sexuality which we thus suppress we are able to divert our energies and use them to build our families, our cities, and our cultures. But Freud also warned that this great sacrifice may be more than most of us can bear and that our private deformations, whether overt or expressed in fantasy, reflect the reluctance with which we imperfectly and grudgingly give this part of ourselves over to the world at large. Moreover, the notion has lately arisen, and by now become a commonplace, that not only may society ask too much of us, but, what is worse, it abuses what we give it; that by some process or other, society now transforms the energies which it takes from us and produces something quite different from the culture we had come to expect. Instead, we find ourselves trapped in a collective nightmare of choking cities, crashing cars, and exploding bombs, so that our civilization, on whose behalf we have individually sacrificed so much, finds its symbolic counterpart in a madhouse from which we now lack the power to escape.

Such, in any case, and in the briefest summary, is how much of modern literature looks upon the world and why its argument has so often been that we must recapture, if it is not too late, whatever parts of ourselves may still be salvaged from

the wreck of our culture. It is from this vision or attitude that certain modern writers have mounted their attack on our sexual taboos and the myths that support them, as well as on the laws through which these myths are expressed. It is, I suspect, from a corresponding if unstated attitude within society as a whole that much of our recent permissiveness toward pornography derives.

Similarly we find that along with the increasingly overt sexuality of much of our literature, our very lives — in private at least, if not yet in public — and especially the lives of the young, in their dress and their dancing and in their increasingly violent rejection of established authority, reflect this new and sometimes desperate, often sadly self-conscious, probably doomed attempt to retrieve or withhold from society what it has for so long demanded as its price of admission.

From this perspective, the recent tendency of the Supreme Court in questions of obscenity, and especially its decision to lift the ban against *Fanny Hill*, call for more than merely our respect. Given the Court's position at the center of society, its decisions — so painfully rendered and as inarticulate, contradictory, and ambiguous as they often are — reflect what later ages may recognize as political genius of a specially courageous sort. Whether consciously or not, the Court seems to be agreeing, within the limits of its authority and comprehension, that mankind must have the second chance that our writers, from Blake and Lawrence to Freud and Norman O. Brown, have been demanding.

In such a summary as this I have inevitably simplified a most complex case, and no doubt from the point of view of Ralph Ginzburg, as he contemplates his immediate future, the distortions must seem horrendous. To him I owe, if not an apology, then at least an explanation. The fact is that his present difficulties, frightful and cruel as they are, might not have arisen had he sensed how very seriously the Court has come to regard literary sexuality and how very deeply, if also ambiguously, it has come to share with certain modern writers the obligation — which it may not recognize as such at all — to rid the question of sexuality of the mythologies, secular as well as sacred, by which it has for so long been haunted, distorted, and trivialized.

The Court decided the Ginzburg case, appropriately on the first day of spring, and as everyone knows, confirmed the barbaric five-year sentence imposed by Judge Body of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, the ribald implications of whose name hardly suggest the bleak piety with which he viewed Ginzburg's transgressions. Judge Body ruled that Ginzburg had used the mails to distribute obscene publications in violation of a federal statute,

and he based his verdict partly on an argument by the federal prosecutor that no matter how hard it might be to define obscenity in the light of recent Supreme Court decisions, Ginzburg had considerably simplified matters in his own case by admitting in advance, through his five million or so direct-mail circulars, that his goods were, as Justice Brennan was later to write in upholding Judge Body's verdict, "created, represented and sold solely as a claimed instrument of the sexual stimulation [they] would bring." In other words, Ginzburg had convicted himself long before his case had come to court. Whether his publications were intrinsically obscene or not, Ginzburg sold them as if they were and thus, according to the Supreme Court, left himself without a defense.

FOR Ginzburg and his lawyers, as indeed for many others who followed the case, this reading of the law came as a surprise and has since become a source of consternation, especially among publishers who feel themselves at a loss to understand the Court's position. From lawyers too there has been much criticism of the Court's decision, and Justice Black in his dissent argued that Ginzburg had been unfairly trapped by the unusual line of attack which the Court was pursuing. In his decision for the majority, however, Justice Brennan anticipated this objection by pointing out that "the trial transcript clearly reveals that at several points the Government announced its theory that made the mode of distribution relevant to the determination of obscenity and the trial court admitted evidence otherwise irrelevant toward that end."

The fact is that the Court, and especially the Chief Justice, seem to have had some such theory in mind for at least a decade. At any rate, it was in 1957 in a concurring opinion in the Roth decision, from which much of our legal theory of pornography now derives, that Chief Justice Warren suggested that the mode of distribution was in fact relevant to the question of obscenity, that it is not a book that is on trial, it is a person. Had Ginzburg and his lawyers heeded this warning — had they sensed that while the Court was in the process of abandoning the idea of intrinsic obscenity it would nevertheless substitute for it an evaluation of the publisher's motives — he would very likely not be in jail this summer.

Ginzburg was correct, of course, in assuming that the Court was hopelessly entangled in the complex problem of establishing a definition of obscenity which could be reconciled with the First Amendment and that it was thus forced to extricate itself by taking an increasingly liberal position,

whose outcome could only be the gradual abandonment of any attempt to define literary pornography. By the time Ginzburg put his circulars in the mail the Court seemed to have made it all but impossible to sustain a conviction in a literary obscenity case except perhaps where so-called hard-core pornography was concerned; and even here no one seemed to know what hard-core pornography, as opposed presumably to soft or peripheral pornography, was supposed to be. For a work to be considered obscene, the prosecution had to prove first that it was patently offensive, that it was without social value, and that to the average reader, applying the standards of the community, the work as a whole was addressed to the prurient interest of its readers. And, as the Court was to affirm in its decision on *Fanny Hill*, which was rendered on the same day as the Ginzburg decision, each of these criteria had to be met simultaneously.

A patently offensive work, which an average reader might feel was in fact addressed to prurient interest—which, as the Court has also made clear, is indescribably nastier than merely sexual interest—might still be protected under the First Amendment if it could be found to have the slightest redeeming social importance. As Justice Brennan wrote in reversing the judgment against *Fanny Hill*, a work, no matter how offensive, must be *utterly* (his italics) without redeeming social importance before it can be proscribed. In these circumstances, no wonder Ginzburg protested his innocence, for even Justice Brennan in upholding Judge Body's verdict specifically refused to grant the contention of the lower court that what Ginzburg published was, in itself, obscene. "The conviction," Justice Brennan wrote, "does not necessarily suppress the materials in question nor chill their proper distribution for a proper use."

In thus becoming the unhappy instrument by which the three criteria that the Court has established for the determination of obscenity are now amplified by or enclosed within a fourth, Ginzburg, it seems to me, is not, as he insists, a martyr to the cause of free expression so much as to the Court's anguished and complex efforts to preserve free expression while still suppressing those publishers who, in their zeal or greed or foolishness, might exploit this freedom excessively, if not clearly to the detriment of the body politic, at least to the embarrassment of the Court itself. In the Ginzburg and *Fanny Hill* decisions, the Court has said, in effect, that we are indeed free at last under the First and Fourteenth Amendments to express ourselves, in print at least, as we please, but we are warned that this is also a dangerous freedom and not to be used irresponsibly. Above all, we must not give the Court cause to regret its increasingly liberal stand.

The Court's present position was argued at length some five years earlier in an article published in the *Utah Law Review* for spring, 1961, written by Dean Lockhart of the University of Utah Law School and Robert C. McClure, professor of law at the University of Minnesota. In this article, which severely criticizes the Court's position on obscenity as of that time for its many obscurities and especially for its dependence upon a definition of pornography which no court could possibly establish, the authors proposed as an alternative "that censorship should not depend upon the intrinsic nature of the material independent of its audience and method of marketing. Instead it should depend upon the manner in which it is marketed and the primary audience to which it is sold." Presumably one of the aims of Lockhart and McClure was to amplify the argument which Chief Justice Warren had suggested in 1957. Thus, while *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is clearly not obscene in itself, it would become obscene according to these authors if it were sold, for example, to high school students for its sexual interest alone.

No doubt this article found its way to the Supreme Court (Justice Douglas refers to it in his dissenting opinion in Ginzburg), and it may even have provided the basis for Ginzburg's prosecution in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. From a somewhat paranoid perspective, one might even assume a degree of collusion between the Court and the federal prosecutor, if not for the purpose of trapping Ginzburg, then possibly in order to test the new hypothesis. At any rate, Lockhart and McClure clearly anticipated the present position of the majority of the Court, and their article supports the Court's current theory that while books themselves are protected under the Constitution, booksellers are not.

IF THE *Fanny Hill* decision finally disposes of the idea of intrinsic obscenity, the Ginzburg decision, with its roots in Justice Warren's position as elaborated by Lockhart and McClure, raises still other questions to which the Court so far has supplied no answers. It is, for example, only by the most whimsical logic that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* becomes obscene in one context while in another it is unobjectionable, or that Ginzburg's publications become obscene because Ginzburg publishes them, while if a more respectable or circumspect merchant sells them, they remain pure.

Conversely, would the Book of Job, under the present ruling, become obscene if it were sold for its sadomasochistic interest alone? Could the Court legitimately punish a bookseller for exploiting this aspect of such an ordinarily innocent work? Or

will the *Autobiography of a Flea* become a legitimate publication if only the Harvard University Press brings it out? As absurd as it may appear, this is approximately how the Court seems to have left matters.

It is as if the Court had now asked us to return to the standards of the last century when pornography was allowed to circulate more or less freely among upper-class males in the privacy of their clubs or studies but was forbidden to women, children, servants, and the working class generally, who were presumed not to be sexual beings at all. The question now is whether, in having restricted pornography to a privileged class of presumably mature and therefore immune readers, the Court has in fact simplified matters for itself — as well as for writers, publishers, librarians, and booksellers — or whether it has merely translated the problem into another language as obscure and dangerous as the first.

In the Ginzburg decision, at any rate, one senses far beneath the legal surface of the case an argument which appears to stem, however remotely, from something like class bias. In its choice of such prejudicial epithets as “pandering” and “the leer of the sensualist” to describe Ginzburg’s activities, the Court seems to be saying that Ginzburg’s crime was no more than a function of his personality or character: that he was a vulgarian, and that therefore he had no right to trade in a market whose delicate and dangerous products must be limited only to gentlemen and scholars. Such an *ad hominem* judgment can hardly have been what the Court intended, no matter how the obscurity and occasional passion of Justice Brennan’s language may seem to support such an interpretation.

From the point of view of serious literature it can only be beneficial that the Court has now rejected the idea of intrinsic obscenity and has thus moved closer than Justices Black and Douglas seem willing, in their dissents, to admit to the view that the First Amendment should be interpreted without restriction where literary expression is concerned. From the narrower interests of publishers and booksellers, however, the new ruling is bound to be troublesome until the Court provides clarification. For this reason, as well as for whatever personal sympathy one may have for Ginzburg and his family, one wishes that Ginzburg had been granted the new trial which he and his lawyers had requested. If Justice Brennan’s decision has opened the door even a crack to the prosecution of any publisher or bookseller who happens also to be a vulgarian, then for the sake of us all that door must be shut immediately.

Meanwhile, for whatever small comfort one may take from the fact, one notices with pleasure that the Court has agreed to consider the case of a

New York newsstand clerk who was arrested for selling obscene magazines so as to determine whether a salesman can be convicted under the new ruling without clear proof that he knew that what he was selling was obscene. One assumes that if the Court itself no longer knows how to define obscenity, it can hardly expect the clerk to do any better. Perhaps it will be on these epistemological rocks that the law will finally have to admit defeat and accept the views of Justices Black and Douglas, if only to extricate itself from an impossible problem of definition. Until such time we shall have to live with the ambiguities that remain, and that will remain in whatever measure, no matter what the Court decides, as long as sexuality retains its terrifying power.

Even so, the Court, it seems to me, has so far acted reasonably, though perhaps without that God-like intelligence and mercy which some of its critics expect of it. Though one’s sympathies are with Justices Black and Douglas, one still recognizes that such sympathies seldom coincide with political reality. It is enough, perhaps, for now that the Court has come as far as it has and that in having come this far it is within sight, though it may still be facing in somewhat the wrong direction, of that brave land where so far Justices Black and Douglas have been the only inhabitants.

Whether the majority of the Court will ever join these two heroic voyagers is, of course, impossible to predict, and the accidents of life and death compound the puzzle. Even so, the days of literary censorship seem to me to be substantially over, and the burden on publishers and booksellers to maintain a certain minimum decorum, at least until the public accustoms itself to this new freedom, seems hardly too much to ask.

I should not, however, like to conclude on such an agreeable note, for it would be misleading to suggest that what the Court decides the people will necessarily accept. There are those among us who will continue to claim more freedom than the Court has so far allowed, and there are others who, despite the freedom so far granted, will insist on restrictions which the Court has now disapproved.

Within each of us too there is bound to remain a private version of the same conflict. We cannot have been born into a civilization such as ours, which for so many centuries has labored under such sexual dread and mystery, without finding ourselves implicated in our culture’s general distortion of instincts and values. None of us is yet prepared to walk naked on the streets, as the Etruscans once did or as the Greeks did in their games, no matter what encouragement such writers as Blake and Lawrence, or Henry Miller and Norman Mailer, or the fashion magazines, may provide. The world is still full of sheriffs whose

grasp of the law, in its endless subtlety, will always be imperfect, and within the head of each of us, even within the heads of our most radical friends, there sits a tiny Madame de Gaulle saying no to this or that.

Yet the pressure within our culture toward greater sexual freedom, and its reflection in the Court's decision to trust us now not to debauch ourselves even within the embrace of Fanny Hill, may prophesy a change. Or it may not. We shall know better when the films — a more likely medium than books — begin to assert such freedom as up to now only literature has dared risk.

At any rate, we know from Marx as well as from Freud, and from our reading of the Calvinists and the interpretation of their motives in the work of Max Weber, that there is a historic connection between sexual regulation and economic necessity, a connection which is evident even now in such a society as China's, where the demand for rapid capital formation requires severe restrictions upon sexual behavior, so that work takes precedence over marriage and even within marriage the demands of the state override the preferences of its individual members.

In America and Europe we are beyond some of that necessity, as reluctant as most of us, still trapped in the habits and illusions generated by centuries of privation, may be to admit it. Such freedom is also terrifying, and in our terror we may arrange things so that none of us will survive to enjoy it. Even so, the prospect is there, no matter how obscure and uncertain the path to it may be. One regrets that Ralph Ginzburg must now go to prison for having done no more than try to sell a merely vulgar imitation of this future paradise. But such regrets are for Ginzburg personally and not for our society as a whole. The Court, in having acquiesced in such unprecedented freedom for literature, seems to me to have foreshadowed a time in which that obsessive sexuality, so distorted by so many years of privation and the prior claims of the struggle to survive, which has so permeated not only our literature but our lives, may eventually recede — as some of our other devils have — into a more manageable and less maddening perspective. At any rate, the choice hereafter is more nearly up to us as individuals than it has ever been before, which is to say that our responsibilities have never been greater.

THINGS THAT WERE STILL ALIVE

BY MARION LINEAWEAVER

After your funeral I went back to the house alone.
I could not close my eyes; they were stretched with horror.
I packed your clothes out of sight, your smaller belongings,
Your photograph, even, and then I lay down in my black dress.
I could not undo the zipper.

That night our cat came in from her hunting
And crouched beside me, not on your side of the bed,
Not purring. When dawn struck blood-red at the windows
She had to be fed. . . I remembered other things
That were still alive and went out back
To water the pea patch, the peppers, cucumbers,
Lettuce, corn, and the reliable
Pink moss roses you had put in for me.

I pulled a radish, bit into its earthy crispness.
All day I carried its tuft of leaves in my fist
Walking where you had walked, telling myself
That plants could in some way prove immortality.
I shall have to look into that —
Keeping the garden up, by caring for what you planted.

BOOKS and MEN *Lately preoccupied with history in the making, as evidenced by his Pulitzer-Prize-winning A THOUSAND DAYS, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., here ventures back into the American past to examine one of the greatest American writers, as portrayed in a new biography.*

MARK TWAIN

or the Ambiguities

by ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

JUSTIN KAPLAN's remarkable new biography of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain* (Simon and Schuster, \$7.95), confronts us with the problem, once again, of defining Mark Twain's relationship to American literature and life. Not that such definition would appear Mr. Kaplan's primary purpose: his book is nonportentious and nonideological, concerned with telling Clemens' story rather than with making points about America. He has mastered the Mark Twain scholarship (even if he is something less than generous about acknowledging debts to those who went before) but has moved beyond the familiar Mark Twain controversies: one is no longer asked to decide whether Olivia Langdon Clemens or William Dean Howells or Clemens himself administered the psychic wound and the symbolic castration. Mark Twain's books are considered less for their own sake than for the light they throw on their author — which, in a way, is too bad, since Mr. Kaplan's literary comments are always perceptive and stimulating. Absorbing the best insights of his predecessors, Mr. Kaplan had deeply meditated the central issues of Clemens' career on his own and entered into the inner anguish with great tact and subtlety. His narrative is vivid, penetrating, and brilliantly distilled. His book will undoubtedly be the portrait of Mark Twain for this generation.

The title — *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain* — signifies the dualities which dominated Clemens'

Caricature of Mark Twain by Max Beerbohm. Courtesy of the Bettmann Archive.



life. It was not only that he was both man and pseudonym, or that he was a humorist steeped in pessimism, or that he was a Confederate who made a runaway slave the hero of his greatest novel, or that he was a Western vagabond who luxuriated in Connecticut gentility, or that he simultaneously condemned and embraced the acquisitive values of a materialistic age, or that he was a prude who told smoking-room stories and circulated scatological sketches among his friends, or that, the most American writer of his day, he spent a sixth of his life abroad, or that he believed that "every man is a moon and has a dark side which he never shows to anybody." It was more specific and obsessive than that. He was fascinated by Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, by the idea of men possessed by demons, by "my double, my partner in duality, the other and wholly independent personage who resides in me," by the comedy and tragedy of twins — Siamese twins (Chang was a teetotaler, but when Eng had too much, Chang was drunk too), babies exchanged in cradles, the pauper who traded places with the prince — "ignorant as the unborn babe!" he wrote in *Roughing It*, "ignorant as unborn twins!" Twin? *Twain*.

No one can know the ultimate sources of such an obsession. But Clemens' sense of being twain as well as Twain was plainly the haunting theme of his life. There is nothing inherently disabling about convictions of duality. "The test of a first-rate intelligence," Scott Fitzgerald wrote, "is the

ability to hold two opposed ideas in the mind at the same time, and still retain the ability to function." Surely for Mark Twain the interior tension was enormously exhilarating and productive and helps explain the unimaginable discharge of literary energy over half a century. The double perspective informed his humor, made irony his inevitable mode, and strengthened his capacity at one and the same time to stand aside and take part, to be the bemused bystander and the agent or victim. But it also created problems. It accounted for those dismaying shifts in tone which so often spoiled his effects and to which he seemed so oddly impervious. It made sustained composition difficult: probably no other great writer started and stopped so often, worked on so many different things at once, or left behind such a conglomeration of half-finished pieces. And so deeply rooted were the dualities in the mysteries of Clemens' unconscious that they were always a lurking threat to his poise, even at times to his sanity. (Fitzgerald proposed his "test of a first-rate intelligence" in a book about himself called *The Crack-Up*.) The problem was forever to contain the dualities, to keep them in equilibrium, to prevent them from breaking out of control and destroying the unity of consciousness and identity. Mark Twain's life was a succession of strategies designed to protect the wholeness of the self.

HE BEGAN as a professional funnyman out of a rich and robust frontier tradition just beginning to find a commercial audience in the East. Van Wyck Brooks once suggested that he regarded his comic writing "as something external to himself, as something other than artistic self-expression." No doubt Mark Twain resented being taken as no more than an entertainer, and no doubt he had small regard for his more mechanical squibs and sketches. But humor was his spontaneous form of expression and absolutely organic to his artistic vision. And his humor was, of course, profoundly devious and perfectly serious: "Humor must not professedly teach and it must not professedly preach, but it must do both if it would live forever. By forever, I mean thirty years." It was, so to speak, kidding on the level. Shaw understood this: "He is in very much the same position as myself. He has to put things in such a way as to make people who would otherwise hang him believe he is joking." But no more than Shaw did he employ this tactic just to disarm the respectable and escape the hangman. He could do no other, and laughter was the only way of taming despair. "Everything human is pathetic," he wrote in *Following the Equator*. "The secret source

of Humor itself is not joy but sorrow. There is no humor in heaven."

He never quite abandoned his hope for humor. "Your race, in its poverty, has unquestionably one really effective weapon — laughter," said Satan in *The Mysterious Stranger*. "Power, money, persuasion, supplication, persecution — these can lift at a colossal humbug — push it a little — weaken it a little, century by century; but only laughter can blow it to rags and atoms at a blast." Yet humor by itself was evidently not enough to soothe the dualities. It neither relaxed his tensions nor satisfied his needs. *The Gilded Age* represented his attempt to move beyond the skit and sustain his satire against "the present era of incredible rottenness"; but, for all its brightnesses of language and characterization, the defects of structure and tone must have discouraged him from going any further along the contemporary road.

It was now the 1870s, and Mark Twain, defeated by the present, sought to repair the fissures within by the recovery of the past. The return to Hannibal, Missouri — "St. Petersburg" — and to what Bernard DeVoto called the "fantasy of boyhood" held out the expectation of wholeness. There were the usual false starts, but the first part of *Life on the Mississippi*, *Tom Sawyer*, and above all, *Huckleberry Finn* offered the reconciliation and release for which he had been searching. *Huck Finn* was the breakthrough, both in technical style and in moral vision. By making Huck the narrator, Mark Twain freed himself from the genteel English of the Eastern seaboard and brought into full play for the first time the rich and delicate resources of the American idiom. Huck was an illiterate kid; there was nothing in the book that he could not plausibly have said; yet the language, without ever departing from Huck, transcended him, and in its lovely, easy cadences, became the vehicle of the most complex, subtle, and exquisite expression. "All American writing comes from that," Hemingway said. "There was nothing before."

The freedom of language made possible a new depth of moral insight. When Huck convicted himself of sin in helping Jim escape and announced his rejection of the ethos — "All right, I'll go to hell then" — the episode was the fusion of humor and pathos for which Mark Twain so often aimed and less often, in such perfection, achieved. Alone on the raft, floating drowsily down the great river, Huck and Jim (twins?) became, in Lionel Trilling's phrase, a "community of saints." But the problem remained: where could they — and Mark Twain — go from there? Hemingway and many others have complained about Mark Twain's solution. "You must stop where the nigger Jim is stolen by the boys," Hemingway warned readers. "This is the real end. The rest is cheating." Cer-

tainly Tom Sawyer's high jinks in the last part of the book involved a disastrous switch in mood and key. Yet did they not, after all, register pressures which the author legitimately felt? Keeping Huck and Jim forever on the raft would have been cheating too. Given the time and the place, was not some parody of acquiescence the only possible ending? And the fact that Jim would be liberated by Miss Watson's will rather than by Huck's blasphemy was surely the climactic irony.

For a season, despite the pressures, the return to boyhood worked. Mr. Kaplan, like Bernard De Voto, sees the early eighties as Mark Twain's time of balance and maturity, permitting him "as a man to live fully in the glorious, opulent present and as an artist to live imaginatively in the transfigured past." But the inner demons were not yet exorcised, nor could such a romantic treatment of twinship as *The Prince and the Pauper* do more than feed their appetite. *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, written in the second half of the decade, verified the continuing agitation within. Howells, always looking for the smiling aspects of life, liked to consider *A Connecticut Yankee* "the most delightful, truest, most humane, sweetest fancy that ever was," but it reeked with a violence directed impartially against Arthurian Britain, the slave society of the pre-Civil War South, and the technological society of the post-Civil War North. Still, it was not enough for Mark Twain. "If it were only to write over again," he told Howells, "there wouldn't be so many things left out. They burn in me; and they keep multiplying; but now they can't ever be said. And besides, they would require a library — and a pen warmed up in hell."

The rage was growing; and no personal outburst, no exorcism of his enemies, no fascination with the new technology, no immersion in the scramble for money, no outpouring of words, no philosophy of life could appease it. It was no doubt reinforced by the despair which contemporaries very unlike Mark Twain — Henry Adams, for example, or, to take an older man, Walt Whitman — felt when they looked out on what they saw as the degradation of the early republic. In any case, a series of private disasters crystallized the chaos of life for Mark Twain. His publishing house failed; the Paige typesetting machine, after swallowing much of his own and his wife's fortune, came to nothing; his wife fell into invalidism; one daughter became an epileptic; another died of meningitis. By the middle nineties, hell had warmed up the pen, and the nightmare had begun. De Voto, in his brilliant essay of nearly a quarter century ago, "The Symbols of Despair," first charted the intensities of Mark Twain's psychological crisis, the mutilation of his self-image, the terror of artistic impotence

and personal collapse, the dualities of life now wildly out of control.

The old palliatives no longer worked. No matter how hard he tried — and his writing in the late nineties became compulsive and, in De Voto's word, "hellridden" — humor turned into savagery, the fantasy of boyhood resisted revival. It was a time of the transmutation of images. Themes which had bobbed up innocently in his earliest writings now recurred in black and awful color. The idyllic raft floating along the river gave way to a desolate ship sailing on a "blind voyage" through Antarctic waters in the "great dark." The sunlit town of St. Petersburg became Dawson's Landing, torn by blood and betrayal, and then Hadleyburg, corrupted by a mysterious stranger. As for the stranger, a Mark Twain familiar since "The Notorious Jumping Frog" ("One day a feller — a stranger in the camp he was — come acrost . . ."), he grew more decisive in each new incarnation. The Connecticut Yankee, as J. M. Cox has pointed out, was precisely a stranger in King Arthur's Court, as Pudd'nhead Wilson was a stranger in Dawson's Landing. Finally he became Philip Traum, the Mysterious Stranger in Eseldorf; as Eseldorf — Assville — itself became the final metamorphosis of Hannibal.

Traum — Dream — represented Mark Twain's ultimate response to duality. This solution was foreshadowed by the triumph of Merlin's magic over the Yankee's machines: dream was stronger than matter. In a letter to Mrs. Theodore Crane four years later he said — more kidding on the level:

I dreamed I was born and grew up and was a pilot on the Mississippi and a miner and a journalist in Nevada and a pilgrim in the Quaker City and had a wife and children and went to live in a villa at Florence — and this dream goes on and on, and sometimes seems so real that I almost believe it is real. I wonder if it is? But there is no way to tell, for if one applies tests they would be part of the dream, too, and so would simply aid the deceit. I wish I knew whether it is a dream or real.

More and more, the dream — fluid, invincible, omnipotent — became the metaphor through which he tried to render man passive and helpless and thereby come to terms with his own existential convictions of impotence and guilt. "Life does not consist mainly — or even largely — of facts and happenings," he dictated for his *Autobiography*. "It consists mainly of the storm of thoughts that is forever blowing through one's head." He tinkered helplessly with a story called "Which Was the Dream?", in which, as De Voto summarized one of its versions, "a man is to nod for a moment over a cigarette, dream a sequence of events which he thinks has lasted for seventeen years, and on waking from his momentary sleep so have confused the

dream with reality that he cannot recognize his wife." A leading figure in the unfinished tale which De Voto called "The Great Dark" was another mysterious stranger, the Superintendent of Dreams, impalpable, inescapable, all-powerful. The climax came with Satan's concluding speech in *The Mysterious Stranger*: "Nothing exists; all is a dream. God — man — the world — the sun, the moon, the wilderness of stars — a dream, all a dream. . . . Nothing exists but you. And you are but a *thought* — a vagrant thought, a useless thought, a homeless thought, wandering forlorn among the empty eternities!"

"When we remember that we are all mad," Mark Twain wrote in his notebooks, "the mysteries disappear and life stands explained." The dream theory justified all: it relieved man of freedom, responsibility, and guilt, whether for a fall from high estate or the death of his loved ones or his own inner chaos. The philosophic determinism, however shallow, served a psychic purpose. The dualities, which had defeated laughter and nostalgia, at last dissolved in dream.

How profound was the resolution? De Voto argued that *The Mysterious Stranger*, coming at the end of the agony, was a work of healing, removing the psychic block, stilling the self-accusation, and bringing Mark Twain peace at last. Later scholarship, however, suggests that the fable of Eseldorf was written, not in 1905, but half a dozen years earlier, when he was still drifting in the great dark. In any case, if a "testament of reconciliation," it is surely, like *Billy Budd* itself, an expression of fatigue rather than conquest — of resignation rather than regeneration. The testamentary solution was too easy for the antinomies which burst out so violently in black works like *Pierre; or the Ambiguities* or *Pudd'nhead Wilson* (*Those Extraordinary Twins*). "He rationalized his guilt away," Mr. Kaplan writes, "but this left him with an insatiable appetite for approval and adulation, and he spent a good part of the last ten years of his life trying to feed it." Yet even if Mark Twain had not solved his problems, "he survived, and that, considering what he went through, is in itself something of a triumph."

He ended in a blaze of public success, the man in the gleaming white suit with the great mane of white hair, a world celebrity, friendships with Andrew Carnegie and H. H. Rogers of Standard Oil, an honorary degree from Oxford, a staggering parade of banquets and receptions, at home in Tuxedo Park and Palm Beach and Bermuda. The old dark humor occasionally still erupted. When Theodore Roosevelt decided to abolish the motto "In God We Trust" on coins, Mark Twain called it a beautiful motto — "simple, direct, gracefully phrased. . . . I don't believe it would sound any

better if it were true." If the United States was a Christian country, he told Carnegie, "so is hell." He lashed out against imperialism in the Congo, South Africa, and the Philippines, against missionaries, lynch mobs, Christian Scientists, and other manifestations of the damned human race. But there was always a sense of limited liability. "Only dead men can tell the truth in this world," he concluded. Before he slipped into his final coma, "his last continuous talking," Mr. Kaplan tells us, "was about 'the laws of mentality,' about Jekyll and Hyde and dual personality."

Howells in a fine phrase called Mark Twain "sole, incomparable, the Lincoln of our literature." So in a sense he was; for, like Lincoln, he came from the heart of America, spent his youth on the river, emancipated the slave, preserved moral awareness in "the raging, tearing, booming 19th century," scorned romanticism, satirized oligarchy, experienced tragedy, gave melancholy the disguise of humor and vision the discipline of art, vindicated the genius of democracy, and incarnated America before the world. Yet Mark Twain himself was curiously oblivious to Lincoln, who figures in the *Autobiography* only because his Attorney General got Orion Clemens, Sam's brother, his job in the Nevada Territory, who is mentioned but once (and again in connection with Orion Clemens) in Mark Twain's forty-year correspondence with Howells, and who does not occur at all in Mr. Kaplan's book. The Lincoln of our literature was himself, in fact, far more preoccupied with Ulysses S. Grant, whose life, like his own, had been, in Mr. Kaplan's words, "a saga of the unpredictable and the unlikely, of a man without promise who, after years of drift, failure, alcoholism, and disgrace, was touched by history and the Holy Ghost and achieved greatness. . . . He worshipped Grant, he identified himself with Grant." When Grant died, Clemens, fifty years old, told Livy, "Our faces are toward the sunset."

Why Grant rather than Lincoln? Perhaps because Grant too was destroyed by the dualities of life: the total, granitelike integrity of the *Memoirs*, written as the author died of throat cancer, as against the slack and hopeless presidency. Like Grant, Mark Twain was a flawed man who never composed his inner schisms, never purged himself of bitterness, never distilled serenity out of torment. "With malice toward none; with charity toward all," Lincoln wrote a year before his death; "I am full of malice, saturated with malignity," Mark Twain wrote a year before *his* death. He was not, alas, the Lincoln of our literature. But he was a great artist whose struggle with his demon beautifully expressed the anguish, duplicity, and dignity of life in a land where interior conflict was the source and circuit of creation.



What's Up With Taxes

by Robert Lekachman The 1964 federal tax cut to stimulate the economy had barely begun to be felt when economists and government officials began talking about the possible necessity of raising taxes again in order to curb inflation. The discussion of ups and downs may seem academic now that the costs of the war in Vietnam, rather than economic theory, provide the reason for tax increases. But it is pertinent to the New Economics and its approach to the manipulation of taxation to perform tasks other than the financing of government. In this essay, the chairman of the department of economics at the University of New York at Stony Brook explains why.

IT SEEMS only yesterday that President John F. Kennedy was assuring an audience of conservative businessmen assembled to disbelieve him at the Economic Club of New York that "an economy hampered by restrictive tax rates will never produce enough revenues to balance our budget, just as it will never produce enough jobs or enough profits." This was in January, 1963. And as recently as January, 1965, another President, Lyndon B. Johnson, was asserting his firm confidence that "1964 will go down in our economic and political history as the 'year of the tax cut.'" Mr. Kennedy was starting his long campaign to enact the tax reduction measure which became the legislative centerpiece of his last months of office. For his part Mr. Johnson was celebrating the happy impact of the February, 1964, enactment of Mr. Kennedy's proposals.

Even allowing for the necessities of political hyperbole, President Johnson had a legitimate point. First the expectation and then the reality of reduced taxes made businessmen more cheerful, enlarged private investment, and encouraged consumer spending. Among economists there is little dispute over the conclusion that the \$10 billion tax cut prolonged the economic expansion which

began early in 1961 and made possible early in this year the belated attainment of the Council of Economic Advisers' interim unemployment target of 4 percent. Equally there should be no doubt about how the tax reduction worked its benign consequences. It achieved its stimulus by deliberately creating a large federal deficit, the inevitable consequence of slightly increasing federal spending and reducing tax levies on personal and corporate incomes. What President Eisenhower's Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey had believed impossible was actually occurring — we were indeed "spending ourselves rich." This is only to say that in a sluggish economy, individual consumers and business investors used the bulk of the increased incomes which tax reduction gave them to buy either consumer goods or the machines, tools, and factory structures which represent real investment. Since the unemployed were so numerous and the amount of unused factory capacity so substantial, the effect of increased demand was an enlargement of output, not, save in very small measure, higher prices.

How could an economic policy have worked better? How could the outcome have been happier? Men long out of work found jobs. Business profits

Colophon from U.S. Bureau of Internal Revenue tax form.

swelled. Overtime supplanted short work weeks. Gross national product, the handiest measure of the money value of the goods and services an economy produces, rose more and more rapidly. The American rate of economic growth, such a warmly contested issue in the 1960 presidential campaign, surpassed the Russian growth rate and caught up with the various countries in Western Europe which had been passing assorted economic miracles — France, West Germany, and Italy. Even automation, a bogey which threatened imminent mass unemployment for some, suddenly receded in scale to the status of a medium-sized menace. Incontestably, fiscal policy worked, and as a nation Americans have always cherished the workable.

What makes the economic conversation suddenly so puzzling to ordinary citizens who have just barely learned to live comfortably with ideas so contrary to common sense as the benignity of unbalanced budgets, the wholesomeness of tax cuts even when deficits already exist, and the harmlessness of a bigger national debt is the abrupt reversal of the prescriptions offered by the very wise men who only a moment ago had induced them to sip the soothing syrup of tax reduction. Thus Walter Heller, President Kennedy's economic tutor and the successful promoter of the tax cut, spoke out as early as last February in favor of suspending the investment tax credit — the 1962 tax boon to business investors, which has the effect of reducing machine and equipment prices by 7 percent. By May of this year he had expanded his program to include as well a temporary \$5 billion tax increase as "good insurance against inflation."

Early in March, James Tobin of Yale, another original member of the Kennedy Council of Economic Advisers, testified in favor of a tax increase "without further delay." Even though Professor Tobin began with a glowing testimonial to the success of past tax cuts, he now warned his congressional auditors that the moment for change had come: "The government quite properly kept its foot on the accelerator. It would be a shame to endanger the achievement by failing to use the brakes." Thus runs the voice of the pundits in 1966.

Why do they speak so dourly when only a year or so ago they sang sweet songs of tax reductions for everybody?

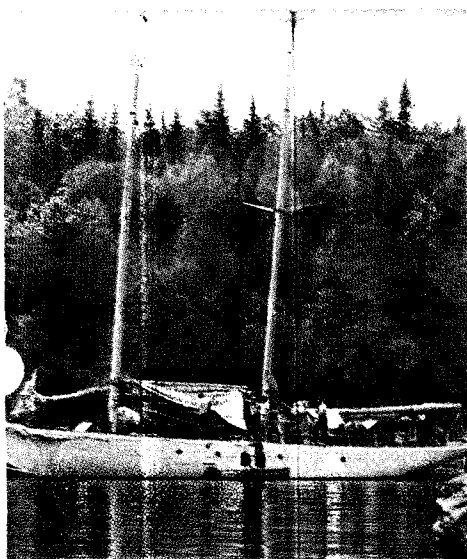
THERE is a short and only momentarily paradoxical explanation of the changeability of the economic seers: the very success of the tax cuts has created the need for tax increases. Consider more closely the condition of the American economy

in early 1963 at the time that President Kennedy introduced his tax proposals. For the whole of 1962 average unemployment exceeded 4 million persons, a rate for the year of 5.6 percent. Factories were idling along at only 86 percent of their capacity to produce useful goods. In sum, the economy's slack was both wasteful of material resources and damaging to the income, pride, and morale of the unemployed.

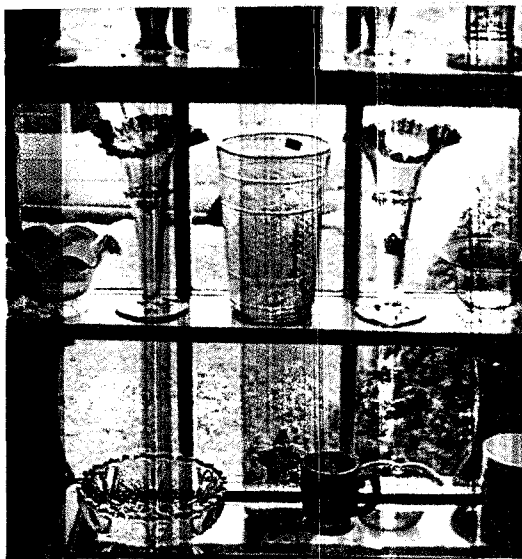
The partisans of tax reduction had a basically simple, Keynesian interpretation of the economy's troubles. These troubles were related to low national spending, or, in the technical tongue of the economists, a shortage of aggregate demand. After all, what sets factory wheels spinning and increases employer recruitment of additional workers is simply an enlargement of new orders. Orders rise when one or more of the economy's three major spenders — consumers, investors, or government — is inclined to spend more money. Accordingly, if unemployment is high and factory utilization rates are low, then one or more of these groups is failing to do its part. Either consumers are saving too much out of incomes that are too small, or business investment plans are lagging because businessmen take a dim view of the prospects for profitable sales, or government is spending too little or taxing too much. Such a statement of the condition implies the answer of modern fiscal theory to the symptoms of the malady. It is all a matter of raising the spending of one or more of the three groups.

As far as the means of achieving this end are concerned, Keynesian economics, despite an early and inappropriate reputation for radicalism, is perfectly neutral. A stimulus to aggregate demand will evoke larger output and employment whether it is administered to private investment, private consumption, or government spending. If the first route is followed, business profits will soon rise. If the second path is chosen, consumer incomes rise. And if government spending is pushed upward, either social welfare or military programs may be the beneficiary. Fiscal stimulus is perfectly capable of enlarging the relative role of the private economy if the tax reduction method is preferred. It is equally usable in the Galbraithian sense, as a deliberate attempt to expand the influence of public contributions to the economy — education, housing, and social welfare. All routes lead to higher aggregate demand, gross national product, and total employment.

After experimenting with the investment tax credit as an investment stimulant, President Kennedy settled an internal argument within his Administration between the proponents of larger social spending and the friends of tax reduction by choosing the latter, in part at least out of an



Some who come to Nova Scotia spend most of their vacation afloat, exploring bays, coves and inlets. Inland waterways, such as the semi-salt Bras d'Or Lake, are well worth navigating too. Craft of almost every kind are available for rent or charter.



You'll discover many antique shops in your travels around the province. Old glass, hand-fashioned furniture, nautical hardware and curios are just some of the treasures you'll find in Nova Scotia. Autumn is also the season for auction sales and country fairs.



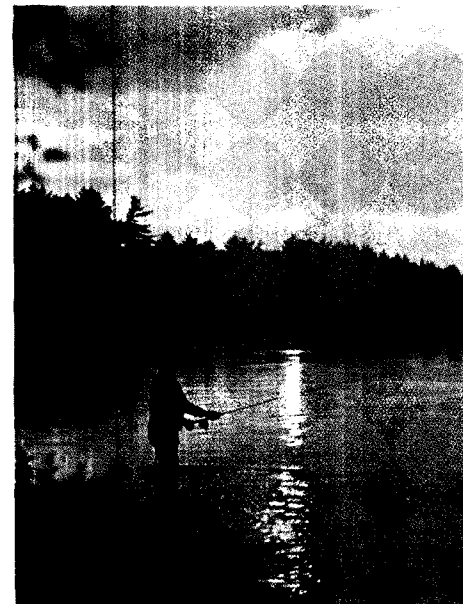
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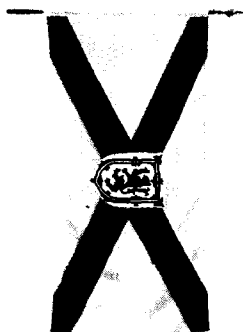


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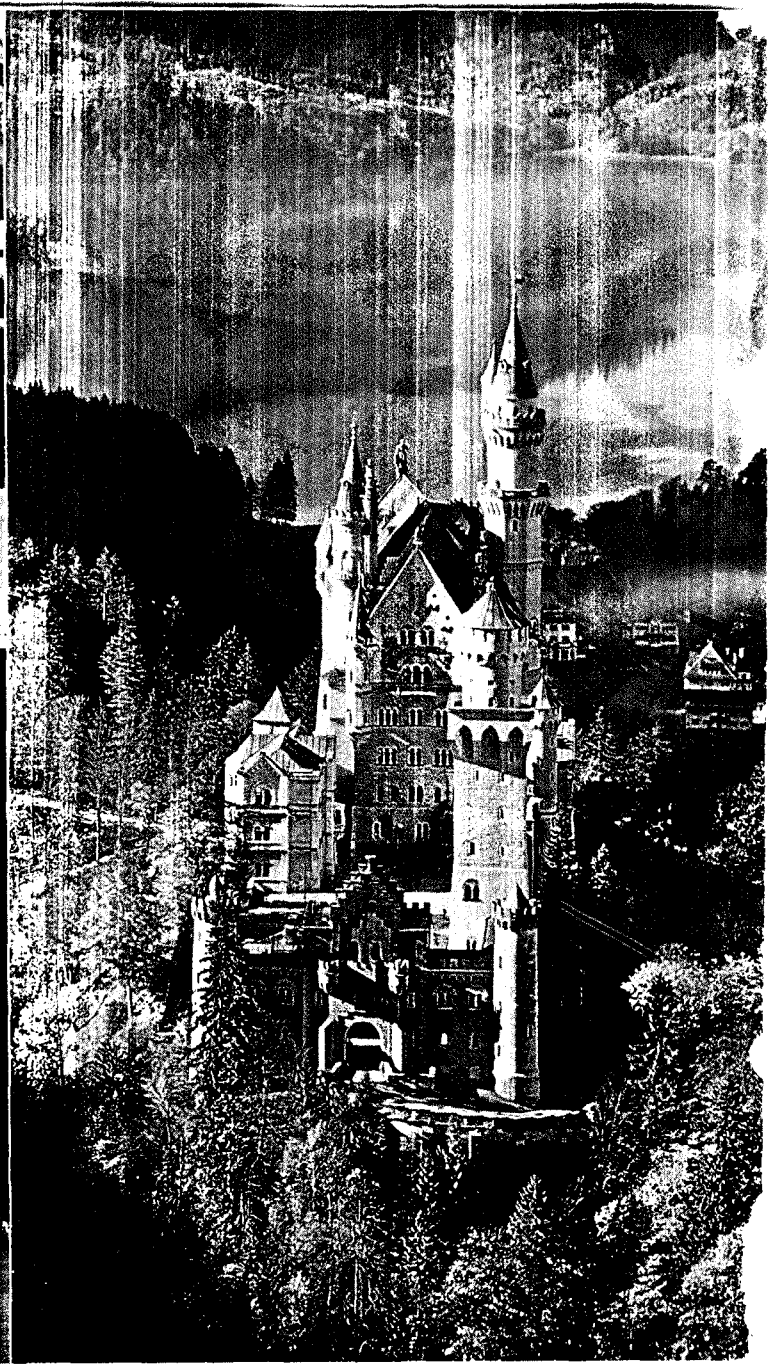
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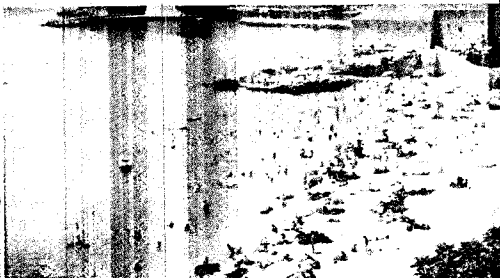
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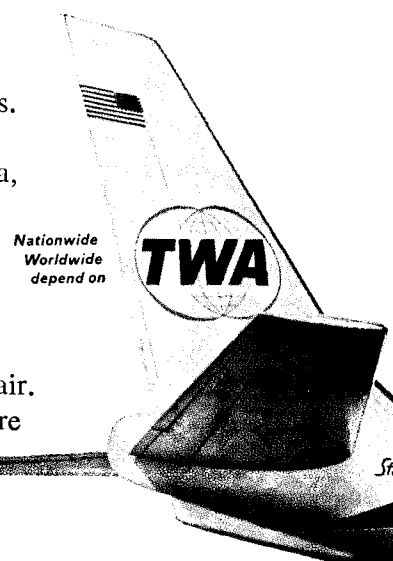
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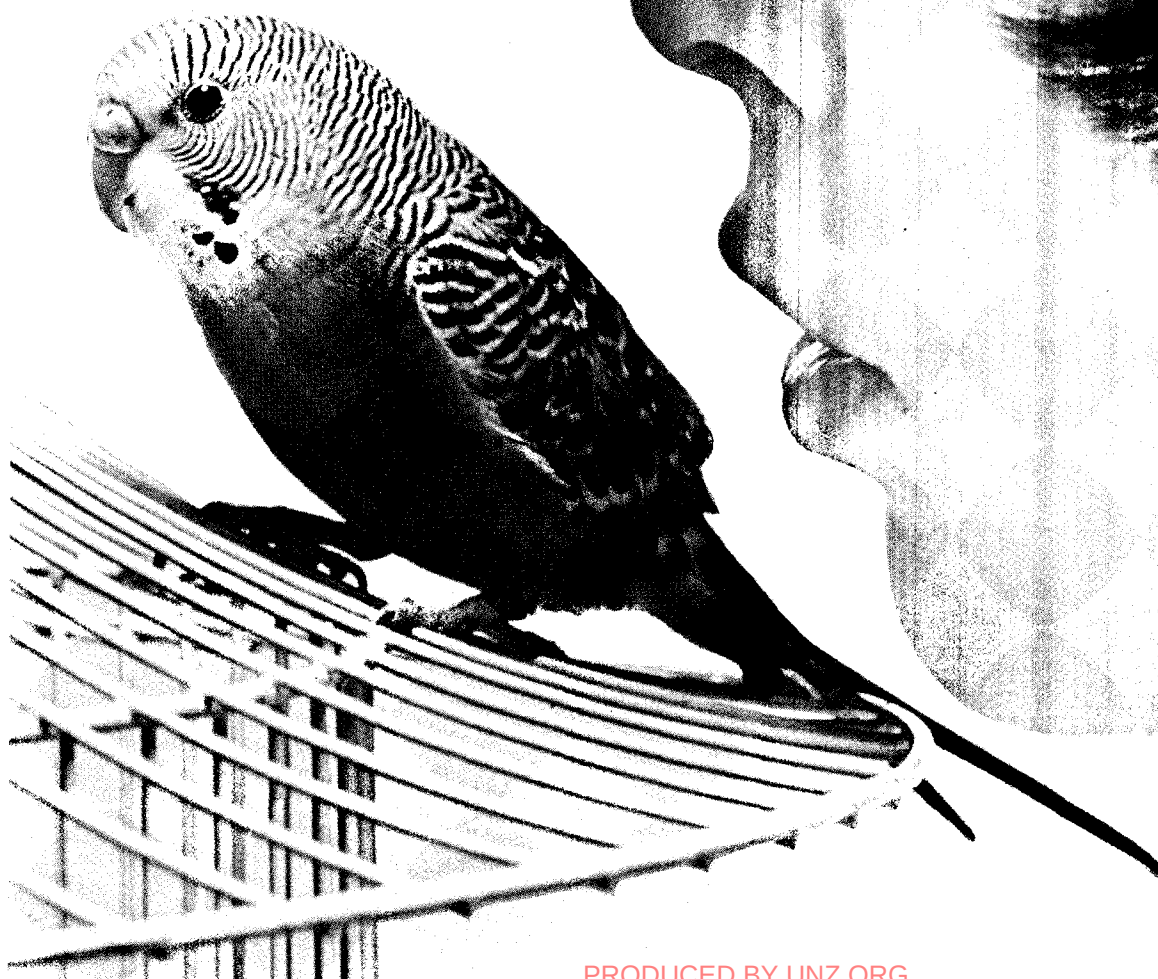
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estimate of the uncertain temper of a balky Congress. How effective the tax cut has been can be glimpsed in a very few comparisons. Gross national product in 1963 totaled \$589.2 billion. During the first quarter of 1966 GNP was running at an annual rate of \$714.1 billion. Business profits in 1963 amounted to \$58.1 billion. They were running during the fourth quarter of 1965 at an annual rate of \$75.2 billion, and they are substantially higher in 1966. Unemployment averaged 5.2 percent in 1964. In March, 1966, this rate had dropped to 3.8 percent.

As a result, in mid-1966 there is very little slack left in the economy. A few more of the unemployed can still be put to work, but not a great many, at least in the context of the likely demand for labor. With only a few exceptions, of which autos are the most important, factories are operating at above 90 percent rates, and in some industries perilously close to 100 percent. Business investors contemplate substantially larger expenditures in 1966 than in 1965. As force levels in Vietnam edge upward toward 400,000, military spending seems fated to continue to rise. In an election year Congress has taken to enlarging instead of curtailing the President's \$112.8 billion budget request. All the omens point to a more rapid increase in the community's demand for goods and services than in the community's capacity to produce these goods and services *at current prices*.

Of course nothing in economic affairs is absolutely certain. Sinking spells in the stock market and pauses in automobile sales are straws in a wind blowing from another economic quarter. As *Business Week* conceded early in June, the moderation in the boom's acceleration "may be the start of a genuine decline." All the same, the stock market has been a poor forecaster in the past, and if autos after several boom years are leveling off, other spending continues to increase — notably, plant investment and military outlays — labor markets continue to tighten, and the money supply continues to expand.

Inflation may not be galloping, but the odds still favor continued price rises caused by growing total demand, private, business, and public, for most varieties of goods and services. When labor, particularly skilled workers, is in short supply, employers bid eagerly against one another. When merchandise is gobbled up by voracious customers more rapidly than retailers can replenish their depleted inventories, sellers tend to mark up their prices and ration their merchandise by price among the most eager of their buyers. What alarms good Keynesians like Paul Samuelson, James Tobin, and Walter Heller is the fear that the United States in 1966 is at the beginning of a classic inflationary spiral — a dramatic chase of

prices after wages and wages after prices, a competitive jostling after scarce labor, raw materials, and finished goods which cannot fail to accelerate the rate of price increase far beyond the modest trend of recent years.

Fortunately the diagnosis implies the medication. Inflation is a disease of excessive spending. Then the thing to do is to diminish spending. Whose spending? One candidate is the federal government, in our day a greedy consumer of raw materials, specialized equipment, and technical talent. As far as the reasoning of current theory goes, a reduction in federal spending would be just as efficacious as a reduction in other varieties of expenditure. But, what is to be reduced? Unless our Asian policy is dramatically revised, the more than 50 percent of the budget devoted to military purposes can scarcely be reduced. Much of the remainder of the budget is devoted to agricultural subsidies, veterans' benefits, international aid programs, and interest on the public debt — sums protected either by entrenched special interests, national policy, or the good faith of the Treasury. About the only substantial programs at all susceptible to curtailment are the Great Society measures so recently enacted, such as aid to education, the War on Poverty, medical research, and housing experiments. Indeed, these are the very items which congressional conservatives of both parties are exceedingly eager to slash in all economic seasons.

If these programs are to be preserved, then it is essential to reduce other varieties of spending. A second candidate is business investment, which may rise as much as 17 percent this year over last year's boom level. Although it is true that in the long run, business investment expands plant capacity and the output of consumer goods, in the short run, investment simply results in larger income payments to the people engaged in constructing the factories and building the machines, without increasing today's output of consumer goods at all. In a boom, higher investment simply generates inflationary pressure. This meaning of investment today has stimulated Walter Heller among others to advocate immediate suspension of the investment tax credit. Such a suspension, particularly if it is supplemented by a rise in corporate income tax rates, might moderate an investment boom which may in any case be too exuberant long to be sustained.

Finally, there are the consumers, the largest spenders of all. When the Tax Act of 1964 was finally enacted, consumers were presented with a multibillion-dollar addition to their incomes. As expected, they responded by spending over 90 percent and saving less than 10 percent of their tax benefits. Presumably if this year they are asked

to pay \$5 billion of additional personal income taxes, they will reduce their spending by \$4.5 billion or so and their saving by the remaining half-billion dollars. When consumer spending rises, the incomes of the people who sell them goods and services also rise. Out of these larger incomes emerges a second stream of increased spending. Similarly, decreases in consumer spending depress the incomes of the sellers of goods and services and lead to decreases of spending on their part. Thus the effect of tax increase, like the impact of tax reduction, soon spreads through the economy.

IN PRACTICE then the policy choices which confront President Johnson and his Congress are in 1966 only three: unchanged tax rates and federal spending, decreased spending, or increased taxes. What would be the consequences of each of these three courses of action?

If the President and Congress opt for the first choice (in an election year much the easiest), the national Administration is not quite helpless in the fight against inflation. Something may yet be achieved by still more forcible application of the wage guidepost to labor union demands and the price guidepost to corporate efforts to raise their quotations. Most economists have extremely small faith in the capacity of voluntary restraints to prevent the exercise of market opportunities to get higher wages or higher prices. All the same, it is possible that they are underrating the ingenuity and persuasiveness of a masterful President. No doubt something can also be achieved by further increases in interest rates, a policy which accords with the persistent preferences of Mr. William McChesney Martin, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board. It cannot be said that rises in interest rates are especially equitable. They bear heaviest upon small borrowers and home buyers. But their efficacy is substantial.

Nevertheless, it is likely that a national economic policy which depends only upon interest rates and guideposts will be unable to prevent an acceleration of price increases. How much acceleration? On this ticklish issue opinion is divided. There are some, including myself, who believe that mild inflation is preferable, for example, to unnecessary unemployment. If prices rise 3 to 3.5 percent this year instead of last year's 1.7 percent, the heavens will not fall, the dollar need not be devalued, and De Gaulle need not acquire all the gold in Fort Knox. If the reward is a decline of unemployment to 2.5 percent instead of 3 percent, is the additional inflation really too high a price? The trouble is that prices may rise more than 3.5 percent, that more rapid inflation will cause genu-

inely dangerous gold losses, that inflation will produce serious inequities, and that one of the crashes such as inflation brought in the past will be the consequence of present events. Hence there is very serious risk in adopting the first economic course.

Then what about a reduction in federal spending? The argument against such a policy is simple and strong. If Lyndon Johnson is the instrument of a popular consensus on the need to diminish poverty, improve national support of education, enlarge medical services, and rehabilitate the cities in which most Americans live, then it makes exceedingly poor sense, politically or otherwise, to extinguish these programs at the very beginning of their lives. Since the President has already reduced allocations for these programs to perilously low levels out of consideration for Vietnam exigencies, further reductions mean the deathblow to the first substantial revival of general interest in social welfare since the early years of the New Deal. This is an exceedingly heavy price to pay for the restraint of inflation, and it is doubtful that either Mr. Johnson or the majority of his constituents care to pay it.

And why should they pay such a price when there is a third alternative available which combines restraint of inflation and preservation of Great Society innovations, namely tax increases? Who should pay the increased taxes? As usual in tax matters, expediency and equity are in conflict. Political considerations suggest that the easiest kind of tax rise to get through Congress soon enough to have some therapeutic effects this year, when they are needed, rather than next year, when they may not be, is a flat rate surcharge on current personal income tax payments, combined with an increase of two or three percentage points in corporate rates and a suspension of the investment tax credit. In the interests of flexibility the increases might be defined as temporary, expiring in six or twelve months unless expressly renewed by congressional action.

A program so shaped would avoid some bitter arguments. However, the price in equity is high. As Gardner Ackley, of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, has noted, profits after taxes by the end of 1965 were running at a rate 88 percent higher than they were in early 1961, an improvement far in excess of gains in wages and salaries. Mr. Ackley has gravely warned: "It is time to ask whether a further rise in the share of profits in the national income is in the interest either of the health of the nation's economy or in the interest of business itself." What Ackley said highlights one of the changes which the last few years have brought. The 1964 Tax Act scaled down the progression of the personal income tax and reduced

corporate income tax rates. At the same time the states and the localities have been raising larger and larger sums from sales taxes and real estate taxes which place a disproportionate burden upon low-income groups. In all probability the result of these changes is to increase the inequality of income distribution in the United States. No doubt the prosperity of recent years has benefited most Americans, but it appears to have benefited the affluent rather more than the rest of the population.

An equitable tax program for 1966 would raise corporate tax rates very sharply indeed, suspend the investment tax credit, and impose a larger share of the personal income tax burden on those who have benefited most from recent tax revisions. A tax surcharge on small incomes should be very low. On large incomes it might well be substantial.

Like every other economic policy, tax increases contain certain risks — above all, of the sort of overcorrection which initiates a recession instead of checking an inflation. What the uncertain art of business forecasting implies, however, is not inaction (which is itself a policy) but flexibility. In the summer of 1966 flexibility implies raising taxes, because on balance this is the soundest policy, but also a willingness to reverse the increase if events prove the policy mistaken. Still more desirable would be congressional delegation to the President of some discretionary authority over tax rates.

We are passing through a second stage of public education in modern economics. The first lesson has been absorbed. Most people who follow public issues at all are probably by now convinced that tax cuts are capable of shortening recession and stimulating economic growth. It may even be that once a person gets over his puritanical fears of debt (in their private lives most Americans seem to have made the transition to the post-Puritan era), there is something very pleasant about patriotically stimulating the national economy by gritting one's teeth and accepting a tax cut.

The second lesson is harder and all the more difficult because the Presidents who preached the virtues of tax reduction seldom if ever accompanied their panegyrics with the reminder that fiscal policy is symmetrical — that there will be times when tax increases not tax decreases are in order. It is so much easier to be patriotic in the face of a tax cut than in the presence of a tax increase.

Nevertheless, a considerable effort of popular education will be wasted if the President and his Administration do not persuade the people that the very same reasoning which produced successful

tax reduction in 1964 and 1965 *now* urges tax increases. Since flexibility is at the heart of modern public finance, unless the realization becomes general that neither tax increases nor tax decreases are to be regarded as permanent, the noble experiment in modern economic enlightenment initiated by President Kennedy in his Yale commencement speech of June, 1962, continued in his fight for the tax bill, and carried on by Lyndon Johnson to the enactment of the bill will be a failure. What is at stake is the enlargement of the American government's capacity to cope with both inflation and deflation.

NERVED UP

BY KATHLEEN SPIVACK

There is in me the sound as of great singing,
the road running like a ribbon, romantic
as a movie screen; sunsets
stretching, vistavision; over the green fields.

And all this scenery is stirring, stirring —
the ending of a Russian film — clasping
hands like clams, while the music
edges, a great Niagara Falls, over "The End . . ."

and the soldier has paid with his blood —
transfusing the Russian army — and the heroine
has become a nurse. Great causes
wiggle, oil-slick on my puddled brain.

Who, too, would not surge from his seat
crying "yes, yes, Patriotism!" and have a purpose
like a clumsy bee, woolly, thick-winged,
bundled up in his furry uniform?

Look! Even now he quivers with his humming,
bumbling with a dull blind passion
(one sting: he stabs and stiffens)
in his cupola of flowers.

BOOKS and MEN *Sylvia Plath has been the subject of more attention than any other young American poet in recent years. Her posthumous book, ARIEL, is here considered by Peter Davison, whose new collection of poems, THE CITY AND THE ISLAND, will be published by Atheneum this autumn.*

INHABITED BY A CRY

The Last Poetry of Sylvia Plath

by PETER DAVISON



ONLY rarely, and almost never when still alive, does a poet become the object of a cult. Sylvia Plath, age thirty, died in London in 1963, leaving behind her a sheaf of terrifying poems. Since then, and especially in the past year, poem after poem has been written to her memory by people who never knew her work while she was alive. The fable of "her abrupt, defiant death," as Robert Lowell puts it, sees her as immolated on the altar of a cruel society, her poems the outraged by-product of her last agony. But to oversimplify her life, making her into the James Dean of modern poetry, would also be to oversimplify and vulgarize the development of her work.

Sylvia Plath was a greatly but unevenly gifted woman who took the trouble, and had the intellectual resources, to train herself for a decade as a poet. The *Atlantic* and other periodicals published a fair amount of her early work, written in her twenties, and it showed an unusual sense of rhythm, a vocabulary that had a long, accurate reach, and a protean talent kept under severe control.

The early poems, many of them published in a collection called *The Colossus* (published first in London; then in a shortened version by Knopf, 1962, \$4.00), seemed to have no absolute necessity for being: they read like advanced exercises. She wrote a lot of prose as well, including a novel, but

none that I have read seemed to me much out of the ordinary. Sylvia Plath's talent, though intensely cultivated, did not bloom into genius until the last months of her life, when, if we may take the internal evidence of the poems in *Ariel* (also published first in London; Harper & Row, \$4.95) as our guide, she stood at the edge of the abyss of existence and looked, steadily, courageously, with holy curiosity, to the very bottom. It is not a matter for personal praise or personal blame that she did so; but the resultant poetry has a bone-chilling authority that could not have been achieved except by steady staring. No artifice alone could have conjured up such effects; yet such is the paradox of art, these poems would never have come into being without the long, deliberate, technical training that had preceded them. We can only perform with true spontaneity what we have first learned to do by habit.

Every artist, and almost everyone else, at one time or another fetches up against the stark facts of life and death. No one can avert his gaze at such a time without some degree of self-betrayal, even though he may be turned to stone if he continues looking. The greatest writers have been able to record these terrible moments against the larger canvas of ordinary life, adjusting the threatened catastrophes of death and destruction among

related and contrasting themes of life and hope and renewal. It has become fashionable — or if not fashionable, at least common — for poets to set down their autobiographical crises, first person and second person and all, as a qualifying confession to admit them to the fraternity — a kind of professional good-conduct pass. All the difference in the world, however, lies between such antics, performed always with an audience in mind, whether explicitly in the poem or implicitly in its tone, and, on the other hand, such terrifying lines as these, from several of the poems in *Ariel*. No matter to whom these may be addressed, they are written for nobody's ears except the writer's. They have a ritual ring, the inevitable preface to doom.

From "Lady Lazarus"

Dying
Is an art, like everything else.
I do it exceptionally well.

I do it so it feels like hell.
I do it so it feels real.
I guess you could say I've a call . . .

Herr God, Herr Lucifer,
Beware
Beware.

Out of the ash
I rise with my red hair
And I eat men like air.

From "Lesbos" (one mother speaks to another)

You say you can't stand her,
The bastard's a girl.
You who have blown your tubes like a bad radio
Clear of voices and history, the staticky
Noise of the new.
You say I should drown the kittens. Their smell!
You say I should drown my girl.
She'll cut her throat at ten if she's mad at two.
The baby smiles, fat snail,
From the polished lozenges of orange linoleum.
You could eat him. He's a boy.
You say your husband is just no good to you.

From "Death & Co."

I do not stir.
The frost makes a flower
The dew makes a star,
The dead bell,
The dead bell.

Somebody's done for.

From "Elm"

I know the bottom, she says. I know it with
my great tap root:

It is what you fear.
I do not fear it: I have been there . . .

I am inhabited by a cry.
Nightly it flaps out
Looking, with its hooks, for something to love.

From "The Applicant"

First, are you our sort of person?
Do you wear
A glass eye, false teeth or a crutch,
A brace or a hook,
Rubber breasts or a rubber crotch,

Stitches to show something's missing? No, no? Then
How can we give you a thing? . . .

A living doll, everywhere you look.
It can sew, it can cook,
It can talk, talk, talk.

It works, there is nothing wrong with it.
You have a hole, it's a poultice.
You have an eye, it's an image.
My boy, it's your last resort.
Will you marry it, marry it, marry it.

To be given over to poems like these is to stand at the poet's side frozen, but powerless to reach a hand out as she falls. Though the poems have humor in them ("I guess you could say I've a call"), it is gallows humor. They carry little of the playfulness that is contained in most poetry. Their hectic, breathless rhythms give plenty of evidence that they were written in dead earnest, as stays against confusion that were at best only momentary. What else is there to do when you are "inhabited by a cry"? Nothing but to set down what you see, what strikes you, without compunction or consideration. That is what these poems have done. It is all poetry *can* do in the situation.

The poems in *Ariel* are poems of defeat except in one sense: that they exist at all. It would be preposterous to suggest that the experience embodied here is unique; but it would be a lie to suggest that experience alone could have written these poems, that they could have been written by anyone but a true poet. They are a triumph for poetry, in fact, at the moment that they are a defeat for their author.

To have prepared, with all the devices and techniques of an art, for the awful catastrophe which you alone were fitted to face is to have sacrificed for art more victims than life can dispense with. One even infers, from the grim joy of some of these poems, that at the moment of writing, Sylvia Plath's life was eagerly consuming all its careful preparations. The candle is burnt out, and we have nothing left but the flame.

IN THE REGION OF ICE

A Story by JOYCE CAROL OATES

The author, though still in her twenties, has already won a reputation as one of the most accomplished young writers in America. Her short stories have appeared in many magazines, and have been included in the past three O. Henry collections. A graduate of Syracuse University, Miss Oates teaches English at the University of Detroit. Her third book, UPON THE SWEEPING FLOOD, a collection of short stories, has just been published by Vanguard.

SISTER IRENE was a tall, deft woman in her early thirties. What one could see of her face made a striking impression — serious hard gray eyes, a long slender nose, a face waxen with thought. Seen at the right time, from the right angle, she was almost handsome; in her past teaching positions she had drawn a little upon the fact of her being young and brilliant and also a nun, but she was beginning to grow out of that.

This was a new university and an entirely new world. She had heard — of course it was true — that the Jesuit administration of this school had hired her at the last moment to save money and to head off the appointment of a man of dubious religious commitment. She had prayed for the necessary energy to get her through this first semester. She had no trouble with teaching itself; once she stood before a classroom she felt herself capable of anything. It was the world immediately outside the classroom that confused and alarmed her, though she let none of this show — the cynicism of her colleagues, the indifference of many of the students, and above all, the looks she got that told her nothing much would be expected of her because she was a nun. This took energy, strength. At times she had the idea that she was on trial

and that the excuses she made to herself about her discomfort were only the common excuses made by guilty people. But in front of a class she had no time to worry about herself or the conflicts in her mind. She became, once and for all, a figure existing only for the benefit of others, an instrument by which facts were communicated.

About two weeks after the semester began, Sister Irene noticed a new student in her class. He was slight and fair-haired, and his face was blank, but not blank by accident, blank on purpose, suppressed and restricted into a dumbness that looked hysterical. She was prepared for him before he raised his hand, and when she saw his arm jerk, as if he had at last lost control of it, she nodded to him without hesitation.

"Sister, how can this be reconciled with Shakespeare's vision in *Hamlet*? How can these opposing views be in the same mind?"

Students glanced at him, mildly surprised. He did not belong in the class, and this was mysterious, but his manner was urgent and blind.

"There is no need to reconcile opposing views," Sister Irene said, leaning forward against the podium. "In one play Shakespeare suggests one vision, in another play another; the plays are not simultaneous creations, and even if they were, we never demand a logical —"

"We must demand a logical consistency," the young man said. "The idea of education itself is predicated upon consistency, order, sanity —"

He had interrupted her, and she hardened her face against him — for his sake, not her own, since she did not really care. But he noticed nothing. "Please see me after class," she said.

After class the young man hurried up to her.

"Sister Irene, I hope you didn't mind my visiting today. I'd heard some things, interesting things," he said. He stared at her, and something in her face allowed him to smile. "I — could we talk in your office? Do you have time?"

They walked down to her office. Sister Irene



sat at her desk, and the young man sat facing her; for a moment they were self-conscious and silent.

"Well, I suppose you know — I'm a Jew," he said.

Sister Irene stared at him. "Yes?" she said.

"What am I doing at a Catholic university, huh?" He grinned. "That's what you want to know."

She made a vague movement of her hand to show that she had no thoughts on this, nothing at all, but he seemed not to catch it. He was sitting on the edge of the straight-backed chair. She saw that he was young but did not really look young. There were harsh lines on either side of his mouth, as if he had misused that youthful mouth somehow. His skin was almost as pale as hers, his eyes were dark and somehow not quite in focus. He looked at her and through her and around her, as his voice surrounded them both. His voice was a little shrill at times.

"Listen, I did the right thing today — visiting your class! God, what a lucky accident it was; some jerk mentioned you, said you were a good teacher — I thought, what a laugh! These people know about good teachers, here? But yes, listen, yes, I'm not kidding — you are good. I mean that."

Sister Irene frowned. "I don't quite understand what all this means."

He smiled and waved aside her formality, as if he knew better. "Listen, I got my B.A. at Columbia, then I came back here to this crappy city. I mean, I did it on purpose, I wanted to come back. I wanted to. I have my reasons for doing things. I'm on a three-thousand-dollar fellowship," he said, and waited for that to impress her. "You know, I could have gone almost anywhere with that fellowship, and I came back home here — my home's in the city — and enrolled here. This was last year. This is my second year. I'm working on a thesis, I mean I was, my master's thesis — but

the hell with that. What I want to ask you is this: Can I enroll in your class, is it too late? We have to get special permission if we're late."

Sister Irene felt something nudging her, some uneasiness in him that was pleading with her not to be offended by his abrupt, familiar manner. He seemed to be promising another self, a better self, as if his fair, childish, almost cherubic face were doing tricks to distract her from what his words said.

"Are you in English studies?" she asked.

"I was in history. Listen," he said, and his mouth did something odd, drawing itself down into a smile that made the lines about it deepen like knives, "listen, they kicked me out."

He sat back, watching her. He crossed his legs. He took out a package of cigarettes and offered her one. Sister Irene shook her head, staring at his hands. They were small and stubby and might have belonged to a ten-year-old, and the nails were a strange near-violet color. It took him a while to extract a cigarette.

"Yeah, kicked me out. What do you think of that?"

"I don't understand."

"My master's thesis was coming along beautifully, and then this bastard — I mean, excuse me, this professor, I won't pollute your office with his name — he started making criticisms, he said some things were unacceptable, he —" The boy leaned forward and hunched his narrow shoulders in a parody of secrecy. "We had an argument. I told him some frank things, things only a broad-minded person could hear about himself. That takes courage, right? He didn't have it! He kicked me out of the master's program, so now I'm coming into English. Literature is greater than history; European history is one big pile of garbage. Sky-high. Filth and rotting corpses, right? Aristotle says that poetry is higher than history; he's right; in your class today I suddenly realized that this is my field, Shakespeare, only Shakespeare is —"

Sister Irene guessed that he was going to say that only Shakespeare was equal to him, and she caught the moment of recognition and hesitation, the half-raised arm, the keen, frowning forehead, the narrowed eyes; then he thought better of it and did not end the sentence. "The students in your class are mainly negligible, I can tell you that. You're new here, and I've been here a year — I would have finished my studies last year but my father got sick, he was hospitalized, I couldn't take exams and it was a mess — but I'll make it through English in one year or drop dead. I can do it, I can do anything. I'll take six courses at once —" He broke off, breathless. Sister Irene tried to smile. "All right then, it's settled? You'll let me in? Have I missed anything so far?"

He had no idea of the rudeness of his question. Sister Irene, feeling suddenly exhausted, said, "I'll give you a syllabus of the course."

"Fine! Wonderful!"

He got to his feet eagerly. He looked through the schedule, muttering to himself, making favorable noises. It struck Sister Irene that she was making a mistake to let him in. There were these moments when one had to make an intelligent decision. . . But she was sympathetic with him, yes. She was sympathetic with something about him.

She found out his name the next day: Allen Weinstein.

AFTER this, she came to her Shakespeare class with a sense of excitement. It became clear to her at once that Weinstein was the most intelligent student in the class. Until he had enrolled, she had not understood what was lacking, a mind that could appreciate her own. Within a week his jagged, protean mind had alienated the other students, and though he sat in the center of the class, he seemed totally alone, encased by a miniature world of his own. When he spoke of the "frenetic humanism of the High Renaissance," Sister Irene dreaded the raised eyebrows and mocking smiles of the other students, who no longer bothered to look at Weinstein. She wanted to defend him, but she never did, because there was something rude and dismal about his knowledge; he used it like a weapon, talking passionately of Nietzsche and Goethe and Freud until Sister Irene would be forced to close discussion.

In meditation, alone, she often thought of him. When she tried to talk about him to a young nun, Sister Carlotta, everything sounded gross. "But no, he's an excellent student," she insisted. "I'm very grateful to have him in class. It's just that . . . he thinks ideas are real." Sister Carlotta, who loved literature also, had been forced to teach grade-school arithmetic for the last four years. That might have been why she said, a little sharply, "You don't think ideas are real?"

Sister Irene acquiesced with a smile, but of course she did not think so: only reality is real.

When Weinstein did not show up for class on the day the first paper was due, Sister Irene's heart sank, and the sensation was somehow a familiar one. She began her lecture and kept waiting for the door to open and for him to hurry noisily back to his seat, grinning an apology toward her — but nothing happened.

If she had been deceived by him, she made herself think angrily, it was as a teacher and not as a woman. He had promised her nothing.

Weinstein appeared the next day near the steps of the liberal arts building. She heard someone

running behind her, a breathless exclamation: "Sister Irene!" She turned and saw him, panting and grinning in embarrassment. He wore a dark-blue suit with a necktie, and he looked, despite his childish face, like a little old man; there was something oddly precarious and fragile about him. "Sister Irene, I owe you an apology, right?" He raised his eyebrows and smiled a sad, forlorn, yet irritatingly conspiratorial smile. "The first paper — not in on time, and I know what your rules are . . . You won't accept late papers, I know — that's good discipline, I'll do that when I teach, too. But, unavoidably, I was unable to come to school yesterday. There are many — many —" He gulped for breath, and Sister Irene had the startling sense of seeing the real Weinstein stare out at her, a terrified prisoner behind the confident voice. "There are many complications in family life. Perhaps you are unaware — I mean —"

She did not like him, but she felt this sympathy, something tugging and nagging at her the way her parents had competed for her love, so many years ago. They had been whining, weak people, and out of their wet need for affection, the girl she had been (her name was Yvonne) had emerged stronger than either of them, contemptuous of tears because she had seen so many. But Weinstein was different; he was not simply weak, perhaps he was not weak at all, but his strength was confused and hysterical. She felt her customary rigidity as a teacher begin to falter. "You may turn your paper in today, if you have it," she said, frowning.

Weinstein's mouth jerked into an incredulous grin. "Wonderful! Marvelous!" he said. "You are very understanding, Sister Irene, I must say. I must say . . . I didn't expect, really . . ." He was fumbling in a shabby old briefcase for the paper. Sister Irene waited. She was prepared for another of his excuses, certain that he did not have the paper, when he suddenly straightened up and handed her something. "Here! I took the liberty of writing thirty pages instead of just fifteen," he said. He was obviously quite excited; his cheeks were mottled pink and white. "You may disagree violently with my interpretation — I expect you to, in fact I'm counting on it — but let me warn you, I have the exact proof, precise, specific proof, right here in the play itself!" He was thumping at a book, his voice growing louder and shriller. Sister Irene, startled, wanted to put her hand over his mouth and soothe him.

"Look," he said breathlessly, "may I talk with you? I have a class now I hate, I loathe, I can't bear to sit through! Can I talk with you instead?"

Because she was nervous, she stared at the title page of the paper: "Erotic Melodies in *Romeo and Juliet*" by Allen Weinstein, Jr.

"All right?" he said. "Can we walk around here?"

Is it all right? I've been anxious to talk with you about some things you said in class."

She was reluctant, but he seemed not to notice. They walked slowly along the shaded campus paths. Weinstein did all the talking, of course, and Sister Irene recognized nothing in his cascade of words that she had mentioned in class. "The humanist must be committed to the totality of life," he said passionately. "This is the failing one finds everywhere in the academic world! I found it in New York and I found it here and I'm no ingénu, I don't go around with my mouth hanging open — I'm experienced, look, I've been to Europe, I've lived in Rome! I went everywhere in Europe except Germany, I don't talk about Germany . . . Sister Irene, think of the significant men in the last century, the men who've changed the world! Jews, right? Marx, Freud, Einstein! Not that I believe Marx, Marx is a madman . . . and Freud, no, my sympathies are with spiritual humanism. I believe that the Jewish race is the exclusive . . . the exclusive, what's the word, the exclusive means by which humanism will be extended . . . Humanism begins by excluding the Jew, and now," he said, with a high, surprised laugh, "the Jew will perfect it. After the Nazis, only the Jew is authorized to understand humanism, its limitations and its possibilities. So, I say that the humanist is committed to life in its totality and not just to his profession! The religious person is totally religious, he *is* his religion! What else? I recognize in you a humanist and a religious person —"

But he did not seem to be talking to her, or even looking at her. "Here, read this," he said. "I wrote it last night." It was a long free-verse poem, typed on a typewriter whose ribbon was worn out. "There's this trouble with my father, a wonderful man, a lovely man, but his health — his strength is fading, do you see? What must it be to him to see his son growing up? I mean, I'm a man now, he's getting old, weak, his health is bad — it's hell, right? I sympathize with him. I'd do anything for him, I'd cut open my veins, anything for a father — right? That's why I wasn't in school yesterday," he said, and his voice dropped for the last sentence, as if he had been dragged back to earth by a fact.

Sister Irene tried to read the poem, then pretended to read it. A jumble of words dealing with "life" and "death" and "darkness" and "love." "What do you think?" Weinstein said nervously, trying to read it over her shoulder and crowding against her.

"It's very . . . passionate," Sister Irene said.

This was the right comment; he took the poem back from her in silence, his face flushed with excitement. "Here, at this school, I have few people to talk with. I haven't shown anyone else that

poem." He looked at her with his dark, intense eyes, and Sister Irene felt them focus upon her. She was terrified at what he was trying to do — he was trying to force her into a human relationship.

"Thank you for your paper," she said, turning away.

WHEN he came the next day, ten minutes late, he was haughty and disdainful. He had nothing to say and sat with his arms folded. Sister Irene took back with her to the convent a feeling of betrayal and confusion. She had been hurt. It was absurd, and yet — She spent too much time thinking about him, as if he were somehow a kind of crystallization of her own loneliness; but she had no right to think so much of him. She did not want to think of him or of her loneliness. But Weinstein did so much more than think of his predicament, he embodied it, he acted it out, and that was perhaps why he fascinated her. It was as if he were doing a dance for her, a dance of shame and agony and delight, and so long as he did it, she was safe. She felt embarrassment for him, but also anxiety; she wanted to protect him. When the dean of the graduate school questioned her about Weinstein's work, she insisted that he was an "excellent" student, though she knew the dean had not wanted to hear that.

She prayed for guidance, she spent hours on her devotions, she was closer to her vocation than she had been for some years. Life at the convent became tinged with unreality, a misty distortion that took its tone from the glowering skies of the city at night, identical smokestacks ranged against the clouds and giving to the sky the excrement of the populated and successful earth. This city was not her city, this world was not her world. She felt no pride in knowing this, it was a fact. The little convent was not like an island in the center of this noisy world, but rather a kind of hole or crevice the world did not bother with, something of no interest. The convent's rhythm of life had nothing to do with the world's rhythm, it did not violate or alarm it in any way. Sister Irene tried to draw together the fragments of her life and synthesize them somehow in her vocation as a nun: she was a nun, she was recognized as a nun and had given herself happily to that life, she had a name, a place, she had dedicated her superior intelligence to the Church, she worked without pay and without expecting gratitude, she had given up pride, she did not think of herself but only of her work and her vocation, she did not think of anything external to these, she saturated herself daily in the knowledge that she was involved in the mystery of Christianity. A daily terror attended this knowledge, however, for she sensed herself being drawn by that student,

that Jewish boy, into a relationship she was not ready for. She wanted to cry out in fear that she was being forced into the role of a Christian, and what did that mean? What could her studies tell her? What could the other nuns tell her? She was alone, no one could help, he was making her into a Christian, and to her that was a mystery, a thing of terror, something others slipped on the way they slipped on their clothes, casually and thoughtlessly, but to her a magnificent and terrifying wonder.

For days she carried Weinstein's paper, marked A, around with her; he did not come to class. One day she checked with the graduate office and was told that Weinstein had called in to say his father was ill and he would not be able to attend classes for a while. "He's strange, I remember him," the secretary said. "He missed all his exams last spring and made a lot of trouble. He was in and out of here every day."

So there was no more of Weinstein for a while, and Sister Irene stopped expecting him to hurry into class. Then, one morning, she found a letter from him in her mailbox.

He had printed it in black ink, very carefully, as if he had not trusted handwriting. The return address was in bold letters that, like his voice, tried to grab onto her: Birchcrest Manor. Somewhere north of the city. "Dear Sister Irene," the block letters said, "I am doing well here and have time for reading and relaxing. The Manor is delightful. My doctor here is an excellent, intelligent man who has time for me, unlike my former doctor. If you have time, you might drop in on my father, who worries about me too much, I think, and explain to him what my condition is. He doesn't seem to understand. I feel about this new life the way that boy, what's his name, in *Measure for Measure*, feels about the prospects of a different life; you remember what he says to his sister when she visits him in prison, how he is looking forward to an escape into another world. Perhaps you could explain this to my father and he would stop worrying." The letter ended with the father's name and address, in letters that were just a little too big. Sister Irene, walking slowly down the corridor as she read the letter, felt her eyes cloud over with tears. She was cold with fear, it was something she had never experienced before. She knew what Weinstein was trying to tell her, and the desperation of his attempt made it all the more pathetic; he did not deserve this, why did God allow him to suffer so?

She read through Claudio's speech to his sister, in *Measure for Measure*:

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice,
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thought
Imagines howling! 'Tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

SISTER IRENE called the father's number that day. "Allen Weinstein residence, who may I say is calling?" a woman said, bored. "May I speak to Mr. Weinstein? It's urgent — about his son," Sister Irene said. There was a pause at the other end. "You want to talk to his mother, maybe?" the woman said. "His mother? Yes, his mother, then. Please. It's very important."

She talked with this strange, unsuspected woman, a disembodied voice that suggested absolutely no face, and insisted upon going over that afternoon. The woman was nervous, but Sister Irene, who was a university professor after all, knew enough to hide her own nervousness. She kept waiting for the woman to say, "Yes, Allen has mentioned you . . ." but nothing happened.

She persuaded Sister Carlotta to ride over with her. This urgency of hers was something they were all amazed by. They hadn't suspected that the set of her gray eyes could change to this blurred, distracted alarm, this sense of mission that seemed to have come to her from nowhere. Sister Irene drove across the city in the late afternoon traffic, with the high whining noises from residential streets where trees were being sawed down in pieces. She understood now the secret, sweet wildness that Christ must have felt, giving himself for man, dying for the billions of men who would never know of him and never understand the sacrifice. For the first time she approached the realization of that great act. In her troubled mind the city traffic was jumbled and yet oddly coherent, an image of the world that was always out of joint with what was happening in it, its inner history struggling with its external spectacle. This sacrifice of Christ's, so mysterious and legendary now, almost lost in time — it was that by which Christ transcended both God and man at one moment, more than man because of his fate to do what no other man could do, and more than God because no god could suffer as he did. She felt a flicker of something close to madness.

She drove nervously, uncertainly, afraid of missing the street and afraid of finding it too, for while one part of her rushed forward to confront

these people who had betrayed their son, another part of her would have liked nothing so much as to be waiting as usual for the summons to dinner, safe in her room . . . When she found the street and turned onto it, she was in a state of breathless excitement. Here, lawns were bright green and marred with only a few leaves, magically clean, and the houses were enormous and pompous, a mixture of styles: ranch houses, colonial houses, French country houses, white-bricked wonders with curving glass and clumps of birch trees somehow encircled by white concrete. Sister Irene stared as if she had blundered into another world. This was a kind of heaven, and she was too shabby for it.

The Weinstein's house was the strangest one of all: it looked like a small Alpine lodge, with an inverted-V-shaped front entrance. Sister Irene drove up the black-topped driveway and let the car slow to a stop; she told Sister Carlotta she would not be long.

At the door she was met by Weinstein's mother, a small nervous woman with hands like her son's. "Come in, come in," the woman said. She had once been beautiful, that was clear, but now in missing beauty she was not handsome or even attractive but looked ruined and perplexed, the misshapen swelling of her white-blond professionally set hair like a cap lifting up from her surprised face. "He'll be right in. Allen?" she called, "our visitor is here." They went into the living room. There was a grand piano at one end and an organ at the other. In between were scatterings of brilliant modern furniture, in conversational groups, and several puffed-up white rugs on the polished floor. Sister Irene could not stop shivering. "Professor, it's so strange, but let me say when the phone rang I had a feeling — I had a feeling," the woman said, with damp eyes. Sister Irene sat, and the woman hovered about her. "Should I call you Professor? We don't — you know — we don't understand the technicalities that go with — Allen, my son, wanted to go here to the Catholic school; I told my husband why not? Why fight? It's the thing these days, they do anything they want for knowledge. And he had to come home, you know. He couldn't take care of himself in New York, that was the beginning of the trouble — Should I call you Professor?"

"You can call me Sister Irene."

"Sister Irene?" the woman said, touching her throat in awe, as if something intimate and unexpected had happened.

Then Weinstein's father appeared, hurrying. He took long impatient strides. Sister Irene stared at him and in that instant doubted everything — he was in his fifties, a tall, sharply handsome man, heavy but not fat, holding his shoulders back with what looked like an effort, but holding them back

just the same. He wore a dark suit, and his face was flushed, as if he had run a long distance.

"Now," he said, coming to Sister Irene and with a precise wave of his hand motioning his wife off, "now let's straighten this out. A lot of confusion over that kid, eh?" He pulled a chair over, scraping it across a rug and pulling one corner over, so that its brown underside was exposed. "I came home early just for this, Libby phoned me. Sister, you got a letter from him, right?"

The wife looked at Sister Irene over her husband's shoulder as if trying somehow to coach her, knowing that this man was so loud and impatient that no one could remember anything in his presence.

"A letter — yes — today —"

"He says what in it? You got the letter, eh? Can I see it?"

She gave it to him and wanted to explain, but he silenced her with a flick of his hand. He read through the letter so quickly that Sister Irene thought perhaps he was trying to impress her with his skill at reading. "So?" he said, raising his eyes, smiling, "so what is this? He's happy out there, he says. He doesn't communicate with us anymore, but he writes to you and says he's happy — what's that? I mean, what the hell is that?"

"But he isn't happy. He wants to come home," Sister Irene said. It was so important that she make him understand that she could not trust her voice; goaded by this man, it might suddenly turn shrill, as his son's did. "Someone must read their letters before they're mailed, so he tried to tell me something by making an allusion to —"

"What?"

"— an allusion to a play, so that I would know. He might be thinking of suicide, he must be very unhappy —"

She ran out of breath. Weinstein's mother had begun to cry, but the father was shaking his head jerkily back and forth. "Forgive me, Sister, but it's a lot of crap, he needs the hospital, he needs help — right? It costs me fifty a day out there, and they've got the best place in the state, I figure it's worth it. He needs help, that kid, what do I care if he's unhappy? He's unbalanced!" he said angrily. "You want us to get him out again? We argued with the judge for two hours to get him in, an acquaintance of mine. Look, he can't control himself — he was smashing things here, he was hysterical, his room is like an animal was in it. You ever seen anybody hysterical? They need help, lady, and you do something about it fast! You do something! We made up our minds to do something and we did it! This letter — what the hell is this letter? He never talked like that to us!"

"But he means the opposite of what he says —"

"Then he is crazy! I'm the first to admit it." He was perspiring, and his face had darkened.

"I've got no pride left, this late. He's a little bastard, you want to know? He calls me names, he's filthy, got a filthy mouth — that's being smart, huh? They give him a big scholarship for his filthy mouth? I went to college too, and I got out and knew something, and I for Christ's sake did something with it; my wife is an intelligent woman, a learned woman, would you guess she does book reviews for the little newspaper out here? Intelligent isn't crazy — crazy isn't intelligent — maybe for you at the school he writes nice papers and gets an A, but out here, around the house, he can't control himself, and we got him committed!"

"But —"

"We're fixing him up, don't worry about it!" He turned to his wife. "Libby, get out of here, I mean it. I'm sorry, but get out of here, you're making a fool of yourself, go stand in the kitchen or something, you and the goddamn maid can cry on each other's shoulders. That one in the kitchen is nuts too, they're all nuts. Sister," he said, his voice lowering, "I thank you immensely for coming out here. This is wonderful, your interest in my son. And I see he admires you — that letter there. But what about that letter? If he did want to get out, which I don't admit — he was willing to be committed, in the end he said OK himself — if he wanted out I wouldn't do it. Why? So what if he wants to come back? The next day he wants something else, what then? He's a sick kid, and I'm the first to admit it."

Sister Irene felt that sickness spread to her. She stood. The room was so big that it seemed it must be a public place; there had been nothing personal or private about their conversation. Weinstein's mother was standing by the fireplace, sobbing. The father jumped to his feet and wiped his forehead in a gesture that was meant to help Sister Irene on her way out. "God, what a day," he said, his eyes snatching at hers for understanding, "you know — one of those days all day long? Sister, I thank you a lot. A professor interested in him — he's a smart kid, eh? Yes, I thank you a lot. There should be more people in the world that care about others, like you. I mean that."

On the way back to the convent, the man's words returned to her, and she could not get control of them; she could not even feel anger. She had been pressed down, forced back, what could she do? Weinstein might have been watching her somehow from a barred window, and he surely would have understood. The strange idea she had had on the way over, something about understanding Christ, came back to her now and sickened her. But the sickness was small. It could be contained.

About a month after her visit to his father, Weinstein himself showed up. He was dressed in

a suit as before, even the necktie was the same. He came right into her office as if he had been pushed and could not stop.

"Sister," he said, and shook her hand. He must have seen fear in her because he smiled ironically. "Look, I'm released. I'm let out of the nut house. Can I sit down?"

He sat. Sister Irene was breathing quickly, as if in the presence of an enemy who does not know that he is an enemy.

"So, they finally let me out. I heard what you did. You talked with him, that was all I wanted. You're the only one who gave a damn. Because you're a humanist and a religious person, you respect . . . the individual. Listen," he said, whispering, "it was hell out there! Hell! Birchcrest Manor! All fixed up with fancy chairs and *Life* magazines lying around — and what do they do to you? They locked me up, they gave me shock treatments! Shock treatments, how do you like that, it's discredited by everybody now — they're crazy out there themselves, sadists — they locked me up, they gave me hypodermic shots, they didn't treat me like a human being! Do you know what that is," Weinstein demanded savagely, "not to be treated like a human being? They made me an animal — for fifty dollars a day! Dirty filthy swine! Now I'm an outpatient because I stopped swearing at them. I found somebody's bobby pin, and when I wanted to scream I pressed it under my fingernail, and it stopped me — the screaming went inside and not out — so they gave me good reports, those sick bastards, now I'm an outpatient and I can walk along the street and breathe in the same filthy exhaust from the buses like all you normal people! Christ," he said, and threw himself back against the chair.

Sister Irene stared at him. She wanted to take his hand, to make some gesture that would close the aching distance between them. "Mr. Weinstein —"

"Call me Allen!" he said sharply.

"I'm very sorry — I'm terribly sorry —"

"My own parents committed me, but of course they didn't know what it was like. It was hell," he said, thickly, "and there isn't any hell except what other people do to you. The psychiatrist out there, the main shrink, he hates Jews, too, some of us were positive of that, and he's got a bigger nose than I do, a real beak." He made a noise of disgust. "A dirty bastard, a sick, dirty, pathetic bastard — all of them — Anyway, I'm getting out of here, and I came to ask you a favor."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm getting out. I'm leaving. I'm going up to Canada and lose myself, I'll get a job, I'll forget everything, I'll kill myself maybe — what's the difference? Look, can you lend me some money?"

"Money?"

"Just a little! I have to get to the border, I'm going to take a bus."

"But I don't have any money —"

"No money?" He stared at her. "You mean — you don't have any? Sure you have some!"

She stared at him as if he had asked her to do something obscene. Everything was splotted and uncertain before her eyes. "You must . . . you must go back," she said, "you're making a —"

"I'll pay it back. Look, I'll pay it back, can you go to where you live or something and get it? I'm in a hurry. My friends are sons of bitches: one of them pretended he didn't see me yesterday — I stood right in the middle of the sidewalk and yelled at him, I called him some appropriate names! So he didn't see me, huh? You're the only one who understands me, you understand me like a poet, you —"

"I can't help you, I'm sorry — I —"

He looked to one side of her and then flashed his gaze back, as if he could not control it. He seemed to be trying to clear his vision. "You have the soul of a poet," he whispered, "you're the only one. Everybody else is rotten! Can't you lend me some money, ten dollars maybe? I have three thousand in the bank, and I can't touch it! They take everything away from me, they make me into an animal . . . You know I'm not an animal, don't you? Don't you?"

"Of course," Sister Irene whispered.

"You could get money. Help me. Give me your hand or something, touch me, help me — please —" He reached for her hand and she drew back. He stared at her and his face seemed about to crumble, like a child's. "I want something from you, but I don't know what — I want something!" he cried. "Something real! I want you to look at me like I was a human being, is that too much to ask? I have a brain, I'm alive, I'm suffering — what does that mean? Does that mean nothing? I want something real and not this phony Christian love garbage — it's all in the books, it isn't personal — I want something real — look —"

He tried to take her hand again, and this time she jerked away. She got to her feet. "Mr. Weinstein," she said, "please —"

"You! You — nun," he said scornfully, his mouth twisted into a mock grin. "You nun!

There's nothing under that ugly outfit, right? And you're not particularly smart even though you think you are; my father has more brains in his foot than you —"

He got to his feet and kicked the chair.

"You bitch!" he cried.

She shrank back against her desk as if she thought he might hit her, but he only ran out of the office.

Weinstein: the name was to become disembodied from the figure, as time went on. The semester passed, the autumn drizzle turned into snow, Sister Irene rode to school in the morning and left in the afternoon, four days a week, anonymous in her black winter cloak, quiet and stunned. University teaching was an anonymous task, each day dissociated from the rest, with no necessary sense of unity among the teachers: they came and went separately and might for a year just miss a colleague who left his office five minutes before they arrived, and it did not matter.

She heard of Weinstein's death, his suicide by drowning, from the English department secretary, a handsome white-haired woman who kept a transistor radio on her desk. Sister Irene was not surprised; she had been thinking of him as dead for months. "They identified him by some special television way they have now," the secretary said. "They're shipping the body back. It was up in Quebec . . ."

Sister Irene could feel a part of herself drifting off, lured by the plains of white snow to the north, the quiet, the emptiness, the sweep of the Great Lakes up to the silence of Canada. But she called that part of herself back. She could only be one person in her lifetime. That was the ugly truth, she thought, that she could not really regret Weinstein's suffering and death; she had only one life and had already given it to someone else. He had come too late to her. Fifteen years ago, perhaps, but not now.

She was only one person, she thought, walking down the corridor in a dream. Was she safe in this single person, or was she trapped? She had only one identity. She could make only one choice. What she had done or hadn't done was the result of that choice, and how was she guilty? If she could have felt guilt, she thought, she might at least have been able to feel something.

THE SHEEP-CHILD

by James Dickey

Farm boys wild to couple
With anything with soft-wooded trees
With mounds of earth mounds
Of pine straw will keep themselves off
Animals by legends of their own:
In the hay-tunnel dark
And dung of barns, they will
Say I have heard tell

That in a museum in Atlanta
Way back in a corner somewhere
There's this thing that's only half
Sheep like a woolly baby
Pickled in alcohol because
Those things can't live his eyes
Are open but you can't stand to look
I heard from somebody who . . .

But this is now almost all
Gone. The boys have taken
Their own true wives in the city,
The sheep are safe in the west hill
Pasture but we who were born there
Still are not sure. Are we,
Because we remember, remembered
In the terrible dust of museums?

Merely with his eyes, the sheep-child may
Be saying saying

*I am here, in my father's house.
I who am half of your world, came deeply
To my mother in the long grass
Of the west pasture, where she stood like moonlight
Listening for foxes. It was something like love
From another world that seized her
From behind, and she gave, not lifting her head
Out of dew, without ever looking, her best
Self to that great need. Turned loose, she dipped her face
Farther into the chill of the earth, and in a sound
Of sobbing of something stumbling
Away, began, as she must do,
To carry me. I woke, dying,*

*In the summer sun of the hillside, with my eyes
Far more than human. I saw for a blazing moment
The great grassy world from both sides,
Man and beast in the round of their need,
And the hill wind stirred in my wool,
My hoof and my hand clasped each other,
I ate my one meal
Of milk, and died
Staring. From dark grass I came straight*

*To my father's house, whose dust
Whirls up in the halls for no reason
When no one comes piling deep in a hellish mild corner,
And, through my immortal waters,
I meet the sun's grains eye
To eye, and they fail at my closet of glass.
Dead, I am most surely living
In the minds of farm boys: I am he who drives
Them like wolves from the hound bitch and calf
And from the chaste ewe in the wind.
They go into woods into bean fields they go
Deep into their known right hands. Dreaming of me,
They groan they wait they suffer
Themselves, they marry, they raise their kind.*

HOUSTON'S SHACKLED PRESS

by Ben H. Bagdikian

AMONG the most fervent declarations about American institutions are public testaments to the need for freedom of the press, and no one pronounces these with more passion than the press itself. From standing mottoes on page one, in prose and poetry across editorial pages, and in unrelenting rhetoric from publishers' conventions comes the message: the democratic process is founded on the rock of free and independent newspapers.

Most of these calls imply the danger of control by government. Some suggest other threats, from welfare statism to public apathy. Over the years, among the most insistent alarmists of the internal threat to freedom has been the *Houston Chronicle*, the largest paper in Texas and at one time the property of Jesse Jones. But so far in this decade the greatest contribution the *Houston Chronicle* has made to the maintenance of native American institutions is to conduct a continuing and depressing demonstration on how not to operate a free paper in a free society, and to remind its brethren in the trade that the most immediate threat to a free press in this country is their own conflict of interest.

When a big and powerful newspaper fires its hard-driving editor, then changes hands only to reverse the change a few months later, that's news — but barely so to the newspaper in question. Mr. Bagdikian, Washington-based author and reporter, needed weeks of intensive querying and checking to get at the facts about the policies and the goings-on of the owners of the Houston CHRONICLE. The results have great relevance to the state of the free press.

In the 1950s the *Chronicle* was an unabashed mouthpiece for the city's aging oligarchy, dull, jingoistic, reactionary, and falling behind its competitors. Brought in to rejuvenate the paper in 1960 was William P. Steven, a professional editor (moderate Republican) who reversed the paper's dying tendencies and looked at the *Chronicle* as though it were being published for the whole community. In addition to this heresy, he was pretty radical: he supported higher education, Lyndon Johnson, and civil rights. So last September he was fired by the oligarchy. It was the most spectacular story in American newspapering that week, reported in all major Texas dailies, the wire services, and national newsmagazines. But in the *Chronicle's* account of its change — the conservative team of the 1950s was put back in charge — Steven's name did not appear, and he became an unperson in the manner of fallen political gods in the Soviet encyclopedia. The paper began shifting back to the right.

Three months later the oligarchs agreed to sell the *Chronicle* to the Houston oil millionaire John Mecom as part of an \$85 million package that included hotels, banks, office buildings, and a laundry. The deal would change the commercial power structure of the sixth largest city in the country, but the *Chronicle's* bland story was one eighth as long as the one in the opposition *Post*. After Mecom moved in, the paper continued its rightward shift and changed largely by playing up its new proprietor's interest in oil, horse and automobile racing, and providing spectacular coverage of his daughter's wedding.

On June 7 of this year the Mecom deal collapsed, and the *Chronicle* reverted to the oligarchy, along with the laundry. Apparently the deal fell

through over disagreement on the final price for the biggest bank in the package. The *Chronicle* did not report that the deal had been canceled, let alone why, presumably on grounds that it was none of the public's business. Readers were not even told that they had lost a newspaper proprietor. Mecom's name, like Steven's before him, was merely dropped from the masthead and replaced by that of Jesse Jones, who has been dead ten years. If Houstonians depended on their biggest paper, they would not know that their community had undergone a profound change, even though the paper was part of that change. And they would not know that their leading newspaper, the most prominent Texas representative of that crucial institution of a free and independent press, was being bought and sold like an anonymous link in a string of corporate hot dogs. On the basis of that record, the *Chronicle's* readers will probably have to rely on rumor and gossip to tell them what happens next to their newspaper.

Among the depressing morals to be drawn from the turbulence in Houston is the reminder that the American press has hardly begun to think about, let alone solve, a fundamental problem of conflict of interest. The press has been vigorous about pointing to conflict of interest among politicians, occasionally exposing men and agencies in government who let private profit interfere with their public duty. Newspapers were particularly noticeable stressing the horrors of conflict of interest and payola in broadcasting. At infrequent times a few papers will even expose individual reporters or editors who compromise their reportorial objectivity by taking money, favors, or glory from news sources. But they have been virtually silent about a major source of conflict of interest in journalism: the danger that the publisher of a local paper will have a financial interest in an enterprise that should be reported objectively but is not.

For example, the group that controlled the *Chronicle* last year also controlled a large bank in town which experienced a bitter stockholder struggle that was reported in the *Wall Street Journal* and on page one of the opposition *Post*, but never mentioned in the *Chronicle*.

So it was typical that when the *Chronicle* was sold last December, along with the same large bank and downtown real estate, Houstonians depending solely on the *Chronicle* would have known nothing of the event unless they had caught the final edition of the December 6 paper, and even there they would have been limited to a twelve-and-a-half-inch story. Six months later when it was "unsold," the readers were told nothing. The *Post* had three chaste paragraphs forty-eight hours later.

The *Post* has not always compensated for the deficiencies of the *Chronicle*. It cooperated, for ex-

ample, in keeping out of print in Houston the name and fate of the discharged Steven. Competition does not necessarily produce good newspapers. There are too many cities where it seems to produce the opposite — Boston, San Francisco, the afternoon papers in New York City — and a number of places where monopolies print good newspapers — Louisville and St. Petersburg. Competition merely increases the odds that news will be printed and public questions asked and investigated. There is no longer competition in 96 percent of American cities with papers, and in the remaining 4 percent the tide of monopoly seems to move on inexorably, as it has in Houston in recent times.

UNTIL 1964 there had been three papers in the city. For years, the best one was Oveta Culp Hobby's morning *Post*, staid, occasionally enterprising, but never as vigorous or as authoritative as one would expect from the only morning paper in the country's sixth largest and remarkably rich city. There were two afternoon papers. The Scripps-Howard *Press*, a wretched paper, was a flamboyant, superficial jab in the civic rib cage. The other was the *Chronicle*, reactionary and stingy with the news, for years the voice of its early owner, Jesse Jones, and after his death, of his fiscal trustees.

In 1960 the *Press* had a circulation of 102,000. The *Post*, with 218,000 and the only staff exhibiting signs of metropolitan-caliber ability, grew slowly to dominance in the city. The *Chronicle* had a circulation of 205,000, but it was out of sympathy and out of touch with large segments of the community. John T. Jones, Jr., the titular head of the *Chronicle*, decided it was time for a change. Jones, the favorite nephew of Jesse Jones, is tall, slender, slow-speaking, with a facial resemblance to his uncle except for a contemplative quality.

John Jones decided to change the *Chronicle* to a paper for a modern metropolis, which Houston desperately needed. For years the city had been wracked by ideological wars of the most primitive kind, most dramatically in its educational system. The schools were dominated by citizens who regarded sympathetic mention of the United Nations in the classroom as Communist indoctrination, racial integration as an alien plot, and who eschewed such forms of federal aid as school lunches but grasped it in the form of federally supported military training for high school boys.

Jones's instrument for the awakening of the *Chronicle* was William P. Steven, a man of heavy build and hearty voice, with a national reputation for rejuvenating newspapers. He had started out in his native Wisconsin, had edited in Tulsa, and had enlivened the Minneapolis news scene. He is of

that breed of newspapermen who possess instinctive rapport with their generation, a drive to go where the action is, and an immunity from the contagion of bureaucracy and ultraspectability.

Like his friend Lyndon Johnson, Steven is a calculating plunger. (Years ago he told a *Time* magazine reporter that his editing philosophy is "Plan now, print later," but it came out in *Time* as "Print now, plan later" and continues unchangeable in the corridors of *Time* as a famous Steven quote.) He parted with the Cowles management in Minneapolis largely because young John Cowles had risen to the point of editorial leadership, and a good newspaper can stand only one leader at a time. It is typical of Steven's shrewd enthusiasm that he found his next job by compiling a list of all the papers in the country with three characteristics: big enough to pay him a good salary, dull, and with an editor over sixty. There were eight. In each case he arranged for a friend who knew the owners to let the publisher know Steven was a good man and available. One of the papers was the *Chronicle*.

In September of 1960 John Jones and Steven spent a day and a half talking in a room of the Rice Hotel in Houston. Jones wanted Steven to do for the *Chronicle* what he had done for papers in Tulsa and Minneapolis, make them interesting and make them grow. The two men liked each other. As they approached a decision, Steven told Jones, "You know, John, there is one thing that troubles me about working in the South that you ought to know. I feel that integration is an essential fact in the demonstration of democracy. I think it is necessary for the full development of the economy. And I think it is the only way to make our foreign policy mean anything in a world of mostly dark skins. Outside of that, I have no strong feelings on the matter."

As Steven remembers it, Jones replied, "The *Chronicle* supports the law of the land. The only trouble I'll have with you is that you may want to talk about it too much."

The *Chronicle* stopped being dull and archaic. Emphasis moved from columnists of the far right, like Paul Harvey and Fulton Lewis, Jr., to those of the center, like James Reston and Max Freedman. The paper subscribed to the Los Angeles *Times*-Washington *Post* wire service and the New York *Times* News Service (after the *Times* service appeared, conservatives in town began calling the *Chronicle* their *Pravda*).

Almost at once Steven began building the local news staff, which was suffering from inbreeding, age, and malnutrition. Top reporters at the *Chronicle* in 1960 were getting \$120 a week, and he raised their salaries to \$165. He attracted bright young journalists from outside to the paper. One

photographer, Ted Rozumalski, became the only man ever to be named twice as national Photographer of the Year. Reporter William Porterfield won an Ernie Pyle Award in 1963. Saul Friedman was named a Nieman Fellow at Harvard. The staff began doing a series of articles on urgent local problems, among them sympathetic accounts of the nature of racial relations in the city (there are 300,000 Negroes in a city of a million). Much attention was devoted to the need for faster development of higher education. The *Chronicle* withdrew its support from the conservatives on the school board, pressed for televising of school-board proceedings against the bitter opposition of conservatives, and won.

Steven spent money, but he also saved some. For years it had cost the paper \$100,000 to publish a 6 A.M. edition merely to get an extra 7000 circulation in the fight against the *Post*. Steven scrapped that edition. In 1964 the *Press* finally gave up and sold its assets to the *Chronicle*, which then became the largest paper in Texas, with 254,000 circulation.

The opposition *Post* began to perk up. It brought down William Woestendiek from the highly successful Long Island *Newsday*, and its national and foreign news improved. The changes were long overdue in a city with four universities (total enrollment 25,000), a large petrochemical and shipping community with global rather than parochial interests, and the huge NASA space center.

For the first time, urgent issues could be discussed openly without destructive recrimination. The pre-Steven *Chronicle* spoke for the financial lords of the territory and their eccentric politics, and everyone knew it; the most dangerous political radicalism it had entertained was to support Governor John Connally, even though he is, in a manner of speaking, a Democrat.

A man who lived and worked in Houston during the Steven period said, "You have no idea what a difference it made that the *Chronicle* changed. It wasn't dangerous to be a Johnson Democrat anymore, or to support minority groups, or speak in favor of Medicare. Before, if you supported these things, they made you feel like the village crazy man."

The nature of this change is implied in the award given Steven in October of 1964 by the Houston chapter of the American Jewish Committee "in recognition of his constructive and effective labors in guiding the Houston *Chronicle* toward accomplishing the information of our populace and the improvement of opinion in Houston."

It was typical of the new role of the paper that on September 2, 1965, Steven and his counterpart

on the *Post*, William Hobby, Jr., spent much of the day conferring with Houston Mayor Louie Welch over an alarming local development. It was during the Watts rebellion in Los Angeles, and though Houston Negroes showed no sign of hostility, hysterical whites had bought out all the guns in a number of stores and were mounting armed patrols of neighborhoods. Steven put in continual calls for his boss, John Jones, and for his managing editor, Everett Collier, but, oddly, could not reach either one.

Steven arrived home tired and worried, but his wife, Lucy, an alert and articulate blonde, insisted that he shake his concern and join a family celebration. It was a gay evening. But by eleven thirty Bill and Lucy were in bed reading when John Jones called and said that he was coming right up. Bill assumed that Jones wanted to talk about the racial tension.

Just before midnight, Mr. and Mrs. Jones arrived at the Steven home in the fashionable southwest of Houston. Bill and Lucy were in bathrobes and over an initial drink made friendly small talk. Then Jones blurted out: "This is the hardest thing I ever had to do. Bill, they had a meeting today, and they got you."

As Bill and Lucy Steven reconstruct it, the conversation went like this:

Steven: Who is "they"? And what do you mean, they got me?

Jones: You know. The Endowment.

Lucy: Who?

Jones: The trustees.

Lucy: What do you mean, they got Bill?

Jones: You're all through, Bill.

Lucy: Why? Why?

There was no direct answer. Much later that night, Jones said: "Bill, you had a vision. They don't want a vision; they want a voice."

The Endowment is The Houston Endowment, Incorporated, a tax-free charitable foundation started by Jesse Jones in 1937 with a gift of \$1,050,000. Jesse Jones, banking, lumber, and real estate millionaire and a government administrator under Herbert Hoover and Franklin Roosevelt, died in 1956. Today his Endowment calculates its assets at \$168 million. Others think it is \$400 million, but no outside audit has ever been made.

Under the law, the Endowment exists solely to support charities. But its primary impact on the community is as a powerful, tightly held corporate force. It has an important interest in thirty-two corporations, a majority interest in twenty-five, including half a dozen banks, three hotels, several downtown office buildings, real estate, and the Mayfair House hotel on Park Avenue, New York. Through its communications properties it has been the major controller of political and social intelli-

gence in the city of Houston. At the start of the counterrevolution that swept Bill Steven out of his job, the tax-free foundation owned 100 percent of KTRH Broadcasting Company, a major station in the city, 31 percent of a local television station, and 100 percent of the Houston *Chronicle*.

From 1951 to 1964 the Endowment had an income of \$97 million and gave \$19 million in charity. When Representative Wright Patman of Texas began investigating abuses by some tax-free foundations, the Internal Revenue Service momentarily revoked the Endowment's foundation status but later restored it.

Four men and one woman controlled probably the largest single corporate force in the city. John Jones used to be a sixth trustee and chairman of the board, but he resigned last August, in order, he said, to buy \$3 million worth of broadcasting properties from the Endowment without conflict of interest. The remaining five trustees are all related to Jesse Jones by blood, marriage, or former business association. They are J. Howard Creekmore, president, a former bank employee of Jones's; Mrs. Audrey Jones Beck, granddaughter of Jesse; John Beck, her husband; J. Hurt Garrett, a former employee of Jones's and now senior vice president of the Texas National Bank of Commerce, second largest bank in the city, controlled by the Endowment; and W. W. Moore, former associate of Jesse Jones's, now president of Bankers Mortgage Company, a holding company owned 97 percent by the Endowment.

There is special irony in the episode. Reformers of newspapers have long dreamed of ownership by a foundation that would be immune to commercial attitudes and pressures. But as it unfolded in Houston, foundation ownership produced a list of almost every pitfall in business domination. This does not necessarily negate the idea of foundation support, but it would seem to for foundations run by men who are essentially corporate administrators with control of operating businesses. For example, the *Chronicle* represented only one twentieth of the Endowment's total assets. Even if the newspaper never showed a profit, this would be tolerable to the total economy of the foundation. It served the trustees instead to have the paper protect the property and politics of its owners and do it more effectively by overwhelming its competing papers, which it did by consistently cutting its advertising rates secretly for big advertisers, keeping its monthly subscription rate abnormally low, running exorbitant editions to help put one competitor out of business and dominate another. The owners of the *Chronicle* had another convenience: they held notes for some time on the owners of the *Post*.

The chief evil of the Endowment's ownership is the same as that of any business conglomerate

possessing a newspaper: the paper is always in danger of becoming a means to the parent corporation's nonjournalistic ends, a handmaiden rather than a detached reporter.

A second danger is that such ownership is ideological. A man who controls a dozen nonjournalistic businesses usually has nothing in his experience telling him he is obliged to make his property available to the ideas of others. The owners of the *Chronicle* seemed to find any such notion of obligation intolerable, and Steven insists he was fired because of that intolerance. "The conservatives won," he says.

As he cleaned out his desk, Steven got a call from President Johnson, who wanted to know what was going on. "Mr. President," Steven said, "we carried every precinct but the right one." He meant that the paper had support from the community but not from the boardroom of the Houston Endowment in the Bankers Mortgage Building. It was from here that the counterrevolution was mounted. First the foundation trustees dissolved the board of the *Chronicle*, which had included Steven, replacing him with their new editor, Collier, who had been a columnist during the paper's reactionary period in the 1950s. Then they loaded the paper's board with members of the foundation board — Creekmore, Garrett, Moore, and John Beck.

Jones seems to have been a powerless witness to the wreckage of his paper. He has said that he was told to take it or leave it.

There was almost unanimous indignation among the new hierarchy of the paper at reports that politics of the paper had anything to do with the firing. I tried to ask all the trustees, but most of them were unapproachable. The receptionist for Mr. Moore at Bankers Mortgage brought back the message "He knows what you want, and he won't see you." But I found the number two man on the board less bashful. J. Hurt Garrett has his office on the executive third floor of the Endowment's Texas National Bank of Commerce (the biggest bank it controls). He is an elderly jowl-faced man reminiscent of veteran overseers of New England textile mills.

"We didn't like their editorial policy, that's all," he said. "They had everyone up in arms. Nobody liked it. I never heard anything but complaints about it. . . . It was all this racial desegregation business. Things were all right in Houston before they came down. But all this racial business — nobody liked it. And I don't like all this Johnson stuff, and all his civil rights, too. I know that Jones and Steven are friends of Johnson, but all we got was complaints about the paper's policy on that."

Mr. Garrett sounded quite credible. When he said of the paper's policy, "Nobody liked it," pre-

sumably he meant nobody on the third floor of the Texas National Bank of Commerce. Two thirds of Harris County voted for Lyndon Johnson in 1964. And when he said he heard nothing but complaints, this, too, sounded plausible. My guess is that he does not subscribe to a Houston weekly called *The Forward Times*, which goes mostly to the Negro community, and which ran almost a full-page editorial on the firing of Bill Steven, saying:

A strong positive force that has quietly but effectively gone about the business of helping Houston Negro citizens move up into new heights of dignity and opportunity has been fired from his position.

Not many Negroes were personally acquainted with William P. Stevens [*The Forward Times* made a common error of putting a terminal "s" on the name], but most were well aware of the fact that for the last four years The Houston *Chronicle* had shifted from a staunchly conservative newspaper to one that openly advocated school integration and printed editorials that warmed the heart of the depressed and disadvantaged.

What the Negro citizens did not know was the man responsible for all this change was William P. Stevens, backed by John T. Jones, Jr. What they may not have realized recently, when a front-page announcement was run in the *Chronicle* announcing that a new editor had been hired was that the old editor, William P. Stevens, had been fired. . . . It is an ominous warning of things to come or to say the least it is an indication of the end of a short, short era.

The editorial referred to the possibility that people in Houston might not know that Steven had been fired. On September 3 the *Chronicle* ran a large story on page one on the new appointments but omitted any mention of Steven, and of the Endowment, which made the changes. Over at the *Post* a story about the firing was prepared but killed by the top brass.

So the news of Steven's discharge had to travel by underground: two church newsletters (one said "truly disturbing," another "a tragic mistake"), two weeklies (*The Forward Times* and the conservative weekly, *Tribune*, which ran a straightforward news story). Later someone mailed out thousands of reproductions of stories in national papers and newsmagazines on a sheet entitled "News all over the U.S. but not in Houston."

JOHN MECOM, the new owner of the *Chronicle*, inherited all its problems, and some of them were even magnified. Under the previous ownership, when a columnist in the *Chronicle* had mentioned in print that there was a plan to study a downtown air terminal, the head of the Endowment, Howard Creekmore, personally called the paper in anger. The Endowment also owned the Rice Hotel, where

most of the airlines have their offices. A new downtown terminal was not encouraged in the *Chronicle*.

Under Mecom the Rice Hotel was still owned by the owner of the *Chronicle*, who still had a controlling interest in the bank. In addition, Mecom has worldwide oil, industrial, hotel, and banking interests, and in the Houston area he owns the Warwick Hotel, the Reed Roller Bit Company, the Keystone Drug Company, a building construction firm, a half interest in a huge industrial complex on the Houston Ship Channel, and 20,000 acres of land, some of which he is using to construct 5000 homes and high-rise apartments. The possibility of a conflict of interest was as inherent under Mecom's ownership of the *Chronicle* as it was under its previous owners. But the Houston Endowment had been under pursuit by the Department of the Treasury and by Congressman Patman. Patman was digging deeper into the Endowment in the summer and fall of 1965, compiling an impressive record, only partly publicized at the time, of the Endowment's large-scale corporate dealings and its modest indulgence in charity. Patman proposed and even the conservative Treasury agreed that there ought to be a law limiting the right of tax-free foundations to control operating businesses.

During this period, the foundation was looking for a suitable buyer, Steven was fired, and Creekmore decided that John Mecom was the man to buy the *Chronicle*. Why did they pick him?

Collier's explanation is: "The trustees of Houston Endowment were determined to keep these properties in the hands of someone who has the same deep love of this community and the same concepts for its betterment and progress that Jesse Jones had." The trustees no doubt felt they were expressing "the same concepts for its betterment and progress" when they fired Steven for being too liberal, too pro-Negro, and too militant a reporter of the town.

Mecom is pro-Johnson in a Texas sort of way, but he is not an ideologue. He maintained an office in the *Chronicle* and ran the same kind of paper the post-Steven editors did under the Endowment. The paper remained to the right of the Steven paper. Three months after Mecom took over, its columnists on domestic affairs were William White, Henry J. Taylor, Raymond Moley, Les Carpenter, Marianne Means, Victor Reisel, William Buckley, James Reston, Max Freedman, and David Lawrence. Four of these (White, Freedman, Carpenter, and Means) are close friends of Lyndon Johnson's. The only nonconservative among the remainder is Reston, and he appeared less frequently than before. Liberal cartoonist Herblock no longer appeared. The paper dropped Ralph McGill and Whitney Young, and conservative columnist David Lawrence was run twice as often as before.

Almost a year after Steven was fired, a series of articles on the Negro community, criticizing among others the slum landlords, had not been published. Reporter Saul Friedman, who has since gone to Detroit, had worked on the series four months. It was ready for publication when Steven was discharged.

On a number of urgent local issues the editorial page went blank. It decided, in an abrupt change, that the televising of school-board sessions was not important. When Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach made a major speech urging the city to complete its racial integration willingly and without rancor, the *Chronicle*, whose editorials under Steven had not been reticent about giving opinions, merely suggested that readers look at the speech. Another editorial recommended that readers look at a certain column of William White's. An editor told a subordinate, "That will be a signal to President Johnson that we're still with him." The new *Chronicle* apparently hoped to send esoteric signals to the President that would go undetected by the owners and the readers.

WHEN the Houston Endowment fired Steven, an indignant citizen of Houston wrote to the White House: "The time has come to license newspapers — to assure that they will use their licenses for the benefit of the public and not just for special interests."

Licensing of the press is, of course, unconstitutional and unwise. But newspapers ought to worry about how often the idea appeals to a frustrated public. There is almost nothing a community can do about a local newspaper that fails in its primary duty. Starting a new metropolitan competitor is too much like a man dissatisfied with his automobile trying to start a new General Motors. He might have done it fifty years ago but not today. Nor is there any effective way he can reach owners who choose to remain unresponsive.

The country's newspaper proprietors, the vast majority enjoying a monopoly, preside over an institution that should be the most sensitive detector of change in society. But among major American institutions, newspapers have been the least responsive to upheavals in civilization since World War II. Government, education, religion, and much of corporate life have adapted to altered conditions in economic and social life, but newspaper owners have clung to the past. They seem to be reminded of their special status under the First Amendment only when someone suggests changes in the second-class mailing privilege or the payment of standard wages to delivery boys. Their response to the notion of the press being accountable to the public is

to bar reporters from sessions of the American Newspaper Publishers Association. In addition, the dangers of news monopoly are increasing.

The basic answer to this vacating of responsibility is for owners to include in their corporate hierarchy, their directorships, and their wills some meaningful representation in the public interest, quite divorced from simple property interest.

In the absence of that there are methods by which a paper ownership can establish working communications with its own community. The editor, publisher, and owner of one of the best papers in the country, Barry Bingham, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and *Times*, has proposed local press councils in which community representatives would regularly sit with the paper's hierarchy to adjudicate complaints and public issues. No one has been trampled in the rush to try it.

Because there has been little evidence of publisher interest in creating some method of public accountability for the press, the government may have to step in. The least that can be done is to take away the "they" of ownership of newspapers, the usually faceless controllers of the community's news. The Post Office requires users of the second-class mailing privilege to list each year all parties who own one percent or more of the stock in the publication. But at present, there is no distinction made between a one percent owner and a 99 percent owner. And the listing, usually published in the paper in early October, is meaningless because it lists only the holders of record, often trustees and third parties acting as executors of wills.

Although a few newspapers offer stock publicly, there is no good reason in law or logic why newspapers should not file for public scrutiny, under postal law, the same information the Securities and Exchange Commission requires of 4500 companies who trade their stock in the open market. The SEC requires the filing as a public record of the names of all officers, directors, and holders of 10 percent or more of stock. Each of those persons in turn must file their holdings in any other traded firm in which they are an officer, director, or holder of 10 percent or more of stock. The present postal requirement was passed to prevent the use of government mailing subsidy by parties using the cover of education and news for propaganda or concealed advertising. The present listings do not usually tell the Post Office or the readers who the beneficial owners of newspapers are or what other financial interests they have that might constitute a conflict of interest and a distortion upon the news.

Newspapers have generally supported the idea that policy-making federal officials should disclose their financial holdings and sell those that might conceivably tempt them to influence their work for their own benefit. The American newspaper is almost a branch of public administration. It is the most important single instrument of information in a society peculiarly dependent upon public knowledge and public opinion; for its own future and the national good it needs to be as free as possible, and it needs to assure increasingly dubious readers that it is free.

IF LOVE

BECOMES

A GAME

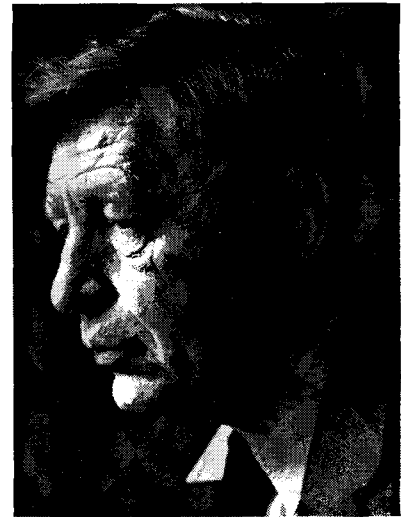
by ROBERT GRAVES

If love becomes a game the sweet young fool,
Now both player and prize,
Learns to resist a gentlemanly rule,
Against unsporting lies,

That draws her far-from-ladylike attack
When, as a last resort,
She's kicked the table down, scattered the pack
And turned to other sport —

To sport, alas, with some gay gambling boy
Who, judging it no sin
Her sweet, young, foolish license to enjoy,
Can never help but win.

The
ATLANTIC
EXTRA



AUDEN ON POETRY

A Conversation with Stanley Kunitz

Because poets persistently complain that poetry is badly taught, the Academy of American Poets and Stanley Kunitz have organized, in conjunction with the New York City Board of Education, a series of dialogues between poets. In this edited conversation, Mr. Kunitz, poet and teacher, discusses with one of the most versatile men of English letters the thoughts, acts — and occasional accidents — that go into good poetry.

LET'S begin by talking about meaning in poetry. It's always the dragon at the gate whenever you approach the subject. Every poet, I suppose, tries to define for himself what poetry is all about. It's an absolutely feckless enterprise because no definition is ever quite right. The one of mine I like best is that poetry is language surprised in the act of changing into meaning.

Yes, I quite agree with that.

Maybe you'd like to elaborate on the nature of poetry, on how it seems to you to differ from other uses of language.

Most animals, and not only the so-called social animals, have some kind of code by which one individual member of the species communicates with another about certain vital information, whether it be about food, sex, territory, or presence of enemies. But such a code in animals never develops into what I would call speech. All code statements, so to speak, are in the third person and the impersonal. The kind of use of language in which poetry is interested, which I would call speech, comes from the fact that we're not only individuals of the species; each of us is a unique

Photograph by George Cserna.

person who can say "I" in response to the "thou's" of others, and we desire voluntarily to disclose ourselves to each other and to share each other's experiences. So I know that if a writer on linguistics starts by analyzing code statements like "the cat is on the mat," he does not understand speech or cannot understand poetry. If you want to understand poetry, you must begin with phrases of command and obedience, summonses and responses; you know, like "Adam, where art thou?" "Lord, here am I" or "Go get thee up." This kind of thing.

You must begin with proper names and you must begin with the first- and second-person pronouns. You'll notice that the first- and second-person pronouns have no gender. The third-person pronoun does, and therefore strictly speaking should be called impersonal. It is convenient, grammatically convenient, and conventional enough, if I am talking to another person about somebody who isn't there to refer to them as him or her. But if I think of somebody as him or her, then I'm not thinking of them as a person but as an individual object.

Proper names are not translatable. Suppose

that I have to translate a novel from German in which the hero's name is Heinrich. In translation I should retain the name Heinrich. I should not call him Henry, and this is, I think, because we use words in this impersonal way. Suppose that I ask someone the way to the next bus stop. He does not enter into it at all as a person. This is simply a piece of information I require. And in some languages it's a convention actually to use the third person in formal conversation. Instead of saying, "Do you know the way to the next bus stop?", one might equally well say, "Does the honorable citizen know — could the honorable citizen tell his humble servant the way to the bus stop?" If I use the words "I" and "you" in both cases, it carries, with a real "I" feeling, the sense of being responsible for, or holding somebody responsible for, the information. And I think it's very important if you want to understand poetry to see the different ways in which we can use language.

Unlike the musician, we don't use notes, we don't sing to each other. We don't draw to each other either, but we do learn language. This has its advantages, in that you cannot invent a purely private verbal world. A person reading a poem may not happen to know the meaning of a particular word, but he can always go to the dictionary and look it up. On the other hand, of course, lots of people will admit that they don't understand painting or music. But quite a few people, because they've learned to read the newspaper, automatically assume that they know the English language, which of course is not necessarily true, and sometimes they blame poets for being difficult when they themselves simply do not know their own language well enough.

On the question of obscurity I would say that there is a legitimate kind of difficulty and an illegitimate kind. One element in poetry — it isn't the most important one, but it certainly exists — is the riddle element, the element of not calling a spade a spade. Think of all those nursery rhymes like "Little Nancy Etticoat in her White Petticoat, the longer she lives the shorter she grows," and of course the answer is a candle. Well, you know, this is fun. And that element does exist in poetry. I don't know if any of you are crossword-puzzle addicts, as I am. Well, one time you look at the clue, you cannot solve it. All right, the next morning you look to see the answer. Sometimes you say, "Of course, I ought to have seen that. What a fool I was." Occasionally you say, "No, I don't think the clue was fair." And roughly speaking, if you're talking about the difference between legitimate and illegitimate difficulties in poetry, I would say it's comparable to this kind of thing you get in crossword puzzles.

I wonder whether we may not have lost something in the language by not being able to say "thou."

Yes, it's unfortunate, I think, that in the English language we have lost it. Because for one thing, when you want to talk about this particular sort of philosophical idea of the I-thou, it all sounds a little affected in English, and of course in other languages it doesn't at all. And certainly with the new Roman liturgy, they're having terrible difficulties because they've got all these you-whos which sound like yodeling. The American-English translation of the Mass is appallingly bad.

The I-thou relationship, I think, is central to an understanding of what the poet is about. In modern poetry, don't you feel, the poet is practically always involved in an I-thou relationship rather than in an I-you relationship?

And I think that, actually, this was always so. In earlier societies, which were more homogeneous, it could sound as if you were addressing the collective, but I don't think the poet ever did. Suppose that you go to a concert. There may be a thousand people at a concert listening to a piece of music. In actual fact each one of them has to hear that music separately. If you ask, "What does a poem mean?", it's the outcome of a dialogue between the words on the page and the particular person who happens to be reading them, and of course the meaning of the poem is slightly different for every person who reads it. There are limits governed on one side by the words, on the other by the reader's experiences and interests. But when people ask you what you meant by a poem, that's nonsense. It's not a question of what I thought, it's a question of what I really said, and what the poem says to you. I'm out of it by this time. After all, you can't ask the dead these questions. People do ask the living.

I want to go back to the question of the relationship between the poet and his audience, and I'm going to quote a few sentences of yours on this subject. You're talking about modern poetry and you say:

The characteristic style of "Modern" poetry is an intimate tone of voice, the speech of one person addressing one person, not a large audience; whenever a modern poet raises his voice he sounds phony. And its characteristic hero is neither the "Great Man" nor the romantic rebel, both doers of extraordinary deeds, but the man or woman in any walk of life who, despite all the impersonal pressures of modern society, manages to acquire and preserve a face of his own.

Yes. I think, myself, that the moment you start to live in a world as noisy as ours, the only possible

way to get anything across is to speak very quietly. Because you can't possibly compete, if you try to say anything in poetry, with the noise around us. And if you talk quietly, maybe you will be heard. Otherwise it just sounds like advertisements or anything else — you can't tell the difference. And I think on the question of who is the hero, it's often very unfortunate for people that what is conventionally the hero of poetry is the man of action. That has now almost been destroyed by technology because as long as St. George could kill the dragon himself it was a personal deed; the moment he drops a bomb on the dragon, his actual deed consists in pressing a button. And this makes it very difficult to use great men of action as subjects for poetry. If you think of the people who really do change our lives, in that context the real men of action now are the scientists. But unfortunately the deeds of scientists cannot be expressed in words, as a rule. They would have to be done in mathematics, and that we poets can't do.

Couldn't we though, conceivably, take from scientists some of their own acts of the imagination, such as, let us say, the grand quest of modern astrophysics, or the principle of uncertainty, and incorporate them into the whole mystery of our being?

Up to a point — but if you try to describe what a scientist really does and the way in which he thinks, this is almost impossible to put into language, because he's dealing with nonarticulate things to begin with. He doesn't have a dialogue with nature. As for a man of action, he does things towards other people, and traditionally he certainly has to speak to them. I was delighted with a story I came across the other day which shows the point which physics has reached. There was a very distinguished physicist who was reading a paper. And after it was over an equally distinguished colleague got up, and he said, "We're all agreed that your theory is crazy. What divides us is whether it is crazy enough to stand a chance of being right. My own view is that it's not crazy enough."

To get back to that question of the poet and the public. A few weeks ago I was a participant in a Read-in for Peace in Vietnam, where several poets read from their work. One of the things I noticed was that the poets who addressed themselves directly to the public, the ones who made a frontal attack on the whole problem of the war and the peace, came off rather badly. I think this is almost inevitable in the nature of the problem of the modern poet. And in general it seemed to me that those who were a little more oblique or indirect, who did not make a public declaration, actually had more to say that was meaningful, at least to me.

Yes, I think that's true. Of course, in poetry dealing with political subjects there is the particularly difficult problem of knowing enough, having enough personal firsthand experience of what one is talking about. For one example, Yeats was able to write great poetry about the Troubles in Ireland. But then you must remember that the scale on which these operations went on was so small that he knew all the leaders personally; he knew where all the events were happening in places he had known from boyhood. That's one thing. The other thing, certainly in regard to poetry, is that in the case of any really serious social evil, it is conceit and absolute folly for poets to imagine that by writing poems about it they are going to change things.

In the case of a serious evil there are only two possibilities: first, and most important, direct political action, and maybe, up to a point, straight journalistic reporting of the facts. You can't write a poem about Auschwitz; it's absolutely impossible. The facts are far too awful, too appalling. What are you to say? — nothing. What you want to know is, what happened? And then on the other hand, you want political action to stop it from happening; but I think that it's essentially frivolous when people start writing poems of protest on this kind of thing. I don't think that they do so because they imagine that they can make things happen by doing so. It is just possible that if you live in a dictatorship, where there is complete suppression of expression, suddenly one word a poet says may be of importance. If you live under a reasonably democratic freedom of speech as we do here, nobody's going to pay attention to what you say.

In a dictatorship it would seem to me that the poet almost inevitably has to write a public kind of poem, a poem that can be read from platforms and soapboxes. This is the only art that will be tolerated, because a private art, a secret art, is considered dangerous, subversive.

If I lived under a dictatorship, I'd write children's stories. I'm sure one would get a lot in.

Now I'd like to quote two short passages from your writing:

A writer can neither love nor hate the public; either he must be obsessed by it, as a speculator is obsessed by the stock market, or he must not think about it at all.

That's number one. Number two is perhaps my favorite among all your aphorisms:

A man has his distinctive personal scent which his wife, his children, and his dog can recognize. A crowd has a generalized stink. The public is odorless.

Well, perhaps I should explain what one means by the difference between a crowd and the public. A crowd is a large gathering of people in a small space, who can of course be moved by demagogues to start rioting, and do various things. To be part of a crowd, or to be a member of the public, is simply what all of us are at moments when we are nothing in particular. So that it's a sort of abstract nothing. I don't have to go into any particular space to belong to a crowd; and I can just turn on my TV set and very soon become part of the public. Now, obviously when people say, Who do you write for?, it's really a nonsensical question because you cannot know the people; all you can do is to put your books out. Actually, most of the people you think about when you write are dead. You imagine people, poets in the past, people you admire very much; you imagine their ghosts looking over your shoulder. You ask them, "Well, do you think it will do?"

Also, of course, you hope somebody will read you after you are dead, people who are not yet born, so this question "Who do you write for?" is really irrelevant. It's rather interesting on this point, that sometimes you write a poem for a particular occasion, a thing I very much enjoy doing. In this case you are writing for an absolutely definite audience about whom you know. The actual result is that it's very difficult for anybody outside that particular circle to understand what you have written. You immediately begin allusions; you know, allusions which will make the people laugh because they are concerned with the occasion. But the occasional poem written for a particular audience is apt not to be understood by a general audience.

Could we turn now to the place of accident in the writing of a poem? I recall, for example, a passage in your Letters from Iceland where you wrote to Christopher Isherwood about a poem that you had sent him. And you said in your letter that his misconstruction of one of your lines — "ports" for "poets" — was an improvement on the original.

Originally I had written "The poets have names for the sea." And then I think Christopher Isherwood misread my handwriting and thought I'd said "ports," which I felt was much better, so I changed it. But this can happen. One mustn't make a religion of chance; you've got to have a sense of whether it's providence or not.

There's a very good example of that quoted by Rossini. There's a chorus in his opera *Mosè* where there is a very striking change from G Minor to G Major or something. Well, in a letter to a friend he explains how this happened. He was writing the thing out, and he wasn't very well at the time,

and by mistake he put his pen into the medicine bottle instead of the ink and it made a blot. Well, he brushed it off with sand. When he looked at the stain afterwards, it looked like a natural, and he got the idea of the change of key. It doesn't happen this way very often, of course, and obviously ninety-nine times out of a hundred it would just be bad, but these lucky accidents can occur. And after all, what is involved is the whole question of form.

Valéry is very good on this, I think, when he says, "A poet is somebody whose imagination is stimulated by absolutely arbitrary rules." You've got to find a word, such and such a character, such and such a prosodic value rhyming in such and such a way. And suddenly it makes you think of things you wouldn't think of otherwise, which is what is so fascinating about writing poetry: the language — the possibilities of language — suggests things to you that you hadn't thought of. Another way of putting it is also a remark of Valéry's; he said that "formal verse is the art of a profound skeptic."

Speaking of bad accidents, I can recall one in my own experience. I once wrote a poem called "Among the Gods," which was a sort of love poem and at a very high level, I thought, but it was published in Botteghe Oscure and set up by Italian typographers, and it came out "Among the Dogs." And all through the poem, wherever I had "Gods" it appeared as "dogs." And the curious part about it is that nobody as far as I know ever knew the difference.

Yes, that could happen. Oh, yes, there are a number of misprints nowadays, and the real reason for these misprints is the typewriter. Before the typewriter was invented people sent in their work handwritten, and every printer had people who could read handwriting. When you look at Balzac's manuscripts, for example, you wonder how on earth the printers ever did what they did. All right, the other thing is that nearly all authors and scholars are very bad typists. When I type I constantly make mistakes, getting letters the wrong way round and so on, which I certainly couldn't make if I was writing by hand. Well, of course this goes to the printer; the printer doesn't worry, he says all right; and in the mistakes go. I'm sure there are far more typos now than there were before the invention of the typewriter.

Do you ever compose on the typewriter?

No, not to begin with. I find it useful, when I've done a draft, to type it out because it looks so bad; the typescript is so hideous that you immediately see faults that you wouldn't have seen otherwise because everyone is rather narcissistic about his own handwriting, you know. Incidentally, the best

way to find out what you really think, to test a poem by somebody else, is to write it out by hand. Your hand is constantly looking for an excuse to stop; if there's anything wrong you will immediately notice it.

In going over Theodore Roethke's papers — Roethke died in '63 — I was impressed by the number of poems by other poets that he had copied out in his own hand. This is the greatest tribute anyone can pay. There must have been, I think, close to twelve hundred poems that over a lifetime he had copied out in his own hand. He used to say, "I don't really feel I get into a poem until I write it out in my own hand."

That's very interesting.

One aspect of this matter of the language of the poem and its interpretation is the curious temptation that readers have to put more into your language than you, at least, think that you have given to it. It was Louis MacNeice who said, if I remember correctly, that there was an early poem in which you had used the phrase "snow in bedrooms" — do you remember that?

I believe so, yes, I think it was.

And that he or a friend had written to you because they had quarreled about the meaning of this phrase "snow in bedrooms," and the question was, did it mean virginity or chastity, or did it mean sterility. It was very important apparently to find out, and you replied, "Well, I meant that stuff that blows through windows."

Well, yes, of course all these other things are perfectly permissible. The only reason you can say an interpretation is wrong is if you think that a line means something which will make nonsense of another line. An interpretation has to make sense in the poem as a whole. But then, of course, you've got to know the use of, the ways in which people can use, words. To give an example of a false interpretation: a friend of mine was teaching "The Eve of St. Agnes" by Keats, and in this poem there are two lines: "The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide, but his sagacious eye an inmate owns."

So my friend asked one of the girls in the class, "What do you think this means?" She thought a bit, and said, "The poor dog was blind. Some lunatic had punched its eye out and kept it." Well, of course this is because the unfortunate girl only knew the word "inmate" in one sense and "owns" in another, and so she concocted this view. But for the poem as a whole, this could not be a correct explanation.

Once in a classroom I gave the students a poem that seems to present no great difficulties of interpretation, Frost's "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening," and I asked them to write a little commentary on what was going on there. I was amazed at the ingenuity of their labors. One of the favorite constructions — I don't know where they got this — was that there was a physician on his way home — he had apparently been visiting some dying patient — and he felt obligated to go back and prevent her from kicking off. All the events of the poem were completely lost because the poem had not been read at the level of its presentation.

Yes, because there's nothing said about doctors, you have no right to bring this in at all. And in regard to symbols, you should never start thinking about symbolic meaning until you take the obvious meaning first.

I'm going to quote one of your paragraphs from The Virgin and the Dynamo, an essay:

The subject matter of a poem is comprised of a crowd of recollected occasions of feeling, among which the most important are recollections of encounters with sacred beings or events. This crowd the poet attempts to transform into a community by embodying it in a verbal society. Such a society, like any society in nature, has its own laws; its laws of prosody and syntax are analogous to the laws of physics and chemistry. Every poet must presuppose — sometimes mistakenly — that the history of the language is at an end.

Well, now, that's a mouthful.

I think it's an exciting mouthful.

Let me explain first of all what I mean by a sacred being or event. The characteristic of what I would call a sacred being is that it arouses, quite involuntarily, in the person who's confronted by it, a feeling of awe that is the essential thing. It may range all the way from absolute panicked fear to joy. A sacred thing doesn't have to be beautiful; an octopus could be a sacred being. It doesn't have to be good; a witch can be a sacred being. The test is whether, automatically, it arouses a feeling of awe in you. Now there are certain beings which have been, I think, sacred in all cultures. For example, the sun, the moon, death, absence, nothing, and so on. Others may be sacred only in a certain culture, like kings, or to a limited group — possibly to Latin teachers Latin is a sacred being. And so on. But I think that poetry does actually arise basically from the stimulation of the imagination by these things, which you then feel have to be celebrated in some way. There are all kinds of

possibilities, of course, because you can get the sacred colliding with the profane, the sacred joining the profane. Then you get all kinds of comic possibilities coming in through this.

Now, in regard to the question of the community or the society, perhaps I should explain what that means. A society is an organization of a number of separate things into a whole where each part is subordinate to the whole and has a particular function in our lives. Most society is organized in order that we may live, earn our living, and so on. And it has a definite structure and at any rate an optimum size. A community on the other hand can be any size you like; the best definition I know is by St. Augustine, when he says it's a group: "a community is a group of rational beings united by love of something other than themselves." This might be God, it might be music, it might be stamp-collecting; it doesn't matter what it is. Now, you make a community of music-lovers. Well, you can't just sit around loving music like anything; you think you have to make it. For that purpose you create societies like a string quartet or a symphony orchestra, which have definite structure.

And as I see a poem, the various feelings are united and reconciled in this thing, but it has a structure, can be looked at as a society with a structure. Let's say you can analyze it: this line has so many syllables, the rhythm is of such and such a kind, it's rhymed in such and such a way, all these kinds of things. Now, when you're writing a poem, there's always a sort of tension between two things. On the one hand you have a crowd of disorganized feelings and thoughts, and you try to find the kind of form, or I've called it a society, which will embody them. Vice versa, I can start with a certain kind of form and try and find out what feelings and thoughts it can take.

I think that in practice when one's writing, one works simultaneously both ways. One starts modifying form in relation to what one has to say; and vice versa, in relation to form one excludes certain things. One says no, this is for another poem, it's not for this poem. And it's extraordinary — I'm sure this is the experience of everyone who writes poetry — what can happen. Let's say you start writing a poem in octosyllabic quatrains. You get absolutely stuck. Suddenly you see that the fourth line should be six syllables instead of eight, and the whole thing comes out right. This is a mysterious thing, but it's simply a matter of actual experience, don't you agree?

I certainly do. Don't you think that one of the difficulties of the modern poet is that the sacredness of things, the sense of that sacredness, has been lost. The world of the city is hardly, one can say, "charged with the grandeur of God."

You have to find it in funny little places; you may suddenly as a child, you know, find that a vacant lot is invested with infinite sacred importance for you. One of my sacred landscapes, for example, when I was a child, was the grimmest kind of industrial landscape between Birmingham and Wolverhampton — I thought it was absolutely marvelous. I'm sure these things can always turn up, provided you're willing to be open to them and recognize them when they happen.

Likewise in a century of wars one can hardly believe too much in the sacredness of life insofar as it is being honored in one's own time.

Yes.

You have to find the validity of that one life or those two lives or five or ten that you happen to be most affectionate about and make a universe out of them, out of that whole network of relationships.

Oh, naturally.

I'm still looking at your essay entitled The Poet and the City, which provoked this part of the conversation, looking at a passage of special interest:

In my daydream College for Bards, the curriculum would be as follows:

- 1) In addition to English, at least one ancient language, probably Greek or Hebrew, and two modern languages would be required.
- 2) Thousands of lines of poetry in these languages would be learned by heart.
- 3) The library would contain no books of literary criticism, and the only critical exercise required of students would be the writing of parodies.
- 4) Courses in prosody, rhetoric, and comparative philology would be required of all students, and every student would have to select three courses out of courses in mathematics, natural history, geology, meteorology, archaeology, mythology, liturgics, cooking.
- 5) Every student would be required to look after a domestic animal and cultivate a garden plot.

In regard to cooking, I think that has to be absolutely obligatory for everybody. We live in a world now with no servants, and every boy and girl if they're ever to eat well has got to learn to cook. Otherwise they're condemned to cafeterias because the good restaurants are for businessmen with expense accounts, and if you want to eat decently, you've simply got to learn. I'm sure that every boy and girl of fifteen should be set down with a cookbook and made to learn. This is apart from poetry.

May I interrupt you to say that I pride myself on being something of a chef, but one of my difficulties is that I will not follow a recipe. I feel that I have to create something original each time I make anything.

I'm not good enough for that. I'm what they call a plain cook, though I hope, as Countess Morphy said, that plain cooking is too good to be left to plain cooks. But one of the good points that I raised in this essay is first of all about parodies: I find it fantastic to expect people of undergraduate age to write critical essays on Shakespeare or Chaucer or whatever you like. How can they possibly do anything but just look up in a book what someone else has said? On the other hand, I do know that if a person can write a good parody of an author, they've really got inside that author's skin. That's why I think it's an important exercise.

Now, I was well brought up about language, I think, but very badly about mathematics, because in mathematics we used to learn, by heart, such rhymes as "minus times minus equals plus/the reason for this we need not discuss," which is all wrong, of course, in mathematics. But in poetry or literature the thing is that you can't really start to think about a work till you know it very well. You can know a lot of poetry by heart even before understanding it. Learn it first, and then you can think about it. It's always a great mistake to try to think what a poem means before you've got it formally right in your head, and know how it sounds, how the lines go.

I had an interesting experience with this once. A colleague and I had done a translation for television of Mozart's *Magic Flute*. Well, we rewrote all the spoken dialogue in couplets. Now, naturally, most of the speaking parts were taken by singers. There was one part, because it was a nonsinging part, which was taken by an actor. Well, in twenty minutes we taught those singers, who had never spoken verse before in their lives, how to do it. The actor, who had acted in Shakespeare, we never succeeded in teaching, because he wanted to think about what it meant before he listened to the beat. A singer knows what a beat is, and this is how you have to start. So we could teach the singers who'd never done it in their lives before to speak verse beautifully in twenty minutes, but we could never teach the actor. And incidentally, as far as teaching is concerned, you know, if you made people learn more by heart it would be so much simpler to correct; you could put it through a machine.

And the other very valuable thing about it — and this I think is awfully important with people before a certain age — is that this shouldn't involve them in questions about taste; it should be questions of fact. After all, if somebody has learned a poem by heart, and he makes mistakes, it's impossible for

him to say that he hasn't made the mistakes. But the less one asks about whether a class likes something or dislikes it, the better, I think. I myself, if I take a class, say, I want you to understand there's no democracy here. I am Papa, and you may say what awful things you like outside the class, but inside the class you won't volunteer an opinion unless I ask for it. I find it works all right.

I remember your saying that a society which was like a good poem would be a terrifying form of autocracy, something to that effect, and that a poem which was like a democracy would be shapeless and incoherent.

That's true. It's fatal to try to make analogies between politics and art. Obviously when I write a poem, I'm dealing with words, and if I don't want a word, I can chuck it out and put away the dictionary. Of course, the equivalent of that in politics would be just killing somebody or exiling them. But words, luckily, are not human lives, and so it's a different problem. The type of organization a poem requires depends on the fact that the words are immortal, so to speak, or potentially immortal, living in the dictionary, and they don't mind if you don't use a particular word this time.

I'm a believer in specialized knowledge for the poet — that is, knowledge in a chosen area which is apart from prosody or the whole question of literature. My own favorite reading is in horticulture and zoology, I would say, and I much prefer reading books in those categories than most poems.

I quite agree. I take no literary magazine. I do take the *Scientific American*.

I remember one time — I think it was 1961 — you said your favorite piece of reading for that whole year was an article in Scientific American on cleaning shrimp.

The particular kind of shrimp that cleans other fish. It was fascinating. And certainly the most interesting book I read last year was *The Ambidextrous Universe* by Martin Gardner, who is one of the mathematics editors of the *Scientific American*.

You have often written about poetry as a game. Will you elaborate on this concept?

Well, first of all, art — and science too, for that matter — are gratuitous activities, however much we may learn. Nobody can be compelled to write a poem; nobody can be compelled to read one. This is not a thing like food, something we must have. It's something you do freely, because you

wish to, and which you read freely, because you wish to. So, you see, this immediately gets into the game area for being a gratuitous thing. Sometimes in the past, of course, there has been poetry which had a utile value as well. For example, it's easier to memorize something if there's rhyme, and in an oral culture you get poetry being used, as we use it for "Thirty days hath September, April, June, and November," where it has a utile value as well as a gratuitous one. But essentially I would say that it shares with all other kinds of games this gratuitous element in being done for its own sake because you enjoy it. It is read for its own sake because you enjoy it.

Then there's a question of the submission, as in a game, to rules. After all, when you play bridge, or you play chess, there are certain rules and you are free within these limits; and it's precisely the relation between your freedom and the limits where the skill and fun come in. That's roughly, I think, what I've been saying. That anything that is not necessary to life participates in the nature of a game. And in particular, too, when you get this combination of freely submitting to rules chosen by yourself or chosen by a tradition of our culture.

So much of it depends on the playful sense of language that the poet has.

Very often it's true in poetry, perhaps always, what an old lady says in one of E. M. Forster's novels: "How can I tell what I think till I see what I say?"

A poet without a sense of play has a curse put on him: he must try too hard to be sincere. You once quoted Stravinsky to the effect that "most artists are sincere and most art is bad; though some insincere (sincerely insincere) works can be quite good."

I think that's true. I think one should assume that one is sincere as one assumes one is going to sleep. What you do have to worry about, I think, is that what you write should be authentic — that is to say, written, if you like, in your own handwriting and not a forgery.

One can, unfortunately, write poems which one suddenly realizes are forgeries. The poem may be quite good. That isn't the question. The question is, "Should I have written it?" And in that sense sincerity is, of course, important, except that you should assume generally if you're interested enough in the subject you're doing that this problem won't arise, but it does sometimes. And one should never bother about trying to be original, because the moment you start thinking about being original, it means you're not thinking about the work to be

made. You've got your eye on other people. "Well, I mustn't do what they do. I must do something else," and that of course is almost bound to result in failure.

The real search is not so much to be original as to find one's own voice and one's own style. Once one finds the style, then anything one says in it tends to fall into the world of his own nature.

The search for originality of thought always ends in disaster because you are likely to say, "Well, you must like this because I did it," you know, With children that always means bad behavior. and in art it usually leads to bad art, I think.

What the artist is seeking is his own voice, don't you agree? Where is he most likely to find it? How is he going to correct that general voice which is not his? How can he modify it in order to establish it as his own?

I think only by being absolutely certain about what he's interested in. I don't mean those interests that he shares with other people. But he has to be with himself. Each of us does have a unique perspective on the world — he can't help it, that's how we are born. If in addition he has the gift of expression, which a poet must have, the problem solves itself, I think. It doesn't solve itself if you watch what other people are doing, or persuade yourself, "I should be interested in this," when in fact you're not a damn bit interested.

The temptation is to listen too hard to the voices around you, whereas perhaps the voice you are really seeking may find its sanction in the whole tradition — that is, not in the present but out of the past.

That's why I don't read works of literary criticism. In actual fact you will get periods when things go on fairly smoothly finding your own voice. All it requires is a slight modification of the work of your immediate predecessors. Then there will come periods when there is a sort of violent change; when people can find no help in their immediate predecessors. When that happens, I think you usually find that they find their clues as to what they want to do in writers either of an earlier period or even of another culture. For example, Eliot has told us how he discovered what he wanted to do first of all by a study of the late Elizabethan dramatists like Webster and Tourneur, and then of the French Symbolists like Laforgue. Other people have gone to Chinese and Japanese poetry, and so on.

Perhaps we can apply this criterion to the reading of poetry as well as to the writing of it. Try to find those

voices that you most want to hear, not those that you are told you should love. I think that's an important matter.

Exactly. Often one's pets actually are people one knows are quite minor figures. Very often one would rather read them than the greatest people. One should always know exactly what one likes reading. At the same time, it's perfectly possible to say, "I can see this person is very good, though not my cup of tea." One must not say, "Because I don't like it, it's bad." That's conceited. Sometimes, of course, you can say not only "I don't like them," but also "I don't think they're very good." But one should be willing to distinguish between one's personal taste and one's judgment, and naturally, be willing to extend one's personal taste as far as one can.

In creating a poem, do you sometimes find that it begins to say something other than what you expected?

Yes. A poem may suddenly take different proportions, or you may start something which you think is going to be quite a short poem, and you suddenly find out it has to be a long one. Or vice versa: you may think something's going to be quite long, and it ends up as four lines. This, you judge, is simply how it has to be. It's not a question of what you meant to say, but what you do say. Naturally you don't let a poem go, as a rule, till you are satisfied that it is as you think it should be.

Isn't there an area of the poem that is actually given to you, that you have to accept? And isn't part of your power the ability to seize on the opportunity given to you?

Yes, sure. On the other hand, very often one finds one's first ideas are not one's best.

You use a variety of verse forms, from villanelle to free verse. Does the subject determine your choice of form?

As a rule. Sometimes it's fun to use a certain form, you know, and then see what you can say in it. Other times you've got ideas buzzing around in your head, and suddenly you realize that this is the right form for expressing them. It can happen both

ways, I think. Naturally you're always interested in seeing what possibilities there are, because very often through thinking about a form it does begin to suggest to you certain ways of looking at life.

The question of free verse I know puzzles a good many people. Will you comment on free verse?

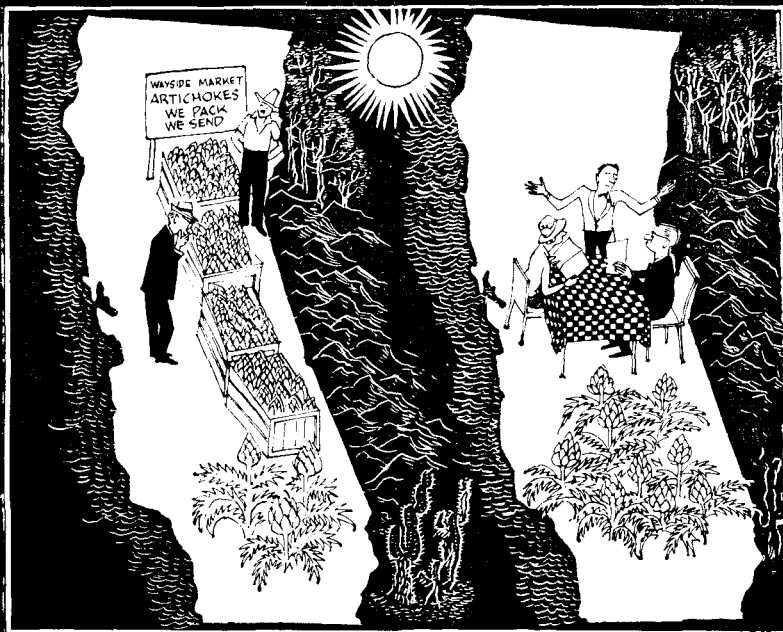
Well, I can't write in it. I think my ear isn't good enough. I think there are very few people who can get the lines to fall right. I always am counting syllables, but that may be just my weakness. I have no theories about it at all; the proof is simply the result. Obviously some poems in free verse come off frightfully well and others not so well; the same can happen, of course, with strict verse. I have certainly no theories about free verse except that I personally find it difficult or impossible to do.

Could you share with us some of the secrets of revising poetry?

I think people vary; somebody like Housman apparently worked everything out in his head, and then he sort of just wrote it out with very few revisions. Other people — myself, for instance — suddenly get something down and it's absolutely dreadful, and gradually you get it into shape. With regard to revisions one makes several years later, there are two things involved. You may decide, I just don't like this poem now and throw it out. Or one can revise — I revise a lot. At any rate, I don't try to change either the thought or the emotion. I make my revision if I think the verbal expression is either slovenly or obscure or harsh on the ear or something of that sort.

Yeats said that he knew that he was through with a poem because it came right "with a click like a closing box," but I don't think many poets hear that click.

Well, as you know, Yeats was a very slow worker. The first drafts are always bad, you can see that. With regard to how long one should go on revising, I agree with Valéry: "A poem is never finished, it's only abandoned."



Living

A FEW NOTES FROM CALIFORNIA

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

California has never seemed especially secretive about its accomplishments, but it is always startling for one who visits that state at long intervals to find how much it has, justifiably, to talk about. One tends to take for granted the charms of its climate, only to be surprised anew by them at almost any season. The impression of open space and the fierce local determination to fill it or remodel it or improve it give pause to even the hardest booster from other parts: one gapes, duly, at the new "retirement community," a town in full working order where no town existed a year or two ago; one accepts offhand the probability that another town will occupy those parts of the desert where now a few street signs — "48th Street," or a few miles farther on, "46th Street" — are the only evidence of human activity. The vine-ripened tomatoes, picked and served at the peak of their lifespan, are better than the visitor had remembered them to be.

All the more mystifying, then, during a few weeks in California this spring, was what seemed to me

a total failure to exploit and advertise two of the state's great achievements: the artichoke and California sourdough bread.

The sourdough bread is doubtless old stuff to Californians, but I had missed it on my few previous sojourns there, and its virtues are certainly not being made known along the Atlantic seaboard. It is far and away, for my taste, the best bread I have eaten and makes better toast than any other commercially produced bread I have had in this country. It may have varied slightly locally — perhaps in freshness as much as ingredients or production methods — but it was all wonderfully good: much like a hearty homemade white bread in the shape of a French loaf, with a thin, crisp crust and an indescribably tangy flavor. The best of it came in unsliced loaves, and one cut it thin for sandwiches and thicker for toast.

If California were to invade the East with the best of its sourdough bread, and withstand the inevitable attempts of the big commercial bakeries to doctor it and "preserve" it and cheapen it with various chemical shortcuts, I would expect a huge market to open up for this great delicacy. In a world of foodstuffs based on the proposition that taste doesn't count and that the public

wouldn't know the difference anyhow, it was a profound satisfaction to come upon so distinctive a proof to the contrary.

The artichoke, alas, was something else again.

The artichoke, plain boiled and served hot or cold, has considerable standing as a vegetable. It is offered at many of the best eating places in the Eastern part of this country; it is esteemed in Paris; Rome thinks highly of it. Along with the fresh local asparagus, whose season is all too short, I put the artichoke at the top of the list. California is the great artichoke-producing state, and we looked forward eagerly to evidence of this during our time there. We were traveling by car, and our route was roughly from Palm Springs, though Santa Barbara and Carmel, to San Francisco.

In none of the restaurants — perhaps thirty in all — did we find a menu listing the artichoke. Inquiries in many of these places were received blankly, as if we were asking about something outlandish, while the others simply replied that they did not serve artichokes, as if somehow they had tried out the vegetable and found it sadly wanting. The only strike I made on the whole trip was in a supposedly good San Francisco restaurant, which

produced for me an aggressively cold, quite tasteless artichoke which must have spent the previous week in a refrigerator.

We had really revived hopes as we passed, along the road from Monterey to San Francisco, many miles of vast artichoke farms, some with large roadside stands and signs "We Ship" or "We Mail" and handsome displays of outsize artichokes. But we gave up the search altogether the next night, when my wife elected to try "Artichoke Hearts Sauté" in what was cracked up to us as the best or next best of the San Francisco restaurants. I wondered whether she might be getting what the Europeans call "the heart," the more tender inner cone of leaves, and not "bottoms," but what she was served was something neither of us could have expected: a saucer containing eight or a dozen small lumpy objects, lightly browned in butter, which proved to be Jerusalem artichokes and which the waiter insisted were indeed artichoke hearts. The same restaurant, incidentally, served my wife a sweetbread so rubbery as to be quite inedible.

I should welcome any explanation from a Californian on the unavailability of artichokes in restaurants. There must be one, for our friends in San Francisco spoke fondly of the local artichoke and especially of its price, which at times is as low as 25 cents a dozen. Are they simply too cheap to be eaten in public?

The Hypocritics

BY FELICIA LAMPORT

In a spring issue Peter Davison took up the phenomenon of the review of book reviews. Now FELICIA LAMPORT, author of SCRAP IRONY, examines the review reviewer's associate, the anti-reviewer.

The anti-novel, the nonbook, and even the nonfiction novel have declared themselves quite candidly, but the non- or anti-book-review, the most prevalent form of all, has managed to slip by unnoticed. The time is at hand for this genre of criticism to be recognized and clearly labeled for the protection of the consumer.

The nonreview is essentially a reflexive, not a reflective, form. It can be readily identified by its tendency

to emphasize the reviewer rather than the book under review. The volume in question is generally brushed off with all deliberate speed since its only function is to provide a launching pad for the critic's own erudition, prejudices, vanities, and foibles.

It is important to distinguish the anti-review from the true review that is merely unfavorable. Although the anti-critic usually tends to disparage, this is a secondary, nonessential trait, springing not from judgment but from simple ambition. He has discovered that it is only by being outrageous, umbrageous, and rampageous that he can make himself known as a man for the ages. He can no longer get into literary orbit by praising a book since there is no mileage left in the laudatory words; these have been worn out and stripped of all meaning in a mad, mad Madison Avenue whirl.

The anti-critic is not necessarily malicious or even incompetent. He may once have aspired to become a real critic, only to give up when he found out how great an amount of intelligence, taste, perception, scholarship, vision, dedication, and luck would be needed to make him one of our few true men of letters, in which lofty position he would be unknown to the public at large and in receipt of an annual income considerably lower than his cleaning woman's. More probably, the anti-critic established his bread-and-butter base in another profession and saved book reviewing for his moonlit hours. Usually, according to the italics that justify his by-line, he is a writer whose novel has never otherwise been mentioned in print, a lecturer on a familiar subject at an unfamiliar college or an unfamiliar subject at a familiar college, a pensioned diplomat, civil servant, military man — but whatever his age or condition of servitude, he is ready and determined to make his mark. He has access to more readers than the top best seller, but his space is limited and his time is short: today the world, tomorrow the garbage pail. *Carpe diem* being clearly indicated, he proceeds to carp.

Although hypocriticism is just coming into full flower, the form is as old as vainglory. A coeval eye cast on the *Aeneid* undoubtedly brought forth the comment, "Lamentations and ululations ring throughout the land at the premature dissemination

of a work still notably flawed and unripe. When in the throes of what proved to be his last illness, Publius Virgilius Maro clasped this reviewer's hand in his and spoke in halting tones of his hope that I would assist him in composing the urgently required revisions."

Macaulay, though he later had the



grace to regret it, launched his own career in 1825 with a nonreview of stunning length and irrelevance. So many other critics followed his lead that Poe felt the need to start the new year in 1842 with a protest against the bursts of misguided miscellany that were shaking the review columns. But to no effect: once the nonreviewer had discovered what sweet music could be made by blowing his own horn, the form continued its development as a wind instrument for self-enunciation, played every day of the week and *con brio* on Sundays.

The modern anti-reviewer has perfected an ingenious variety of techniques for the practice of his craft, with a range as wide and untrammelled as the flight of the ego. Perhaps the most notable of these is the autobiographical approach, in which the book under consideration is viewed through an exophthalmic "I." A review of this sort generally begins with some such phrase as, "The last time I saw Hemingway," or "Hammar skjöld" or "Paris" or even "Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.," and fills the allotted space with the critic's full-bodied personal reminiscences, straying only briefly somewhere in the runover for a mention of the book under review. The author is mentioned only when he can be used to bring out points in the critic's personal history, as in: "I had occasion to note this writer's penchant for the loose generalization thirty years ago when I happened to be his editor," or "... examining him for his doctorate." Such authors,

IN THE FACULTY LOUNGE

BY JUDSON JEROME

as C. P. Snow, who have moved in distinguished circles are able to serve as free launch counters. But the subtlest effects are achieved when the anti-critic is able to document his distinctions without mentioning the author at all. A truly accomplished technician can pack so much meat into a few words that his reviews have the texture of Spam: "I told this story to De Gaulle shortly after introducing Eisenhower to the Baroness Blixen, causing such a spasm of laughter to shake *Le Grand Charles* that he could scarcely finish pinning the *Croix de guerre* to my chest."

The autobiographical technique, though highly effective, is of little use to the noncritic who has not moved among the great and the near-great, but only among the ingrate. Understandably, his impulse is to denigrate, especially when confronted with the work of an old stickball opponent who has made it as a literary light. So he adopts the biographical, stay *ad hominem* approach, reviewing the author's life, ambience, and id rather than his work. Writers like Norman Mailer always seem to bring out the wolfe pack in full cry. The critic of this stripe prepares for his reviewing chore by digging through gossip columns, police files, and newspaper morgues with a Freudian trowel, giving the book itself barely a ruffle. He makes no particular reference to his own *curriculum vitae*, which is not (yet) of interest even to himself, but he uses it as an implicit yardstick against which the author's life is measured and found wanton. He concludes that the writer, "mired down in obsessive, narcissistic vanity, has left the lyric promise of his earlier novels on the garden paths of the Establishment and lost contact with the simple, genuine milieu from which he drew his strength." He blackens the author with jet set associations and belabors him with book clubs until it is apparent to the least perceptive reader that literature can only flourish in such obscure impecunious hands as the reviewer's.

Hypocriticism is not limited to personalities; it embraces scholarly matters as well. The anti-critic working this vein likes to get his teeth into the *summum bonum* of contention. He generally begins his review with something like: "Assistant Professor So-and-so has seen fit to argue that . . ." and then develops

I hover by the box marked mine as pale
as a lover waiting his fair dame's abuse,
watching the manicured fingers sort the mail

till I may dangle in my daily news.
A list of books I cannot buy or read.
A device to solve my problems, once it's mastered.

Rejections right and left. An ad for seed.
A reader writes to tell me I'm a bastard.
Colleagues are sweeping past me like racehorses.

My family regrets I turned out rotten.
My friends are getting ulcers or divorces.
PAST DUE are bills for goods I have forgotten.

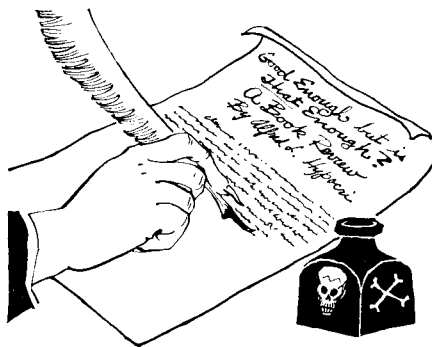
Remember that young poet whom I failed?
I see that he just won a Pulitzer Prize.
Another, whom I passed, has just been jailed

and needs a reference, graduateschoolwise.
A committee to eliminate committees
wants me to chair a meeting all day Sunday.

Foundation heads from all the Eastern cities
will drop in for a chat at dawn on Monday.
Just think how here and there across the nation,

across the campus, even across the seas,
people address to *me* such flagellation!
I pant beside the mailbox on my knees.

his own quite different view, bolstered by many an "as all the leading scholars agree." He implies throughout that he could have written the book a good deal better himself, and indeed undoubtedly would if the lit-



erary editors would only stop importuning him with these assignments and let him get on with it. Sometimes he already *has* written it (quite often, in fact, since editors like to assign Macy's to review Gimbels whenever possible) and welcomes the

opportunity to bring it back to the attention of the public.

Many anti-critics function as *errata* rooters, nosing out truffles of inaccuracy in fact, spelling, circumstance, or interpretation and spreading them out for the delectation of the reader. "It is difficult to credit the scholarship of an author who refers to Caesar's maternal uncle as Publius Caius instead of Publius Gaius and places him as the third rather than second son in his family." When he has completed his work as *minutia* man, the parascholar often takes a broader look at the volume under his thumb: "The trouble lies not so much in the fact that the author does not know the right answers, nor even in his failure to frame the right questions; the crux of the matter is that he has written the wrong book entirely. The later years of Ham-murabi's life are of no interest to the modern reader. He is a sig-

nificant figure only in his childhood and adolescence.” Swinging into the role of retroactive ghost-writer, the nonreviewer then outlines the book that *should* have been written.

The great dissenter class of anti-critics is not confined to scholars alone. It includes an abundance of retired military men who have shifted from reviewing martial columns to marshaling review columns without missing a beat. They constitute a taking-to-task force dedicated to Setting the Record Straight. “Although the author was a school-boy at the time of this campaign, an exercise of the assiduity one has the right to expect from a historian would have led him to discover what was common knowledge to those of us then in positions of command in the field.”

All but the most intransigently stern anti-critics accept the convention of the complimentary curtsy in the last paragraph. Column after column moves relentlessly through craggy excoriation to one of the standard transitions: “Despite such lapses,” “What this book lacks in craft,” or “These demurrers apart”; and finally emerges on the sunny plain of “genuine talent,” “important contribution,” or “undeniable fascination.” The total effect is that of an apache dance concluded with a minuet figure.

Certain other patterns emerge from the hypocritical warp and woof. One of the most popular is created by the critic who uses the review — any review — as a field for currying his sacred cows and baiting his *bêtes noires*. Since prejudice, pro and con, runs rampant among nonreviewers, one man’s meat is another man’s aspersion; such writers as Henry James and Saul Bellow often figure as objects of both testimonial and detestimonial.

Anti-critics of a somewhat different temperament, convinced that one can only evaluate by classifying, are so busy putting books and authors into pigeonholes that the air around them is full of displaced birds. “With the publication of this new volume, Mr. Such-and-such moves securely into the position of our country’s second ranking major minor poet,” or “Now that this writer has shuffled off the coils of naturalistic humanism, he is at last

able to come into his own as a Kierkegaardian existentialist.”

Although the anti-critics differ widely in approach and technique, they all seem to share a certain fruitiness of style, a partiality for the rich, ripe *in* word and phrase. A book is never good or bad: it “has thrust” or “is flawed.” Characters in novels no longer speak in dialogue, but “struggle to communicate.” Whether they are mentally retarded eight-year-olds, lovely whimsical ladies, or perverted dope addicts, they either “emerge with a certain charisma from the flickering chiaroscuro of their identity search,” or “sink ever more inextricably into anomie.”

These demurrers apart, it must be noted that the nonreviewer, by and large, exerts an undeniable fascination. Despite such lapses as have been mentioned, his genuine talent equips him to make an important contribution to the literature of our age by reviewing the ever mounting flood of nonbooks for the ever increasing audience of nonreaders.

The Neurotic’s Notebook

BY MIGNON McLAUGHLIN

How it rejoices a middle-aged woman when her husband criticizes a pretty girl!



There is nothing that everybody would like to do, except maybe sing.

We are all lovable. At least in our own eyes. At least if you catch us at the right moment.

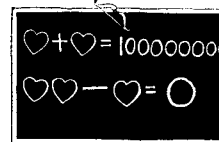
It is my theory that Murray Kempton and William Buckley are the alternate signatures of the same infuriating man.

If you are brave too often, people will come to expect it of you.

Neurotics marry and tell themselves that things will change. It’s like writing poetry on a typewriter: possible, but just barely.

We are all born brave, trusting, and greedy, and most of us remain greedy.

A car is useless in New York, essential everywhere else. So are good manners.



In the arithmetic of love, one plus one equals everything, and two minus one equals nothing.

Anything you lose automatically doubles in value.

There are people who get everything done, and people who get nothing done, and hardly anyone in between.

We always prefer war on our own terms to peace on someone else’s.

Women are afraid of mice and murder and of very little in between.

It took man thousands of years to put words down on paper, and his lawyers still wish he wouldn’t.

If I knew what I was anxious about, I wouldn’t be so anxious.

Acedia is not in every dictionary — only in every heart.

Resuming a long-interrupted friendship makes you feel any age but your own.

What to do with a windfall: spend a little, save a little, gamble a little, pay some bills with what’s left.

When humorless people laugh loudest and longest, it’s a signal to the rest of us that they’ve had enough of our wit.

To write the best possible play, start off with the best possible exposition scene; then go on and finish the play; then go back and lop off the exposition scene.

Most of us become parents long before we have stopped being children.



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BY HERBERT MITGANG

Arabs and Pens: Toward the Arabs who remained in the Jewish state,

there is a general air of respect and an attitude frequently heard: "They never had it so good." Toward the Palestine Arabs who chose to leave and live year after year in displaced-persons camps, there is a feeling of sympathetic regret, to which is added: "They are valuable to the Arab governments as propaganda." And toward the Arabs themselves in nearby lands, there is a mixture of fear and neighborliness — of being faced with the same hot winds and water shortages in the same Oriental boat.

But toward the Arabian oil potentates there is contempt. When the former King of Egypt died of gluttony, the vast distance between the Arab royalty and the people seemed underscored once again. And the stories circulated about the rich and wily rulers and their symbol of education and power, Parker pens.

There was the Persian Gulf oil ruler who wore his Parkers on the outside of his garment and served tea inside his Rolls-Royce; its interior had been completely removed and turned into a status tea wagon on the sands. An importer in Persia placed an order for 20,000 Parker caps — only. Since the people who bought them couldn't write, all they required was the pen top to clip on their robes.

And then there was the Arab ruler who drove up in his bulletproofed, air-conditioned Cadillac to sign a formal treaty giving away certain oil rights in a region hard by the Gulf of Aden. He pulled his Parker pen (one of three) out of his vest, squirted some ink on his right thumb, and with a flourish, put his "signature" on the agreement.

Volks and Benz: The personal automobile is still something of a luxury. There are, after all, no oil sheikhs here. American economy and compact cars are popular; some that are small on U.S. highways take on a limousine, vintage look on these narrow roads. Small French cars suit tastes; but then so do French jets in the Israeli Air Force. Every vehicle's whereabouts is known, not so much to satisfy traffic departments as for defense needs; they can be commandeered almost instantly.

The Volkswagen and the Mercedes-Benz are perhaps the most telling symbols of automobile ambivalence. The little one was once

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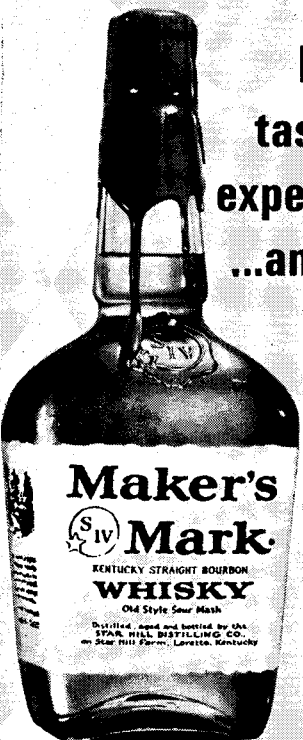
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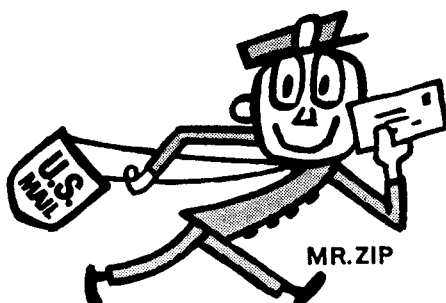
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touted as the Third Reich's people's car; the big one rolled the Führer and his friends down the autobahns of long-remembered newsreels. Realpolitik and reparations and West German recognition all no doubt are balanced before entering the "authorized Volkswagen agency" in Tel Aviv. As for the Mercedes-Benz, the two seen on the street both had their triangular symbols above the hood taken off, or knocked off.

But the real sign of the times is the parking meters in new Jerusalem (none have as yet been installed in the old city).

Americans: The David and Goliath aspects of the 1948 war of independence attracted help from all over the world, including the United States. Some Americans here still had some fight in them at the end of the Second World War and lent their talents to the new state.

"I remember running into some members of the Jewish brigade who were in the British Eighth Army in Italy," one said. "They knew then that they were going to make a bid for Palestine. They used to kid: The Second World War is just a warm-up for us — we're learning how to use the weapons and battle tactics for a little war of our own coming up. I decided to join them."

"I was a fighter pilot in the U.S. Air Corps," another said, "and believe it or not, I had never heard of concentration camps until the end of the war. I was so angry that I used to ride the subways wearing a Star of David, waiting for someone to glare at me — anyone — so I could punch him in the nose. When the 1948 war started, I helped to recruit fliers and navigators. How? I combed the list of DFC winners in the newspapers and called up the Greenbergs and Cohens and asked them if they wanted to join up. Some in turn recruited their old crews."

"If I never do another thing of value in my life," said a third American, "I'll be able to point to my gunrunning days and getting ships to bring in illegal immigrants past the blockade. Now I return every few years and look at the settlements and see the children of the broken people we rescued. Some of us risked our lives and our citizenship at the time. We haven't any honorable discharge papers to show.

Only a feeling of having done something in the right place at the right time."

Orthodoxy: Over cups of Turkish coffee and glasses of tea, Israelis debate the nature of religious observance in this only halfhearted "Jewish state." Ironically, the ways of the ghetto are preserved voluntarily, even ecstatically, in Mea Shearim, the Hasidic area of Jerusalem. The markets are colorful and private, the attire is black and formal for men, wigged and drab for women, and covered for youngsters. If a car appears here on the Sabbath, it may be stoned.

The non-Orthodox Israelis are of two minds about the fanatically religious Jews. The intolerant regard them with contempt. One main reason is that most of the Hasidic sect did not play a fighting



role in the war of independence. Despite conscription, which places young men and women in uniform at about eighteen, members of the Hasidic sect can claim an exemption from service on religious grounds. And the ways of the ghetto clash with those of the independent-minded, worldly sabra or of the people who fought for Israel's creation. The more tolerant regard the Hasidic sect as an ancient symbol of the continuity of Judaism. They feel that religion was the original cement which held the Jewish community together long before a state was dreamed of, and that regardless of which party attains governmental power, the people of Israel must remain people of the Book.

Art and Artillery: The Shrine of the Book, which houses the Dead Sea Scrolls, is in the Israel Museum (the only general art museum between Athens and Tokyo) and was designed by the American architects Kiesler and Bartos. It is shaped like the top of the jar in which the

scrolls were saved, and is entered as if it were the cave where they were found. The shrine contains Israel's most precious historical reminder, a twenty-three-foot Isaiah scroll. It is mounted on a drum, resembling a Torah handle, which can be lowered underground electrically — for this museum is within Arab artillery range.

But the museum's real distinction is its location. At the foot of the museum hill is a Byzantine church encircled by a crusader wall; it is called the Monastery of the Cross because this is said to be the site of the tree from which the Cross was fashioned. In a surrounding field Ruth gleaned after the reapers of Boaz. To the north is a former campsite of the vaunted Roman Tenth Legion. And around the museum 120 newly planted olive trees struggle for life in the soil, "because this was an olive grove in the time of David."

A few miles away at Ramat Rahel, two Jordanian riflemen train their binoculars this way from their sand-bagged building, their guns at the ready, behind barbed wire, a rusty crop among the peaceful olive leaves.

New Image: The cold war between Israel and its neighbors has as its prize not territory but tourists. Not having their own, Americans admire antiquities; one country's ruins are another's relics. Egypt points to Abu Simbel and the pyramids (and the Jews, half in jest, say that their slave ancestors put up buildings for the pharaohs that really lasted). Jordan advertises itself as "the Holy Land," carefully avoiding any reference to the Bible. And Israel for a long time emphasized that it was the "Land of the Bible."

Now that image is being revised and the slogan changed. The assumption is that religious sentiment will bring a steady flow of people here ("Next year in Jerusalem" is an ancient injunction) anyway. So the new slogan is "Land of Sun and Fun."

A couple of PR men (unashamedly calling themselves such) sat around sipping their arrack, the local spirit, and dreaming martini dreams. Finally one swinger declared, "I've got it! We run a grand prix here with all the international racing-car types. From Dan to Eilat. Everybody shows up — the Klosters crowd, the Costa Brava beautiful

people, the literary snobs from Tangier, the broken-down royalty. We'll do for Israel what Bardot did for St. Tropez and Kelly for Monaco. There's this sabra driver at the wheel who comes from behind, puts on the heat, and wins because he has to get home before sundown on Friday. He gets first prize — ex-Queen Soraya. They go off into the sunset and live happily ever after as kibbutzniks." He closed his eyes. "We'll be so in," he said, "they'll come in droves."

Hobby: Israel's national sport is archaeology. The coveted skeletons in the country's closet are walls, pottery, flints, coins, scrolls, bones. But the real search is for the bits and marks of civilization and intelligence; the by-products become pride in the historical continuity of the past and possibly a clue to philosophical behavior for the present.

The roads of the desert and the ways of survival in the past have practical value. Once, in the Sinai campaign, a correspondent asked an Israeli general where he drew his battle plans from. The general pointed to his copy of the Old Testament and answered, "Here."

Today, as the Jewish and Roman memorabilia are excavated, imprinted in the mosaic floors and walls of synagogues and churches are such familiar phrases as "In memory of . . ." and "Donated by . . ." and "A generous gift of . . ." No "Anonymous" or "Gift of a Friend" has been dug up yet. The ancients who built here, says a museum curator, wanted to perpetuate their names just as most of their modern UJA counterparts.

To the Six Million: On a spur in the Judean hills, Yad Vashem (the Martyrs and Heroes Remembrance Authority) has built a rugged shrine to the victims of the concentration camps. Walkways of trees, planted in dedication, are labeled: to twenty partisans of Holland, to a French underground unit, to individuals who resisted or could not. There is no division here between the terror and the banality of evil.

Above the old Arab villages and replanted green slopes, the shrine gives the impression of an air raid bunker, or a prison. It is built of rust-colored boulders from the volcanic hills above the Sea of Galilee. Sculptured iron splinters form a

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motif of barbed-wire thorns at the entranceway. Inside there is a dark silence and panels on the floor, each branded with the name of a concentration camp: Dachau, Auschwitz, Treblinka, Babi Yar. The names are enough; imagination does the rest. In a corner is a flickering gas flame. Is it a reminder of the ovens of death? No, it is an eternal flame.

A guide explains the meaning to a Negro from a new Congo republic, who replies in English, "I shall remember to tell my people."

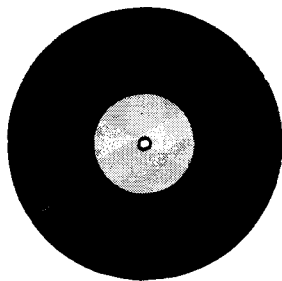
In an adjoining area, there are mementos of the Warsaw uprising,



anti-Jewish posters, photographs of book-burnings, yellow stars of shame overprinted "Juif" or "Jude." Swastikas are gone in the world; the six-pointed stars survive.

Flying Out: At the airport in Lydda, the pilot of El Al, the government airline, carries himself with the universal air of assurance of all four-stripers on all airlines. The tourists jam the last-minute souvenirs into flight bags — playing cards with biblical characters for kings and queens, candelabra, home-grown liqueurs from Mount Carmel, scrolls as door signposts inlaid with stones from King Solomon's mines. The familiar El Al gags are repeated; the hostess walking down the aisle and saying, "Have a piece of fruit"; the voice on the runway warning, "Fasten your seat belts, please, my son, the pilot, is ready to take off."

But you do look closely at the wings worn by the hostess and captain as they board the aircraft. In the center of their wings, embroidered in gold, is a yellow six-pointed star. By contrast, it is suddenly a symbol of defiance and pride. The jet lifts off and begins its journey westward from the state of mind and the new city of Jerusalem.



Record Reviews

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Britten: *Curlew River*

Benjamin Britten and Viola Tunnard directing instrumental and choral ensemble, with Peter Pears, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, Harold Blackburn, and Bryan Drake, baritones; and Bruce Webb, boy soprano; London OSA-1156 (stereo) and A-4156

"A Parable for Church Performance" is the designation Benjamin Britten gives his newest large-scale work. *Curlew River* is an adaptation into English of a Japanese No play, with its symbolic setting and action transferred to the Fens of England. But there are traces of Orientalism in the music, and certainly in the story, which is about a madwoman seeking her lost child across a strange river, only to find that he is dead and his tomb has become a miraculous shrine. The religious element in the story is reflected more strongly in the score than the dramatic; *Curlew River* unfolds its tale slowly and without much sense of climax. To one listener, at least, it has a faintly contrived quality absent from such masterful works as the *War Requiem* and *Cantata Misericordium*. The performance itself is beautifully done, with the chanting voices of monks, acolytes, and pilgrims providing the aura of religious mystery which Britten knows so well how to achieve.

Music for Two Pianos

Bracha Eden and Alexander Tamir, duo pianists; London CS-6434 (stereo) and CM-9434

Bracha Eden and Alexander Tamir are a dazzling, precise two-piano team from Israel. They play with tremendous verve and vigor, and their abilities are well displayed in the four selections of this record — Rachmaninoff's Suite No. 2, Opus 17; Milhaud's *Scaramouche* Suite; Poulenc's Sonata, 1918 (Revised 1939); and Lutoslawski's *Variations on a Theme of Paganini*. Milhaud's

sparkling *Scaramouche* never sounded better, and the Lutoslawski *Variations*, apparently making its debut on records, is exciting to hear. Its composer is a Pole, born in 1913, and the Paganini theme he uses is the familiar tune already worked over by Brahms, Rachmaninoff, and others. But Lutoslawski makes some delightful new explorations, and the Eden-Tamir team scintillates every step of the way.

Zarzuela Arias

Montserrat Caballé, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Eugenio Marco; RCA Victor LSC-2894 (stereo) and LM-2894 This is Montserrat Caballé on native grounds, and on grounds, moreover, that no one except a native is able to tread. The zarzuela is a characteristically Spanish form of operetta, the equivalent of the Viennese operetta, the French opéra bouffe, and (why not?) the American musical comedy. Only a Spaniard can sing this music properly, and it would be hard to think of a more adept one than Miss Caballé, who lavishes upon these pleasing songs all her superb vocal equipment, including the floating pianissimo for which she is famous. The composers, Arrieta, Chapí, Serrano, Vives, and others, are scarcely known outside Spain, and the songs deal mostly with stock theatrical situations. But with their rhythms and with a singer of Miss Caballé's attainments, they are graceful and lovely to hear.

Songs of the Auvergne

Madeleine Grey, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Elie Cohen; Angel COLG-152 (monaural only)

Few vocal recordings are as famous as this, and few as worthy of inclusion in Angel's Great Recordings of the Century series. Madeleine Grey made her celebrated recording of these uniquely evocative folk songs from the *massif central* of France in the 1930s. Sung in the Auvergnat tongue, with arrangements by Joseph Canteloube, the *Chants d'Auvergne* represent the authentic voice of a region and a people, in an era when so many folk songs are contrived and artificial. The accompanying booklet presents the words in their original dialect, along with English and French translations. The record also includes Miss Grey's exquisite performances of Maurice Ravel's *Chants Hébraïques* and *Chansons Madécasses*, with the composer at the piano.

Peter Weiss: *The Persecution and Assassination of Marat As Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade*

Peter Brook directing Royal Shakespeare Company, with Ian Richardson as Marat, Patrick Magee as de Sade, Glenda Jackson as Charlotte Corday, John Steiner as Duperret, Susan Williamson as Simonne Evrard, Clifford Rose as M. Coulmier, and others; Caedmon TRS-312S (stereo) and TR-312: three records

Marat/Sade — to use the short form — comes through with remarkable clarity on records. In fact, Peter Weiss's spectacular play about the French Revolution, laid in a lunatic asylum, becomes more of a play of ideas than a bizarre charade, without the visual distraction of its gibbering, grimacing inmates. Whether those ideas are strikingly original or provocative is another question, but they at least make for some highly dramatic confrontations, with Ian Richardson (Marat) and Patrick Magee (de Sade) setting forth conflicting revolutionary philosophies pointedly and precisely. Sound effects, such as the gasps of de Sade while he is being whipped by Charlotte Corday, help to convey the theatricalism of the original, and Richard Peaslee's neo-Brechtian songs come through more sharply in the recording than on the stage. A text, stage directions, and production photos add the final touches of realism.

What Now My Love

Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass; A & M Records SP-4114 (stereo) and LP-114

It is no secret that Mr. Alpert and his assorted brass players and percussionists are the hottest thing in the record business since . . . well, the last hot thing. This record demonstrates the reasons for their success — a smooth blend of brassy sounds over a running bass that stands somewhere between the Dixieland and Latin styles. The treatment works brilliantly with "If I Were a Rich Man," from *Fiddler on the Roof*, with one trumpet joining another to build to a powerful climax. It also produces a glowing brass chorale effect in "It Was a Very Good Year." Some of the other numbers seem more contrived. But even for those who generally prefer to leave popular music rather than take it, the Tijuana Brass offer amiable listening.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

WHEN one considers the vast reach of the British Empire in the nineteenth century and how small was the group of ruling families in Britain which supplied the proconsuls, and when one remembers the increasing hauteur and eccentricity of those within the Establishment who bore the white man's burden, it is small wonder that for every proconsul as able as Kitchener and Rhodes there were two whose mismanagement ranged from mere inertia to an arrogance beyond belief. For readers who were regaled by Cecil Woodham-Smith's sparky history of the Crimean War, *The Reason Why*, there comes a new book to disclose the bemused and tragic story of Britain's misadventure in Afghanistan. The Afghans, as Kipling later testified, could be stalwart fighters whose muskets outranged those of the British; they conspired against each other with incredible cruelty; their mountainous country with its tortuous passes was a massacre-trap in the dead of winter; and when the tribes were aroused and temporarily united against the domination of the British, they could be a tricky and formidable adversary. This then is the setting for **THE FIERCE PAWNS** (Lippincott, \$7.95), **PATRICK A. MACRORY's** narrative of miscalculation, heroism, and defeat.

In the autumn of 1839 Britain's Army of the Indus, under the command of Sir Willoughby Cotton, stormed into the heart of the Afghan country, captured the supposedly impregnable fortress of Ghazni, took the citadel of Khelat, and moved on to occupy Kabul. The aim of the expedition was to thwart Russia's meddling in Afghanistan and to reseat on his throne the aging Shah Soojah, who had been dispossessed years earlier and had lived on as a British pensioner. It took sharp fighting to accomplish all this, but for a time the Afghans were overawed and overpowered, and Act I ends with the British officers in Kabul meeting of a morning "to discuss a rare

Scotch breakfast of smoked fish, salmon grills, devils and jellies, and puff away at their cigars till ten." There was horse racing, skating, cricket, and amateur theatricals, and the submission of the Afghans seemed so assured that the officers sent for their wives and families to join them.

Act II begins in 1841 with the cutting off of subsidies to the Afghan chiefs as a punitive measure and, what was more portentous, with the appointment of a new commander in chief, Major-General William Elphinstone, briefly characterized by one of his junior officers as "the most incompetent soldier that was to be found among the officers of the requisite rank." The general was a veteran of Waterloo who had been on half-pay for many years and now at sixty was ill and indecisive. He was supported and antagonized by Brigadier John Shelton, who had lost his right arm in the Peninsular War and had grown to be obstinate and cantankerous. The bad blood which thus began at the top seeped down through all ranks of the Army of Occupation, and there was an angry outbreak between the Queen's 44th and the native troops.

In their two-year occupation of Kabul, which was the high-water mark of British imperialism in India, the British had incensed the Afghans in every way possible, riding roughshod over Amir Dost Mahomed, the one chief who had stoutly befriended them; unaware of Afghan intrigue, which was beginning to blaze on the other side of the hill; and recklessly complacent in the little attention they paid to the defense of their cantonment. The junior officers saw trouble coming, but they were not listened to, and the wrangling which went on between the political envoy, Sir William Macnaghten, and General Elphinstone was an omen of worse things to follow if the Afghans attacked. Which they did.

The full force of the attack, the costly defense, and the disastrous retreat must be read to be

believed. Of the big army with its many thousands of camp followers, one survivor, Dr. Brydon, cut his way through the passes to the safety of Jalalabad. What redeems the account from a hopeless foray of bloodletting and stupidity is the spirit, the fortitude, and even gaiety of the journals and letters by the most perceptive of the younger officers, men like Colin Mackenzie, Sir Alexander Burnes, and Lieutenant Vincent Eyre, and by Lady Sale, who with other wives was taken prisoner and eventually rescued by a detachment commanded by her husband. They paint the goings-on in true colors and with an exasperation which is understandable. There is nothing here that can quite compare with the lunatic arrogance and military rivalry of the Earl of Cardigan and the Earl of Lucan at Balaklava. The blame for the disaster in the end must be shared by General Elphinstone, who should never have been appointed by Sir William Macnaghten, so optimistically blind, and by the Governor-General of India, the Earl of Auckland, whose shallow judgment throughout the crisis made matters worse.

FATHERS AND DAUGHTERS

At the opening glance, *A LITTLE LOVE, A LITTLE LEARNING* by NINA BAWDEN (Harper & Row, \$3.95) is an agreeable novel of English domesticity with the accent on girls. The man who supports the tent of the story is Dr. Arthur Boyd, a general practitioner in the London suburb of Monks Ford, and the women who revolve about him are Ellen, his hardworking, keen-witted wife, and his adopted children, her three daughters by her first marriage. There is a certain mystery about their father, a good-looking, harum-scarum actor who deserted his brood when Poll, the youngest, was born and has not been heard from since. The apparent serenity of the household is disturbed when Aunt Hat, not a relative but an intimate of Ellen's, comes to them for nursing and consolation after having been cruelly beaten up by her drunken husband. Aunt Hat is a romantic whose good intentions and bad advice continually lead to trouble; the girls pry out of her what they have long wanted to know about their missing father, with results that almost bring the tent down about their ears.

What makes the story so engaging is the delineation of the three lively daughters, each of whom has inherited some of the theatrical temperament of the father and the puritanism of Ellen. Joanna, the eldest, is almost eighteen, fumbling her way through her last year in school and striking emotional attitudes in her feuding with her mother. Kate, the middle sister, is the

pretty one, a born storyteller, with plenty of curiosity about sex. Poll is an attractive hoyden and the best actress of the lot.

It is Kate who tells the story; she has a feeling for the right word, is swift to divine other people's motives, and candid to admit when she has been lying. Through her eyes, as she makes the rounds with Dr. Boyd, we see what a comfort her stepfather is to the village and to his womenfolk. She realizes, just as acutely as does Ellen, Boyd's vulnerability to the gossip of Miss Carter and the delicacy of his relationship with the wealthy Miss Fantom. Kate not only is a good eavesdropper, she remembers what is important, and it is her ability to put things in the right light that saves the day in the violent confrontation between the actor-father and the man who has assumed his bed and his responsibilities. In its development this is a sympathetic and skillful narrative.

SATIRE AND ANGUISH

Prize-novel contests have come down in the world, not because there are fewer contestants, but because the level of fiction by unestablished writers is distinctly lower than it was in the 1920s. Instead of prize contests, publishers have set up fellowships or awards with which they signalize the work of some promising young writers in their stable. Such is the case with GAVIN LAMBERT, who studied at Oxford and who supported himself as an editor, film critic, and novelist before becoming an American citizen in 1964. *NORMAN'S LETTER* (Coward-McCann, \$5.50), his third novel, is published as the winner of the Thomas R. Coward Memorial Award.

Norman's Letter is a satire, slightly preposterous, slightly amateur, which the English seem to relish rather more than we. It purports to be a long confiding letter written by Sir Norman Lightwood ("Five feet, nine inches of body with brown wavy hair and merrily pointed face, alarmed eyes, small hands and feet") to his Arab friend, Ahmin, who once gave him such pleasurable pain in Marrakech. Norman, the Eleventh Baronet, born in June of 1910, describes himself as a wealthy bastard and a homo; he describes his brief, bitter-tasting marriage with the nightclub singer Lily Vail, who properly holds him up for a sizable alimony; he describes his silly, improbable mother, Lady D., and Violet, his sister, a strong-willed woman of mystery who might have been drawn by Charles Addams. The journal-letter covers the many stops Norman makes in his journey to escape from life, and winds up in Vera Cruz; it wanders along in a high falsetto, slick, sardonic, and always with a smirk. As one of the characters remarks to Sir

Norman, "At least one can say this whole thing is brilliantly foolish."

Of all the former parts of the British Empire, the Union of South Africa has had the keenest need for soul-searching, and its leading novelists, Alan Paton and **NADINE GORDIMER**, have devoted themselves not to writing frivolously, but to themes which have stirred compassion wherever fine English is appreciated. In her short novel **THE LATE BOURGEOIS WORLD** (Viking, \$3.50), Miss Gordimer has centered our sympathies in a thirty-year-old Cape Town divorcée whose first husband, Max Van Den Sandt, has just committed suicide as the story begins. The recapitulation of her life with Max forms a counterpoint to the direct, unequivocal intercourse she is carrying on with Graham Mill, her present lover and the lawyer who defended Max when he was in trouble. The heroine tells her own story, and through her candor we follow her development from a young bride embarrassed by her shotgun wedding into the unilluminated, resourceful woman, a biologist surreptitiously involved in the struggle for African nationalism.

The necessity of telling their young son, Bobo, of his father's death turns Liz back upon herself, and on her drive to the boarding school, she recalls her early and casual attachment to Max. She was attracted to his family wealth and to their gay drives out into the veld, until in a moment of forgetfulness she became pregnant. Liz goes lightly over this, and what passed for love between them did not improve when she was saddled with marriage. Her mother-in-law was condescending, and Max, who had quit college and was trying to support himself in a series of ineffectual jobs, blackened his father's record in Parliament by the part he played in the Defiance Campaign. As a crusader Max was impulsive and irresponsible; he was never quite trusted in the Communist-dominated movement — self-conscious, overconfident, he lacked the full measure of moral courage, and cracked and turned state evidence when the going got rough. Liz, a reluctant camp follower at first, more and more had to wear the pants in the family.

The story is told with great economy and with skillful characterization: with masterful compression she has drawn people, white and black, who are as malleable as metal, as real as blood. Irony is always present, for if Max "wasn't the sort of person he thought he was," neither is Liz. The orderly, uncommitted, amoral life she has worked out for herself after the divorce is rocked by Max's death, and at the close she is being irresistibly tempted to reinvest herself in the cause that had killed him.

Reader's Choice

BY OSCAR HANDLIN



When the control of history slipped out of the hands of God, the ability to account for the accidental and the contingent disappeared. Seventeenth-century men in Europe and America could still connect the events in the world about them with the active intervention of God or the devil. The flaming comet, the shattering earthquake, the death of a king, victory in battle — all those exceptional disasters or great strokes of fortune which could not be explained as the product of any human agency were nonetheless understandable as the results of divine or diabolical intercession. But when the ability of external powers to alter the course of human events ceased to be credible, men were thrown back upon their own unaided resources of comprehension. In a universe which operated according to the precise action of natural laws, comets and earthquakes, death and victory followed chains of cause and effect which the reason could encompass. Man could explain to himself everything that happened around him. His social, intellectual, and emotional security in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries rested upon the certainty that all relevant phenomena were part of a pattern that he could learn to know.

Occasional events that did not conform to a known pattern had to be explained away. Unexpected defeats in trade, or politics, or warfare, for instance, could be described as the results of some hidden conspiracy. Or a new science could assimilate the data that shook old certainties, as spiritualism did when the soul could no longer be situated in a spatial heaven or hell. The one conclusion to which man, oriented to an orderly world, could not come was agnosticism. The admission of ignorance could only be so slight as to leave intact the assumption that all was knowable. For to have conceded the possibility that important areas of experience would long remain outside the span of his comprehension would have challenged the security on which he depended.

In **INCIDENT AT EXETER** (Putnam, \$5.95), **JOHN G. FULLER** peeps into an area where there are serious doubts about the limits of our knowledge. On September 3, 1965, at Exeter, New Hamp-

shire, a young man reported to the police that he had seen a strange object come out of the sky directly at him. From the shoulder of the road he watched it descend; then he fled to the police. Two officers returned with him to the site and confirmed his observation. The craft they saw was one of hundreds of unidentified flying objects (UFO) reported by sober witnesses in the last two decades.

John Fuller began the research for this book as a skeptic. He had noticed the Exeter report while working up a human interest column and began to investigate it with the assumption that he would expose another of the manias and delusions that periodically sway the irrational crowd. He collected data on other sightings and then came to Exeter himself to look into the matter.

The result converted him. The people who saw the strange craft were not nuts, but respectable citizens and witnesses whose word would be credible in any court. Furthermore, on one occasion he saw the object with his own eyes. He now is convinced that the UFO's are vehicles from outer space and, indeed, argues that they were responsible for the great power blackout in the Northeast in November, 1965.

His well-written, exciting account is certainly plausible. Is his argument correct? The only reasonable conclusion — the Scotch verdict of not proven — will satisfy no one, for, as one of his correspondents plaintively put it, "I keep thinking there must be some kind of *answer!*" Hence the demand for a categorical yes or no.

There is an answer of course. But it is not now knowable. The means of assessing the evidence is unavailable. The testimony of eyewitnesses is not conclusive, no matter how well intentioned or how often confirmed. The naked eye is a fallible instrument that has often deceived unwary observers. Until other kinds of evidence corroborate these reports or until some coherent theory incorporates them, there is no basis for knowing what they mean, and the confession of ignorance is the safest policy.

The unwillingness of government and of organized science to concede that anything is unknown has heightened popular anxiety. The bland public-relations reassurances from the Air Force that everything can

be simply explained aim to stifle hysterical tendencies. Yet the positive denials may be less persuasive than open recognition that the causes of the phenomena are not altogether known.

The scientists have been no more willing to admit the limits to their knowledge. There is, after all, nothing inherently implausible in the idea of extraterrestrial visitors. Intelligent life probably exists in other parts of the universe; and in those vast distances it is at least possible that some forms may be much more advanced than that on earth. To dismiss out of hand the evidence for the UFO's will not quiet the fears that we may be living through the first stages of exploration from elsewhere.

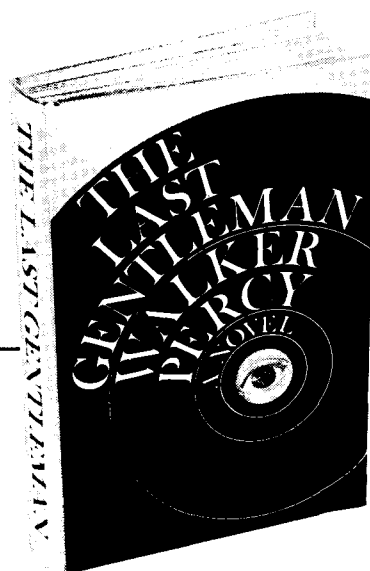
THE WARREN COMMISSION

Often enough, we remain ignorant also of events much closer to home.

Not since Pearl Harbor had Americans received a shock as severe as that on Friday, November 22, when the news came of John F. Kennedy's assassination. The death of a young, well-liked President approaching the peak of his powers was totally unexpected. **SEVENTY HOURS AND THIRTY MINUTES** (Random House, \$2.95) contains the minute-by-minute log of NBC news reports from the first word of the shots in Dallas to the morning after the funeral in Washington. The unembellished sentences, printed as they were delivered, bring back the sense of disbelief and dismay that then overwhelmed Americans. It was clear at the time, it has remained clear since, that the people would demand some credible explanation of what had happened. The murder of the suspect accused of the crime intensified the demand.

President Johnson immediately ordered the FBI to make a full investigation, and a week later he induced Chief Justice Earl Warren to assume the direction of an impartial study that would close the case by a definitive statement of the facts. The FBI submitted its five-volume report on December 9, 1963. Some nine months later, the Warren Commission published its conclusions along with twenty-six accompanying volumes of testimony and exhibits.

Impressive as were the characters of the members of the Commission, their report did not still speculation



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or earn universal support for the judgment that Lee Harvey Oswald was the sole assassin. Critics have continued to raise questions about the events in Dallas; and some of them, particularly in Europe, have suggested that a conspiracy was responsible both for the crime and for the concealment of evidence thereafter. In that respect, alas, the Warren Commission failed in its assignment to quiet doubts.

INQUEST: THE WARREN COMMISSION AND THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE TRUTH by EDWARD J. EPSTEIN (Viking, \$5.00) shows some of the reasons why. The book is not an account of the assassination, and it makes no effort to advance alternative explanations to the guilt of Oswald. Rather, it analyzes the adequacy of the Warren Commission investigation. Details of the crime and its results are given only insofar as they are necessary to illuminate the work of the Commission. The focus is the extent to which that distinguished body was able to get at the facts.

Several features impeded the work of the Commission. Its prominent members were busy, unable to devote much time to its work, and frequently inattentive when they did participate. They delegated the main burden of their task to lawyers, who were inclined to approach the issue as if they were making a case. Yet unlike a trial in court, the adversary, Lee Oswald, was not there to argue his side.

The Commission seems also to have been swayed by a vague concern for the national interest that may have limited its search for the truth. In some instances, at least, it did not probe as deeply and as independently into FBI activities as it might have.

Epstein's criticisms are negative; they raise serious doubts about the validity of the Warren Commission report. But they do not point to any alternative explanation of the events in Dallas.

That is not surprising. There is complete certainty of detail about few historic events. More than a hundred years after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, there remain enough puzzling elements to generate plausible if not altogether convincing alternative interpretations of the death of that President. It is more than likely that we shall never have the whole truth about the Kennedy assassination. But proba-

bly the Warren Commission came close to the truth.

Its mistake was to pretend that it could establish the whole truth, an effort doomed to failure from the start. Mr. Epstein makes a suggestive comparison between the Warren Commission and the Roberts Commission of 1942, which investigated the attack on Pearl Harbor. That earlier effort to enlist the prestige of a Supreme Court Justice produced an unconvincing and in some ways misleading report. These experiences suggest that the Supreme Court should not lend itself to such efforts. But the Justices would be better able to resist these calls on their services if the public realized that important events which affect its future may not wholly be susceptible to explanation.

The capacity to assimilate the meaning of a disaster is also the subject of **RAFAEL STEINBERG'S POSTSCRIPT FROM HIROSHIMA** (Random House, \$3.95). The author, who served as correspondent in Japan for more than ten years, is well acquainted with its people. He returned to Hiroshima two decades after the bridges of that city appeared in the bombsight of the *Enola Gay* to talk to the survivors of the holocaust which changed the configuration of the world even more than had the war it brought to a close. His perceptive little book records a series of enlightening contacts with the men and women who were the victims of the first atomic explosion.

Steinberg found traces of the shock still evident, not only in the visual appearance of the reconstructed city but also in the seared characters of its inhabitants. No one has forgotten; the memory of the disaster created and kept alive a deep desire for a world without war. But that desire did not make the people of Hiroshima more peaceful, more tolerant, more loving or kind than anyone else. Atomic attack was not a purifying or cathartic experience for the victims. Indeed, "the most terrible thing about the bomb was its destruction of the human heart," observed one of the survivors. The people were not converted; bitter hatreds still burn. "Workers are working hard and the students are studying hard, and everyone is looking out for himself." The feeling for peace appears only "on the signpost of the inn and in the souvenir cookies."

We lack even the consolation that suffering led to an increase in understanding. "We don't say much about the causes of the war," observed one teacher, "just that it happened, and that Japan's allies were defeated in Europe, and the United States and Britain were chasing us down." That the climactic disaster was somehow related to the opening blow at Pearl Harbor or that the war had some connection with the nature of the Japanese society — these ideas do not intrude upon the consciousness of the people of Hiroshima. Instead, the simple refusal to go beyond the reiteration that it shall not happen again reduces them to dull immobility.

PROMETHEUS

The life of Honoré de Balzac spans the first half of the nineteenth century. One of those young men who found Paris a fair field for the search for fortune, Balzac was a failure in most of the small affairs of life. His personal finances were always in disorder, he was a disappointment to his mother, and he drifted in and out of affairs with a succession of women. Through much of his life he remained a Catholic without faith, a royalist without illusions; the Church and the crown he regarded pragmatically as instruments for holding the corruptible masses in line.

ANDRÉ MAUROIS'S PROMETHEUS: THE LIFE OF BALZAC (Harper & Row, \$8.95) is an excellent account of Balzac the man. Maurois is a skilled biographer, for whose purposes it was not necessary to dig deeply into the sources. A substantial secondary literature treats both the biographical and critical aspects of Balzac's life, and Maurois has knowledgeably exploited that material. He writes effortlessly and well, drawing enough from the works of his subject to give a flavor of the times to the narrative, yet he does so without making excessive demands on the patience of the reader.

Maurois has emphasized the dramatic, picaresque aspects of Balzac's life. That certainly gives a lively quality to the story. But Balzac was also a writer, and though his work was of uneven quality, he produced at least three genuine literary masterpieces. No one better than he sketched the essential qualities of the bourgeois life that emerged in Eu-

rope with the onset of industrialization. Yet to this aspect of Balzac's life Maurois pays little attention. He deliberately chose to produce a "life, not a critical study." He does provide brief accounts of Balzac's methods of work, but no analysis of his books.

More important, Maurois pays almost no attention to the social context. "Balzac set out to be the chronicler of society; I am simply the chronicler of Balzac," he notes. In this of all authors, the decision is unfortunate. Balzac's novels were fully furnished, marked by an intense immediacy of time and place. There is nothing abstract about his characters; nor about their rooms, the streets through which they move, and the personal relationships in which they are involved. All are informed by a precise awareness of the society and its institutions. By sacrificing these elements of his subject's life, Maurois added liveliness to his book, but at a loss in understanding.

THE NEGRO IN CONTEXT

As the United States comes slowly and painfully to grips with the problems of racial equality we need more than ever to see the position of the Negro in context. For a long time the formulation of Gunnar Myrdal was adequate: the American dilemma arose from the historic difficulties of extending to the former slaves the equality that society promised them. But the steady progress of desegregation in recent years has given a new dimension to the issue. As the hard-core racists have begun to yield and as the assumptions of inherent inferiority have dissolved, a somewhat different question becomes important. How does the Negro, once assured equality, develop his own identity as a human being?

CHARLES KEIL'S *URBAN BLUES* (University of Chicago Press, \$4.95) makes a serious although not a totally successful effort to explore the Negro's identity by way of his folk music. Keil examines the works of contemporary jazz musicians, particularly the blues singers, in an effort to understand their significance as expressions of the urban Negro community. There are interesting accounts of the workings of the record business and of the relationship between blues men and the

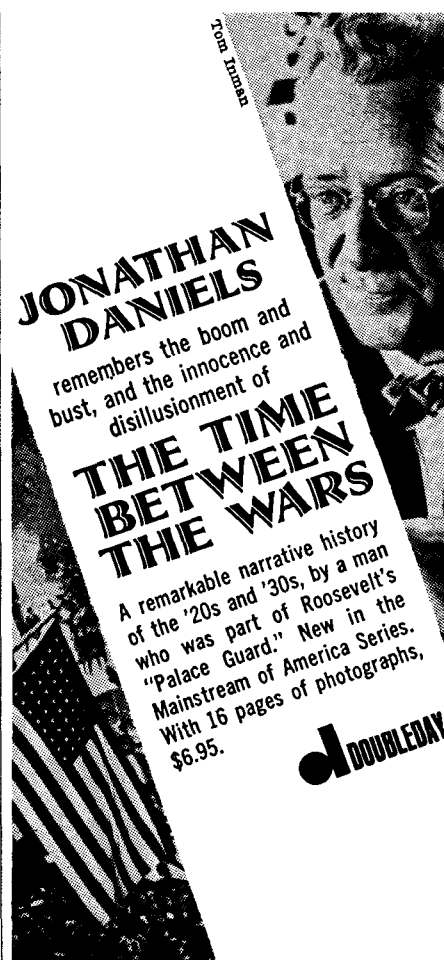
church. But the heart of the book is a serious examination of what songs say about the culture of the people who sing them.

Keil denies that this music is just an embarrassing relic of slavery days, destined for oblivion in the promised great integrated society. With Malcolm X he denies "that integration was either the issue or the answer." A Negro culture exists and ought to be recognized. Once Negroes have achieved equality, "they will cherish and defend cultural identity" and will regard their entertainers as "primary carriers of an irreplaceable tradition."

The argument is exaggerated and schematic, and sometimes calculated to shock. Occasionally it becomes silly, as in the flat statement that "Negroes are the only substantial minority group in America who really have a culture to guard and protect." Nevertheless, the book is worth attention; it expresses an authentic concern of people who are coming to realize that their past was not just a worthless mistake but the source of meaningful cultural values. In time that concern may test the worth for Negroes as it has for other Americans of the national tradition of cultural pluralism.

The problems of the Negro also fall into a more meaningful context when slavery is viewed in a broader setting than that of the United States alone. DAVID BRION DAVIS' *THE PROBLEM OF SLAVERY IN WESTERN CULTURE* (Cornell University Press, \$10.00) is a helpful survey of the origins of the institution and of its development down to the end of the eighteenth century.

Professor Davis' attention focuses mainly on the changing image of the slave and of the Negro rather than on legal or economic conditions. His comments on the evolution of ideas are incisive and raise challenging questions. The volume ends on an optimistic note. By the 1770s, English and American writers were able to use a wide range of themes and conventions which portrayed the Negro slave as a man of natural virtue and sensitivity, oppressed by the worst vices of civilization, yet capable of receiving its greatest benefits. But the succeeding century witnessed his most severe degradation. Ironically, the generation of the American Revolution created unparalleled opportunities and then failed to take advantage of them.



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BY **PHOEBE ADAMS**

IN THE WORLD WE HAVE LOST (Scribner's, \$5.95), the British historian **PETER LASLETT** examines English life in the seventeenth century as it is revealed by contemporary parish records. Mr. Laslett is a founder and director of the Cambridge Group for the History of Population and Social Structure, a title that pretty well indicates the direction of this particular book. The study is full of statistical information about births, legitimate or not, marriages, occupations, and deaths among the otherwise voiceless and unrecorded lower classes of the preindustrial age. Mr. Laslett considers the facts he has unearthed to be surprising, and constantly deploys them against what he assumes to be the reader's preconceived and contrary ideas of seventeenth-century society. The reader who has no idea of life among the poor and near-poor of those times may marvel at Mr. Laslett's belligerency, and any reader is entitled to deplore his habit of repeating his title four times in two pages. Since the information Mr. Laslett has assembled primarily concerns people of no influence or authority, it does not serve well as support for his suggestion that there was no class opposition involved in the English Civil War, which he interprets as a quarrel about methods of government among the members of the proportionately very small segment of the population entitled to govern at all. The theory itself is not implausible. Trouble arises, I suspect, from the incorrigibly loose meaning of the word "class," which the author does little to tighten.

THEO ARONSON, who recently wrote an amusing history of the Buonaparte tribe, has tackled the Spanish Bourbons in *ROYAL VENDETTA* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$7.50). The quarrel Mr. Aronson chronicles began in 1829, when a King of Spain died and the crown passed to his daughter despite Salic law and the outcries of the King's brother Carlos. Bourbon descendants battled over the succession throughout the nineteenth century (Joseph Conrad, as a romantic adolescent greenhorn,

did a bit of Carlist gunrunning), with serious expenditure of blood and money, but in retrospect the affair looks like a distinctly funny family row, and it is this aspect of the Carlist wars that dominates *Royal Vendetta*.

BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$5.95) is a first novel by **JAMES MOSSMAN**, who once worked in the British Foreign Service and recalls it as an inept institution. His book describes a revolution in an Arab oil kingdom, and its first purpose, deftly achieved, is simply to make the reader laugh. Beneath the comic surface, Mr. Mossman argues the necessity for intelligent dishonesty in the exercise of political power, and proves his case with cynical joy.

The late **MARI SANDOZ**'s last book is a reconstruction of *THE BATTLE OF THE LITTLE BIGHORN* (Lippincott, \$4.50). Her known Indian sympathies guarantee that she wasted no tears on George Armstrong Custer, one of our seedier heroes by anybody's standards. Mari Sandoz studied him, however, and concluded, from Indian tradition and Custer's political meddling before he went West on campaign — he so annoyed Grant that he was nearly prevented from going at all — that he had dreams of being nominated at the Democratic presidential convention, meeting at the time in St. Louis, provided he could send in word of an impressive victory. Custer as President is a slapstick notion, but Custer wouldn't have thought so, and such an ambition does account for the massacre on the Little Bighorn, a disaster that reflected no credit on anybody, including the too numerous Sioux.

MILTON ESTEROW's *THE ART STEALERS* (Macmillan, \$5.95) inevitably retells the familiar story of the disappearance of the *Mona Lisa*, but it also describes a number of art thefts less well known because the objects or their owners were less distinguished. One of Mr. Esterow's better tales, in fact, begins with the theft of some relatively worthless religious paintings and proceeds to a court battle between a bevy of art experts, who disagreed with each other, and a defense lawyer, who asked, "Is that an accurate representation of the descent of the Holy Ghost?" The prosecution at once objected "unless Mr. Gladstone is prepared to produce an eyewitness."

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